The Saturday Evening
# POST
June 1, 1957 – 15¢

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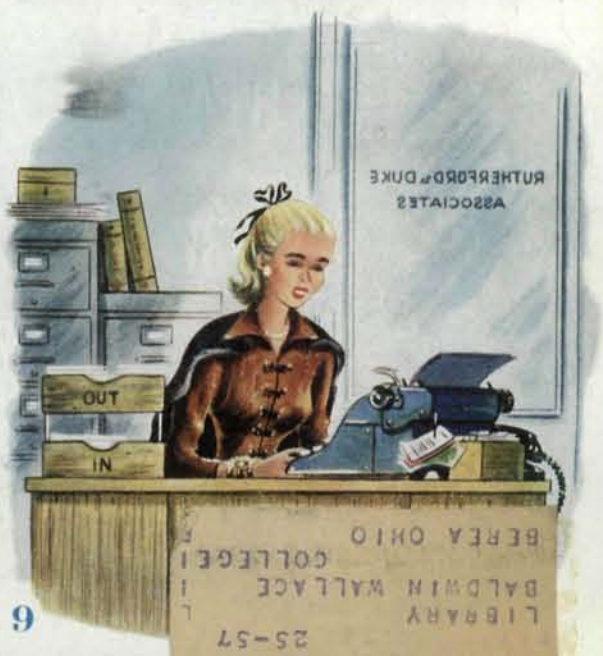

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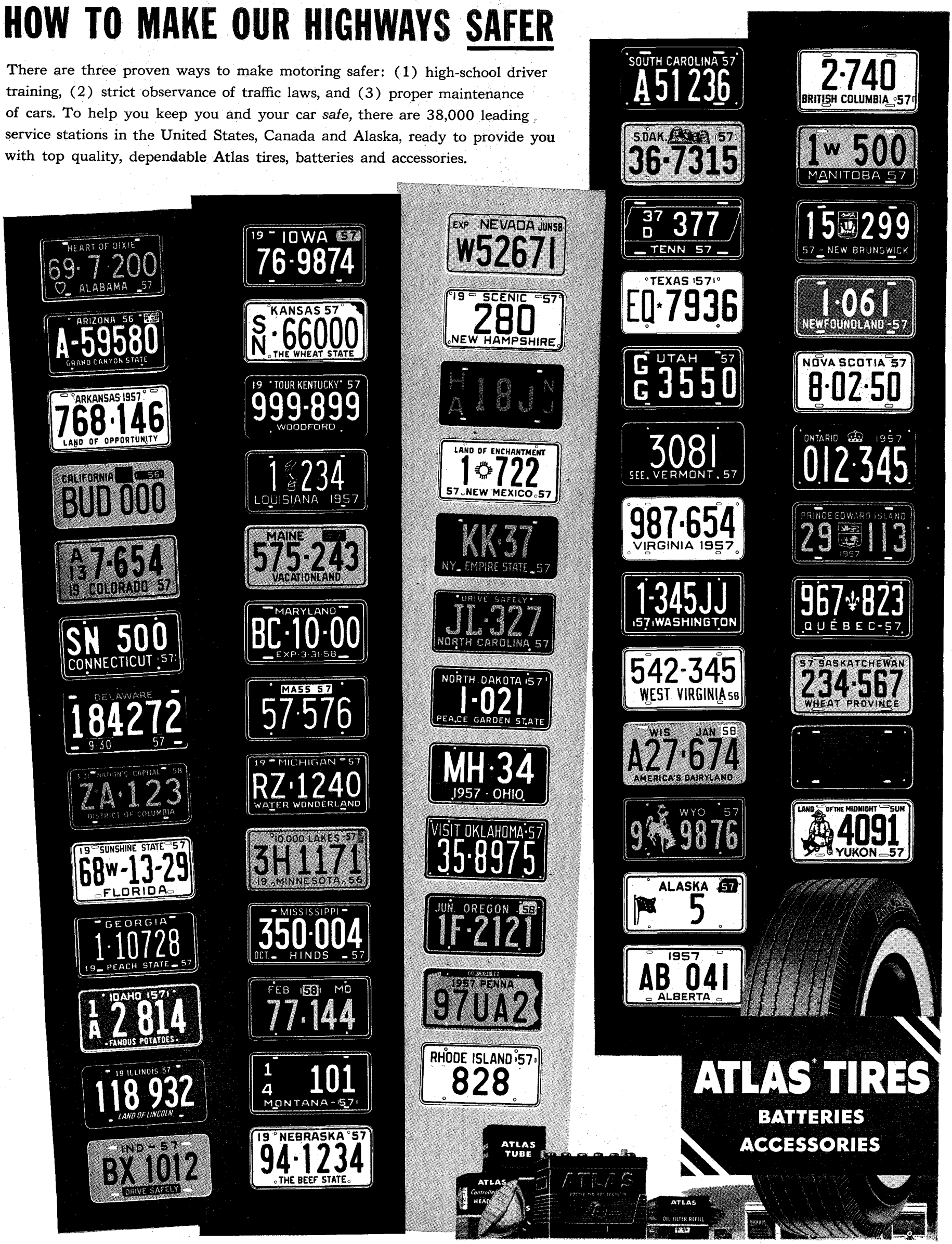
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**By "shanks' mare" to pay claims.** Al Miller, claim adjuster for Employers Mutuals of Wausau in eastern Kentucky, doesn't let rugged terrain stop him. His "beat" includes the hill country as well as big cities. Lugging his typewriter with him, Al hikes over hill and stream to see the claimant. And like all Employers Mutuals' claim adjusters, Al has complete authority to settle cases right then and there. Saves a lot of time and red tape.

# Wausau Story

## FROM OLD KENTUCKY AND HOOSIERLAND

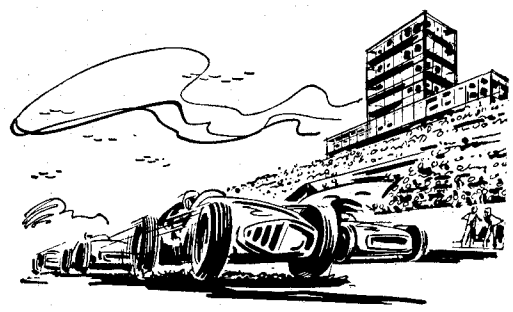
**by BART GRABOW, business editor, Indianapolis News**

"Does a business get its character from its origin and environment? A thought-provoking question for a business editor. That's why I was particularly interested to learn more about the 'Wausau Story.'

"I'd heard that Employers Mutuals of Wausau has a unique business character that springs from its origin and home office location in Wausau, Wisconsin. I understand this is a community where friendliness is a way of life—where people are genuinely concerned with the other fellow's welfare as an individual rather than as a mere business contact. Employers Mutuals bring 'a little bit of Wausau' with them wherever they do business. Here's how I observed it at work in old Kentucky and Hoosierland."

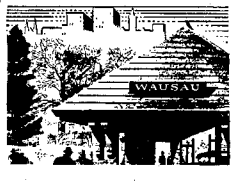
*74.59 mph won first 500 mile classic race in 1911 for car number 32 now in Speedway museum.*

**A new slant on workers' safety from the Speedway.** Today millions of workers drive to their jobs. That's why Employers Mutuals, ever conscious of workers' safety, both on and off the job, has a special interest in the famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway and proving ground. For here many automotive safety ideas are constantly being proved. Four wheel brakes were proved here and old number 32 had the first rear view mirror.



**The Speedway's many new** safety facilities were built by the H. D. Tousley Construction Company. Mr. Tousley picked Employers Mutuals as carrier for workmen's compensation. He knew he'd get the effective claim and accident prevention service he wanted. He says: "I've never had a problem Employers Mutuals haven't resolved to my complete satisfaction." In the picture, Mr. Tousley watches as Tony Hulman, Speedway owner, takes the wheel of first winner.

*Employers Mutuals, with more than 100 offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write Wausau, Wis.*




**Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau**

"Good people to do business with"

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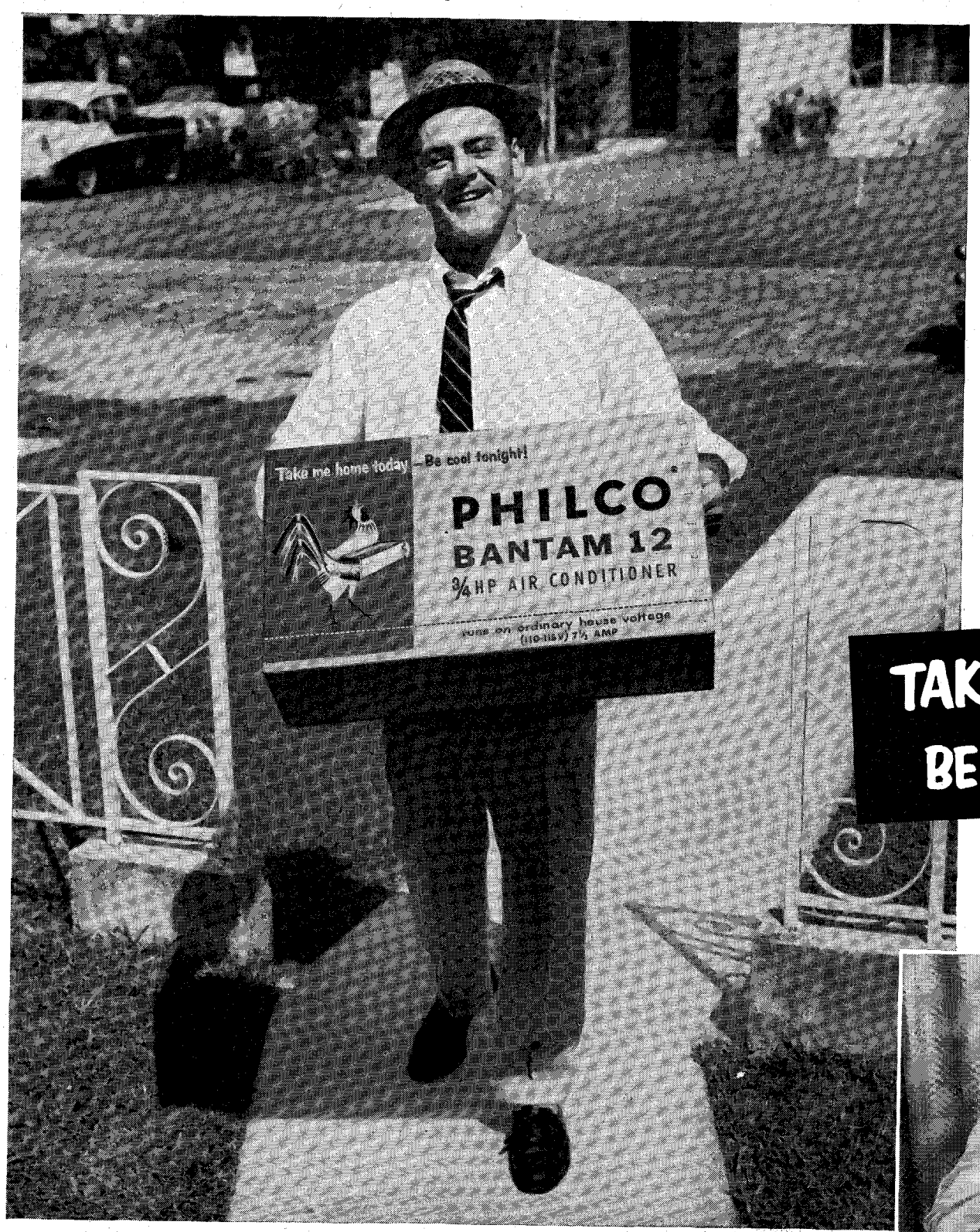
## ...new PHILCO ¾-hp Bantam 12—smallest room air conditioner made!




**Here's** the best hot-weather news you've ever heard!

Philco brings you an air conditioner so small you can carry it home—yet it's a giant in cooling capacity.

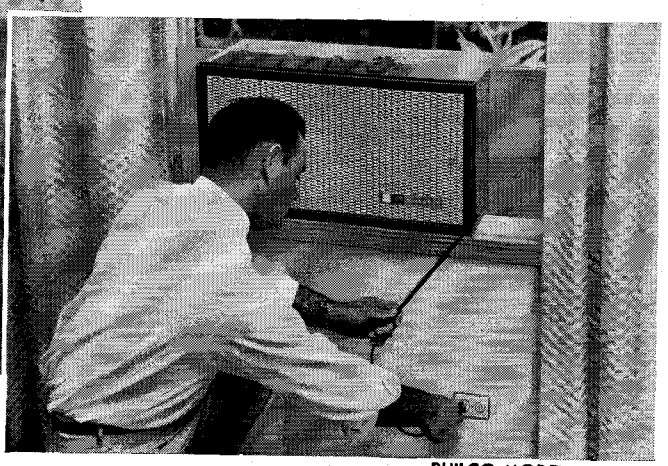
Install the ¾-hp Philco Bantam 12 in only 15 minutes. You can even do it yourself! Then sit back and forget about heat and humidity.

There's never been anything like the Bantam 12. It does everything bulky, old-fashioned air conditioners can do. Yet all this comfort and compactness costs less than most ordinary ¾-hp units.

Start being comfortable today! See or telephone your Philco dealer this very minute. Tell him you want a Philco Bantam 12 right away.

**TAKE IT HOME TODAY**
**BE COOL TONIGHT!**

**You can install it yourself.** Only four screws are needed to hold the Philco Bantam 12 in place. Everything you need comes in the box. Meets most landlord requirements; runs on ordinary house voltage (110-115v), takes less current than a toaster!



**Big capacity cooling—¾ hp.** The new Philco Bantam 12 has all the luxury features you find on big air conditioners—2-speed fan, Automatic Temperature Control, adjustable grilles.

PHILCO MODEL A-882-2

*LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose* PHILCO®

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## THE COVER

You never know who's just around the corner. For Miss Efficiency this seems like just another day; her mailbox seems to drone, "Out-in, out-in." Then, suddenly, boy meets girl, and ah!—indeed, two ah's!—it's double hypnotism at first sight. So, as time passes, two people find themselves feeling alone together in a jampacked world; is anybody else in that theater, that bistro, that ocean? Such twoness the clergyman naturally converts into oneness, and then there's a honey of a moon, and a darling of a domicile to ride over the threshold of. In conclusion, that confirmed realist, Alajálov, tells us that the former Miss E., having been out, is in again. But while she works for the glory of the double budget, her day no longer is just another day—to repeat: she's the former Miss E.


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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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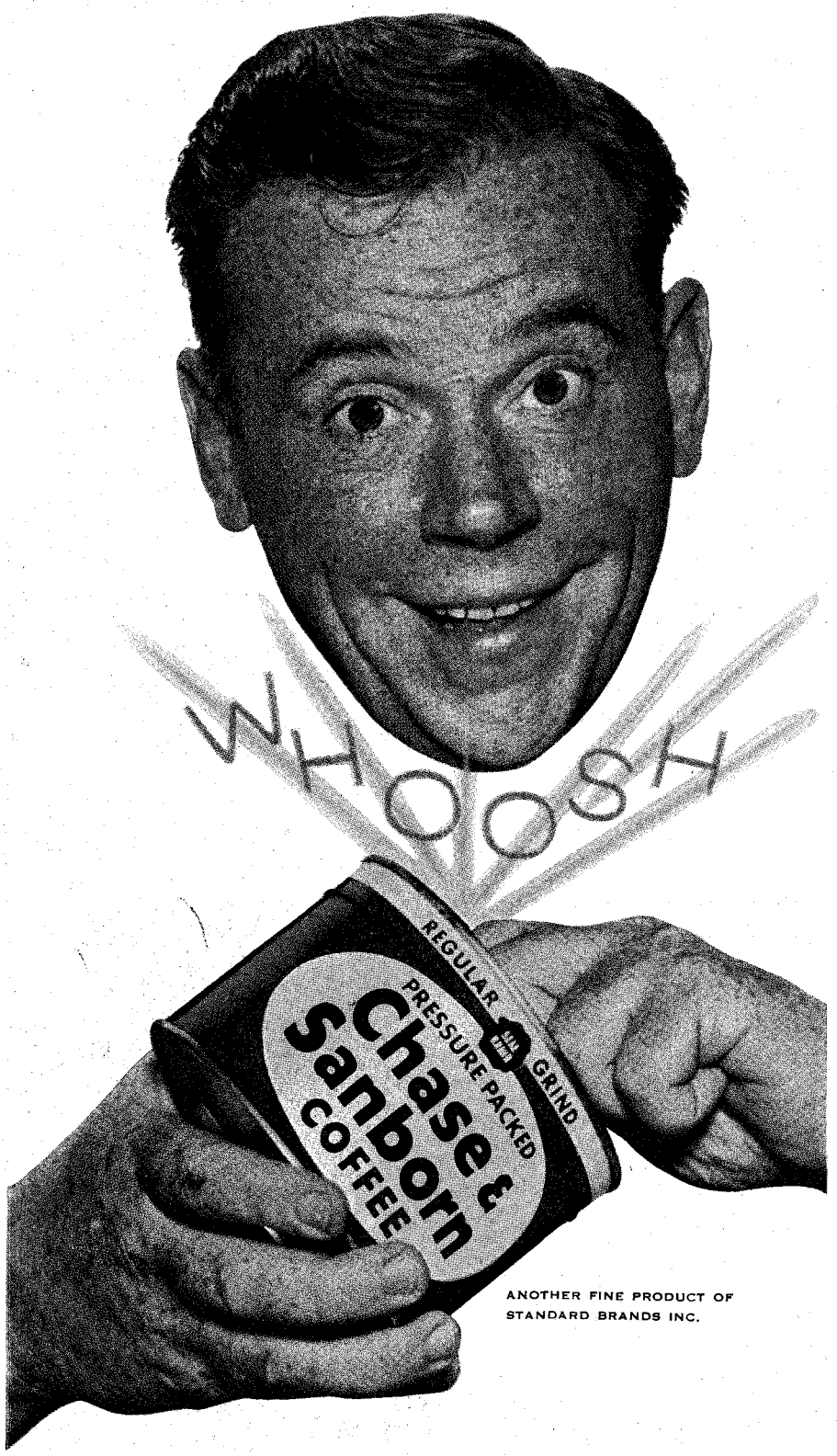


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Give yourself a FLAVOR BREAK

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YES, THAT'S TOM EWELL . . . SEE HIM IN THE BROADWAY COMEDY, "TUNNEL OF LOVE."

# Letters

## Who are They?

Dear Sirs:

I came across these men in a recent issue of the Post, and I couldn't resist labeling them according to the roles they seem to fit.

HAL HAYDEN
*Chicago, Ill.*

1 Major college football coach after large victory.

2 Director and idol of small town amateur theatrical group.

3 Corporation president after winning point from union leader.

4 Head bookkeeper who has just been awarded a prize.

5 ". . . and I might say I am for the Irish without regard to their origin or birth."

6 Young man listening to a plug for his nomination to the Senate of the United States.

7 Man who has just swallowed seven Broadway productions and seems to be holding back a burp.

● *Discerning readers will recognize them as the New York drama critics in "The Seven Dictators of Broadway," by Stanley Frank (April 13th). Their real names, and their newspapers, are: 1. John McClain, Journal-American; 2. Robert Coleman, Daily Mirror; 3. John Chapman, Daily News; 4. Richard Watts, Jr., Post; 5. Tom Donnelly, World-Telegram; 6. Walter Kerr, Herald Tribune; and 7. Brooks Atkinson, Times.* —ED.

## Duncan in Moscow

Dear Sirs:

The photographs by David Douglas Duncan in the article ON THE LOOSE IN Moscow [April 27] were among the most outstanding I have ever seen. They were tremendous!

Thank you so very much for putting out such a consistently wonderful magazine.

PATRICIA SULLIVAN
*Pasadena, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

How can you display these characters—Zhukov, Khrushchev, Molotov and Voroshilov—with such aplomb? . . .

I have disliked the SatEvePost for some time, but this is the limit.

MRS. ELEANOR G. PRICE
*Dover, N. H.*

Dear Sirs:

David Duncan shows us some fine pictures of Moscow and its people. . .

They look almost as human as "Americans." Well, well, well.

WALTER HART
*Victoria, B.C., Canada*

Dear Sirs:

Please don't make the same mistake all the people make. David Duncan is one of the 57th Street Terrace Duncans from Kansas City, Missouri. And I think David was born in Missouri.

Wonderful pictures of the Russians!

LEON B. SITTENFELD
*Kansas City, Mo.*

● *Reader Sittenfeld is right. Duncan was born in and lived in Kansas City, Missouri, not Kansas.—ED.*

## Strangled Citizens?

Dear Sirs:

RELIEF FOR STRANGLED CITIES by Jerome Ellison (April 20) deals with a situation that seems to be nation-wide, but one which is subject to a (different) point of view. . . .

Here in Michigan (a) solution may be accomplished without annexation, a justified charge of "free loading" or financial hardship, since our laws permit charges for service up to double those within the city limits. . . .

We in Lansing Township are continually faced with annexation propositions originated by special-interest groups in the city of Lansing. . . . In recent years we have voted down these annexation attempts with ever-increasing majorities. . . .

We want no legislation such as Indiana has adopted . . . (Continued on Page 6)

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# THEY'RE ALONE

# BUT THEY'RE NOT UNATTENDED

ANYWHERE THEY GO, the ladies know they have a friend just down the road—the man in the service station. The helpful, friendly way he does his job has earned him the respect of all his customers—passing motorists *and* his fellow townspeople.

He's an independent businessman who plays an important part in America's daily life. His skill and training keep a nation on the road. His professional way of doing business is a credit to the oil industry he represents. He's a man you can trust to take expert care of one of your major investments—your automobile.

With such a friend always so close at hand, no wonder the ladies feel at ease when they're on the road!

---

**There are over 200,000 men** like this ready to help you, and every motorist, on every highway and byway throughout America. Knowing that trained, experienced and friendly help is as near as the next service station makes motoring a carefree pleasure.

America's service station teams give today's motorists the road-long reassurance that they never drive completely alone.

"ETHYL" (TRADE MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

**ETHYL CORPORATION**
**New York 17 • New York**

*Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound—used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines.*

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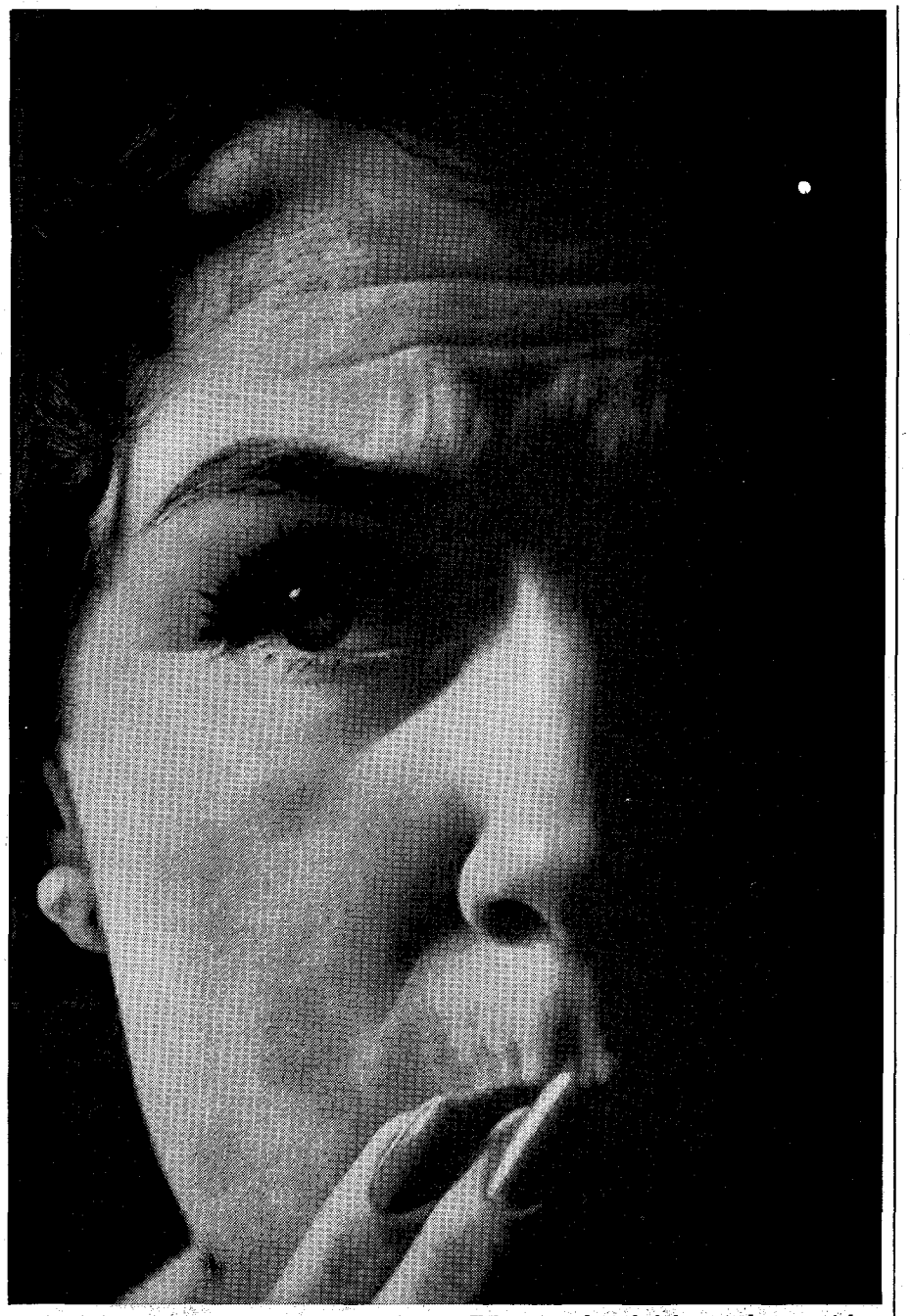

**YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF.** When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

**You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white... and odor-free!**

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

**Easy to use... Instant Action...** Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath". Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food particles and odor breeding bacteria are washed out of tiny cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Suddenly your false teeth start looking naturally white again... and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

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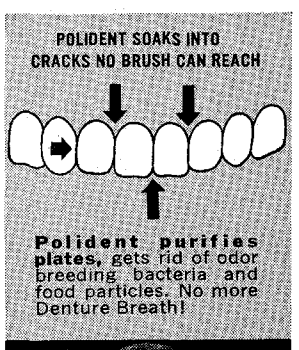
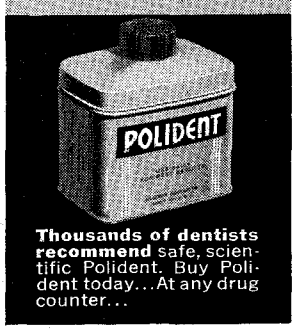

POLIDENT SOAKS INTO
CRACKS NO BRUSH CAN REACH
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!




**Thousands of dentists recommend** safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today... At any drug counter...

# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The crux of the matter is the element of coercion. The Revolutionary War was started for this principle. The same spirit is still with us.

WALTER E. SEWARD
*East Lansing, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

What is the difference between "annexation" of property here in the United States against the will, rights and privileges of the owners, and Russia's annexation of adjoining areas? . . . As residents of an "Occupied Zone" annexed to Huntsville, Alabama . . . we don't have anything else that we did not have before, except a yoke around our neck.

A. C. BROCKWAY
*Huntsville, Ala.*

● *Author Jerome Ellison answers: "The difference from the Russian version is that due process is observed, with a day in court and judicial review." —ED.*

## Twin Trouble

Dear Sirs:

How many of your readers noticed the error . . . in the story HUNTING A HUSBAND by Willard Temple [April 20]. On page 91 the girl twin is musing on her twin status: "Well, suppose those cells hadn't divided, but had remained one, and the one had been not George but just me."

Had these twins been a result of a divided cell they would have been "maternal" or "identical" twins and necessarily of the same sex.

Since they were male and female, they were "fraternal" twins, the result of the fertilization of two separate ova.

MRS. JERRY BRINKMAN
*Dayton, Ohio*

● *Thanks to Reader Brinkman and three others for detecting this biological boo-boo. —ED.*

## Cops and Kids

Dear Sirs:

Now we know what happened to the bad little boys who used to throw snowballs at silk hats. They sit on board fences and smirk at unfortunate motorists. (See George Hughes' Post cover, April 27). Wait until these grinning lads turn sixteen and start driving automobiles. We'll bet at least one of them will be stopped by a traffic cop and then Old Sour Puss will have the last laugh.

DAVID BARR
*Greencastle, Ind.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hughes' picture, April 27, '57, issue, is not authentic, nor is it a credit to this thankless work. We do arrest speeders, no matter what kind of car they are driving (note the sports car). . . . But we *don't* park our motor in front of the vehicle, and, above all, the members of the Los Angeles Police Dept's. Motor Squad (biggest in the country) *do not* touch or put their feet on any part of a violator's automobile if it can be helped.

K. L. PARSONS
*Los Angeles Police Department*
*Van Nuys, Cal.*

The Saturday Evening
POST
April 27, 1957
A Violent New Novel That Will Shock and Fascinate You.
NO BLADE OF GRASS
By John Christopher
How NEW COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS of MOSCOW and the KREMLIN'S RULERS
by David Douglas Duncan • Senator JOE CLARK of Pennsylvania by Stewart Alsop
ROBERT YOUNG, TV's Perfect Father • Mind-Boggling Champ GENE FULLMER

Dear Sirs:

Let's hope that any policeman who would stand directly in front of a violator's car has his life insurance paid up.

CARL R. BALL
*Los Angeles, Cal.*

## Biggest Tipper?

Dear Sirs:

I was much interested and not a little disappointed in the inaccuracies of ROUGHING IT AT MIAMI BEACH in your February 23 issue. . . .

[The article says: "A Chicago industrialist, Titus Haffa, holds the tipping record. For a shave, a shoeshine, or a bucket of ice, he has been known to tip $100." (page 114)]

I am willing to admit that I am a comparatively wealthy man—not wealthy enough, however, to hand out $100 tips to shoeshine boys indiscriminately. . . .

It is true I gave the shoeshine boy $100. This was not a tip. That shoeshine boy is a personality who has given much to our national world of sport. . . . His name is Beau Jack, well known to America's fight fans.

When I learned he was down on his luck, and the father of seven children, I was touched by his misfortune. It wasn't until I had returned to my room that the thought struck me that a helping hand should be extended to this man. . . .

For this reason, I sent down to the barbershop a one-hundred-dollar bill. Not because of any personal service that he had rendered to me, but because of something I felt was due him.

TITUS HAFFA
*Chicago, Ill.*

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# Editorials

## Perhaps Ambassador Norman Wasn't "Smeared" After All!

It was no surprise to hear that Moscow Radio regarded the suicide in Cairo of Canada's diplomat, E. Herbert Norman, as all the fault of the American State Department and Senator Eastland. That is normal Communist procedure.

Unfortunately it is also apparently normal procedure for American "liberal" columnists and editorial writers as well. The assumption among these worthies appears to be that, when a bureaucrat takes several sleeping pills or jumps off a roof at the mere hint that he may be a Communist, he must have been assassinated by smear! We went through all this breast-beating years ago when Harry Dexter White dropped dead under mysterious circumstances after being asked to testify before a congressional committee. Subsequently White was shown to have been a Soviet agent.

The problem with the "liberals" was to discover, not the truth or falsehood of the allegations concerning Mr. Norman, but the identity of the miscreant who made them! For days after Mr. Norman's demise, the columnists and some pretty important newspapers were in full cry against Robert Morris, the Senate committee's counsel, whose questioning of Foreign Service Officer John K. Emmerson brought forth incriminatory mention of Mr. Norman. The State Department official who provided the information was also under fire. Nobody troubled to ask whether or not this diplomat, planted in the Middle East, the hottest security spot this country is concerned with, had a clean bill of health or not. The Americans for Democratic Action typically demanded that Mr. Morris be fired.

Then all of a sudden the barrage quieted down. It seems that John Diefenbaker, minority leader in Canada's Parliament, had asked Foreign Minister Lester Pearson the simple question: Were the American allegations against Mr. Norman true or false? Mr. Pearson made an equivocal reply, after earlier admitting that Mr. Norman had had Communist leanings somewhere in his now insignificant past. Later Mr. Pearson "gave" with more and better information, and Canadian wrath turned away from Senator Eastland and toward the coy Mr. Pearson. The latter made a somewhat desperate effort to pressure the U.S. State Department into agreeing to withhold information involving Canadian officials from congressional committees, but it soon appeared that responsible Canadians were at least as eager as any American could be to learn more about Mr. Norman.

Study of the facts appeared to show that Mr. Norman's background was worth looking into. In 1946 he appears to have been recalled from Japan, where he represented Canada on General MacArthur's counterintelligence corps, at the suggestion of the Canadian Mounted Police. He was the author of a scholarly study of modern Japan, but the record shows many dubious contacts—enough, we should think, to justify the curiosity of a Senate committee as to the appropriateness of placing such a doubtful risk in the hypersensitive Middle East.

The Communists' objective, of course, is to break the prestige of and ultimately destroy our security system. What the purpose of their presumably unwitting non-Communist American allies may be we do not undertake to say.

## Why Treat Our New Americans Like Made-Over Aliens?

It was natural enough for Chairman Paul Butler, of the Democratic National Committee, to invite Rep. Francis Walter, of Pennsylvania, to serve on the executive committee of the nationalities division of his party's national committee. Mr. Walter is chairman of the House immigration subcommittee and has a powerful voice in the policies established by Congress to govern the admission to this country of refugees and other foreigners.

Perhaps, however, a little further deliberation on the subject might have prevented Mr. Butler from writing to Mr. Walter at all. At any rate, Mr. Walter's reply to the invitation to join a "nationalities division" stands as a pretty solid statement on what should be the relation of new citizens to their adopted country—and, perhaps even more importantly, the duty of older citizens to recent arrivals.

"I have long opposed the concept of minority or nationality groups as entities somehow distinct from the American people as a whole," wrote Mr. Walter. "From this concept arises the notion that the interests of these different groups of Americans are at variance with the interests of the rest of the nation."

To support this view, the congressman quoted from a letter by the late Rep. Antonio M. Fernandez, of New Mexico, who had also refused to serve on the nationalities division. "In my state," wrote Mr. Fernandez, "political organization and political pressure along racial lines are frowned upon by those of us who are not of English descent as well as by those who are." The New Mexico representative doubtless understood instinctively that, as Mr. Walter put it in his letter to Mr. Butler, "in perpetuating the idea of nationalities and minorities you are at the same time perpetuating an instrument of division among people whose greatest pride lies in becoming a part of our great republic."

Of course, few politicians are able to exercise the restraint which would be required by strict adherence to the ideal set up by Mr. Walter and Mr. Fernandez. The Negro vote, the Jewish vote, the Italian or Polish vote—whether it really exists or not—is very much on the mind of the average politician.

Wouldn't it be wonderful, though, if political leaders and aspiring ward heelers could unite on the principle that the welfare and interest of this country are the primary concern of all Americans of whatever origin, regardless of prejudices and antagonisms inherited from the Old World?

## No Longer Do All God's Chillun Go Without Shoes!

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

America's traditional "barefoot boy" has just about walked out of the modern scene. When a kid suffers a stubbed toe these days, he probably banged it on the TV set when he sneaked down from bed to tune in the late-late show. A contemporary "Peck's bad boy" will never know the old thrill of swaggering around outdoors with the injured member, preferably the big toe, bound up ostentatiously with a piece of rag, the ends dangling pridefully. Pavements have made going barefoot practically a lost art.

Anyway, going barefoot a generation or two ago wasn't just an occasional thing, but a season-long process, interrupted only by Sunday-go-to-meeting rules and regulations. The barefoot season in the old days started as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and 'way down East kids prided themselves on getting their back-to-earth movement under way by Patriots' Day, April nineteenth. Even small girls, who later in life developed a masochistic liking for tight shoes, often went barefoot.

Going barefoot frequently took character and decisiveness; the thistle had to be grasped firmly, and kids learned to scorn the cautious approach on gravel drives and cinder walks. Perhaps the sternest test of the barefoot expert was to stroll nonchalantly across a new-cut hayfield, when the two-inch stubble made it resemble a well-filled pin cushion. Some "tenderfeet" never mastered the quick assurance and little side-to-side twist of the foot that pushed the stubble harmlessly aside. They proceeded in timid slow motion to disaster, got panicky in the field, hopped around in agony, and had to be piggybacked ignominiously to safety.

At any rate, millions of Americans still under fifty will always wiggle their toes nostalgically whenever the barefoot season comes around. They remember squishing good clean mud, wading in torrent-flowing gutters, kicking the morning dew into diamonds or just running aimlessly on the cool grass under the stars.

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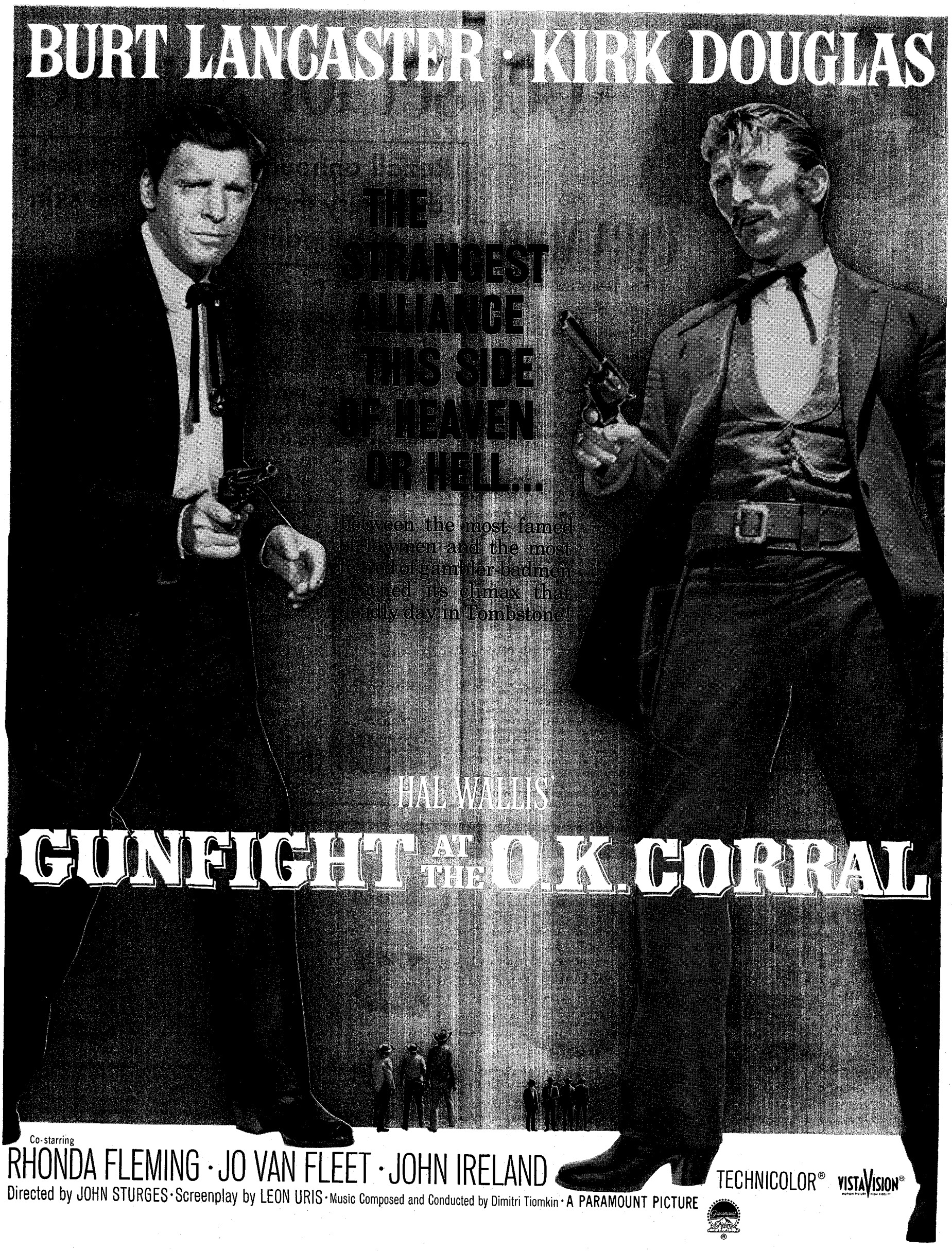
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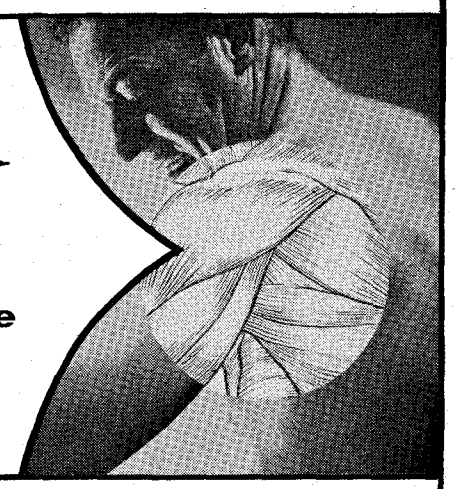

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Rexall's revolutionary liquid pain-killer actually goes *thru* the skin and gets deep inside *aching tissues—to kill pain right where it* hurts! Simply smooth a few drops of Thru on the aching area, as directed. Within 30 seconds, a special lipophilic agent starts taking Thru's pain-deadening, analgesic and anesthetic ingredients thru the skin. For quick, direct relief—get *Thru* to the pain!

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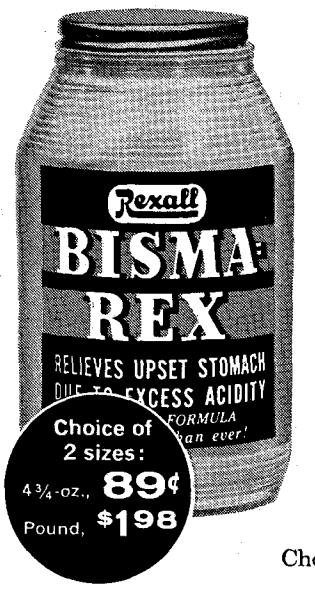


**Proved 3 times more effective** in laboratory tests of leading stomach remedies—Bisma-Rex neutralizes 3 times more stomach acid and acts hours longer than the next-best brand tested!

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**Prolonged, 4-way relief.** Four of the most effective acid-fighting ingredients known to science act in a continuing "relay." Each antacid dissolves at a different rate—to relieve heartburn, gas, belching, nausea and gastric distress—and leave a soothing covering on irritated stomach membranes.

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Choose the form of Bisma-Rex you like best

### REXALL BISMA-REX MATES

**Another favorite form of Rexall Bisma-Rex!**

Chew these pleasant-tasting, mint-flavored tablets and swallow them with water. Simple as that! Mates are the quick, easy way to get famous Bisma-Rex relief from acid upset stomach. And count on these special-formula tablets to act in *relay action* to give you *prolonged relief*. Mates are safe for children, too. Keep a bottle handy for the entire family. 75 tablets, only **89¢**

**REXALL BISMA-REX GEL** in the liquid form soothes irritated stomach membranes. A full half-pint bottle, **$1.19**

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No calories, no aftertaste, no stirring to dissolve it. Rexall Liquid Table Sweet blends instantly in beverages, keeps its sweetening power in cooking. And it sweetens fruits and cereals evenly. Attractive glass table decanter. Pint, $2.98. 4-oz.... **89¢**

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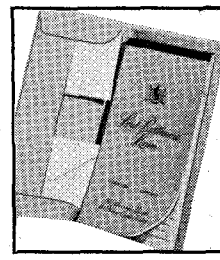

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**SYMPHONY BOND AIRMAIL PORTFOLIO.** Compact folder contains 36 flat white sheets with faint watermark pattern; and 18 colorfully lined envelopes. Reg. 69¢, now only..... **49¢**

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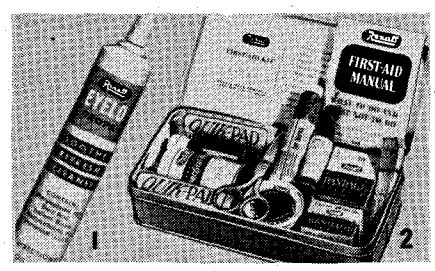


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**REXALL SPOT AND PATCH QUIK-BANDS.** 30 improved "quick-grip" flesh-colored plastic dressings in shapes for every need. Only 39¢

**REXALL COTTON SQUARES.** Soft, white, quilted cotton pads. Big box of 80 squares, just.. **43¢**

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Father's Day is June 16th!

New Stag—the choice of America's active men—sure to please Dad. On his special day give a lift to his spirits as well as his appearance.

**1. STAG ELECTRIC PRE-SHAVE LOTION** presets whiskers for easier, smoother electric razor shaves. Long-lasting 3-ounce bottle, **$1.00**

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**FATHER'S DAY CARDS** you'll be proud to give. A large selection at **50¢, 35¢, 25¢, 15¢, 10¢**

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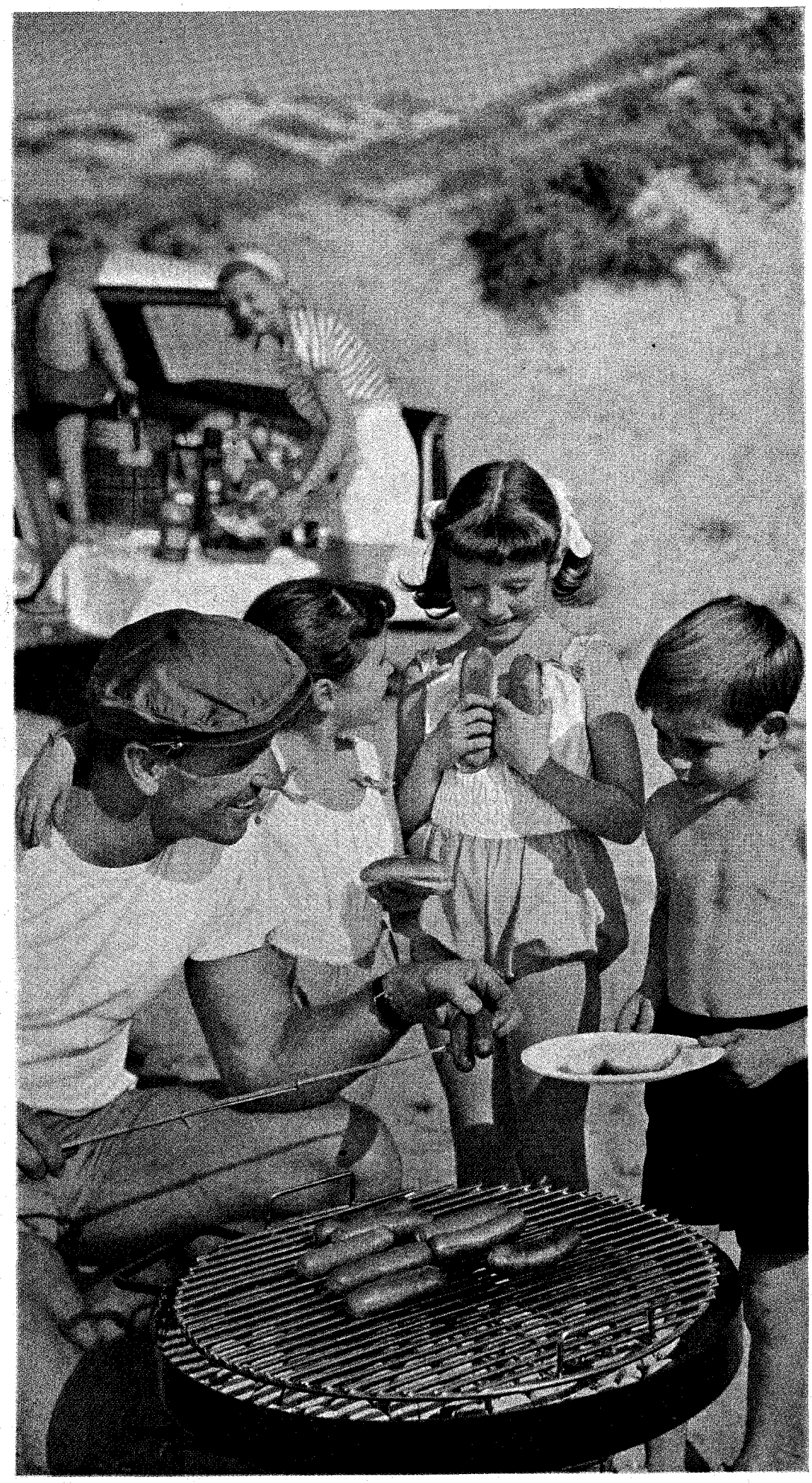
# ONLY GLEEM — *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



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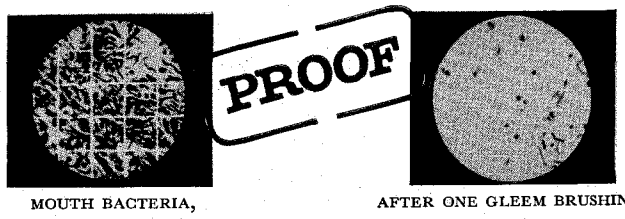


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AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

When *your* family's out having fun like this—can they always brush after meals? Then make sure they start their day with the one and only Gleem—to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 completely destroys most bacteria with just *one* brushing. And you'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. So if your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best, use Gleem . . : it meets this modern problem!

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

# THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

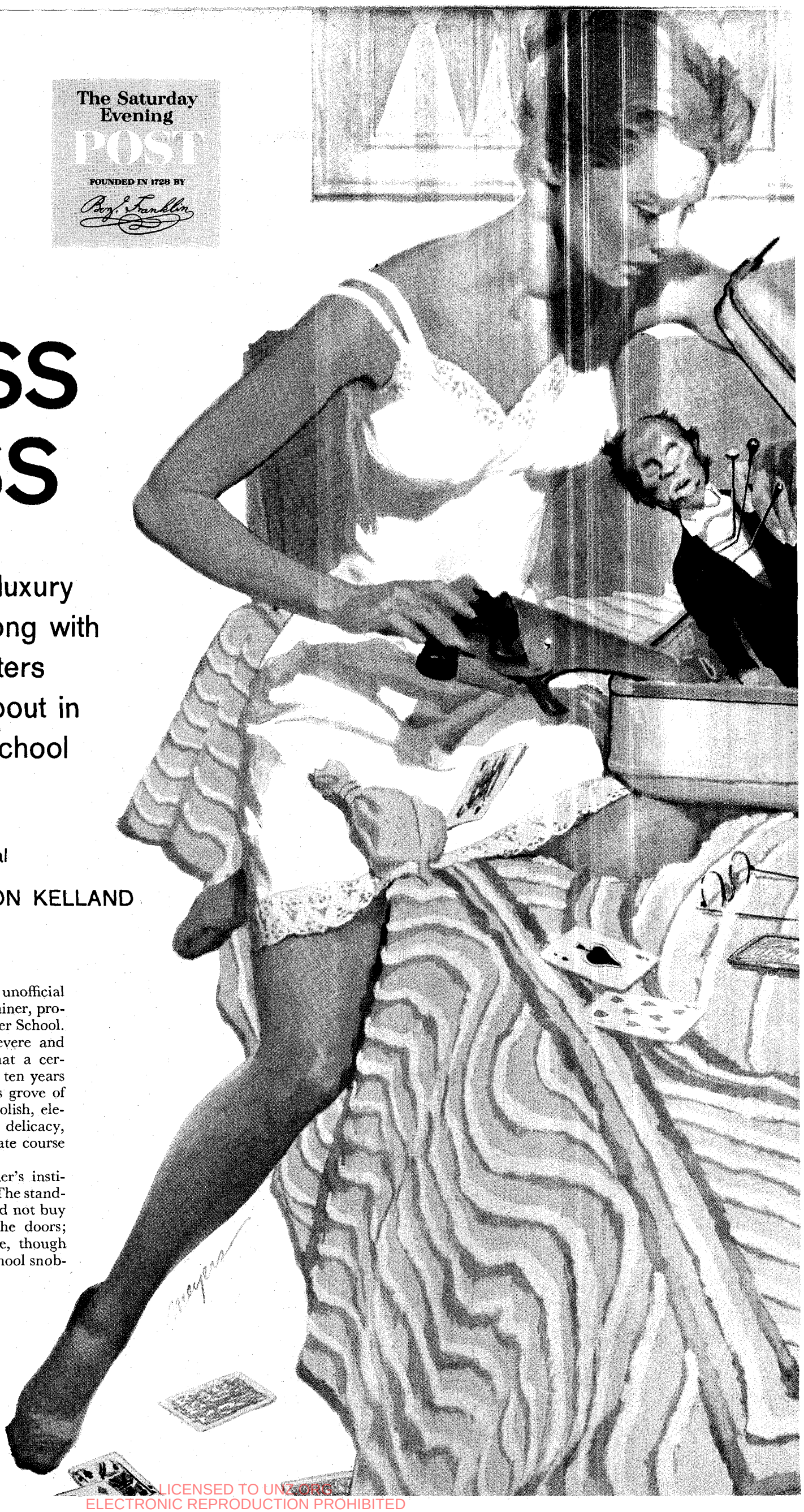
The lady inherited a luxury motel in Arizona—along with some sinister characters she never learned about in Miss Cordwainer's School for Girls.

Beginning an exciting new serial

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Columbine Pepper Drugget was the unofficial secretary to her aunt Miss Egeria Cordwainer, proprietor and headmistress of the Cordwainer School. The title of the institution was stark, severe and uninviting. Its prospectus announced that a certain number of young ladies from five to ten years of age were accepted each year into this grove of Academe to be instructed primarily in polish, elegance, grace, good taste, refinement and delicacy, with what might be termed a postgraduate course in finesse.

To gain admission to Miss Cordwainer's institution was a matter of extreme difficulty. The standards of admission were high. Wealth could not buy its way in; influence could not force the doors; family eminence alone would not suffice, though it helped. In short, in the Cordwainer School snobbery attained its most perfect flowering.



Now Columbine discovered why the suitcase had seemed so heavy. It contained a 32-caliber pistol, a burglar's kit, and a bag of glittering stones.

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Miss Cordwainer scorned business efficiency and debits and credits. The Government required her to keep books, which she did in a manner to bewilder income-tax inspectors. There was to her mind something parvenu about keeping track of money, though there was nothing stultifying about the possession of it. On a certain occasion she made a pronouncement which might be of high value to the business world. "My fees," she said, "are so high that I do not have to vex myself with such trivialities as costs or overhead or outlay." On that day she enunciated a business axiom that guaranteed financial success to any institution that could adopt it.

It was in this splendid social and economical atmosphere that Columbine Pepper Drugget had been reared—a world in which almost nobody was socially acceptable, and in which system, budgets and the ABC of good financial practice was infra dig.

Columbine's father had deserted her mother when the baby was three years old, and her mother had died and left her alone at the age of five. Miss Cordwainer, her aunt and sole living relative, had rescued her and taken her into the school, where she had been reared in a curiously haphazard but not unkind fashion. She had been permitted rather than ordered to attend classes, and when, at the age of ten, she had completed what the school had to offer, there was an end to it. Miss Cordwainer was not interested in education beyond the point where her school left off.

But, haply, there was a very good library, acquired for the purpose of impressing parents. Columbine, having something that resembled an inquiring mind, and having little else to do, read much without direction or plan. She plowed through histories, biographies, philosophies and economics in a helter-skelter way, and she stored away what she read without subjecting it to any digestive process. So that, by the time she was of voting age, she had perused a vast number of books and was in possession of mountains of facts and theories; and was completely destitute of actual experience of life or acquaintance with human beings other than the teachers, children and servants in the school.

She had been taken to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear selected music, to the Metropolitan Museum to gaze at selected *objets d'art*, to Carnegie Hall to listen to virtuosos, and to the Town Hall to be bored by lecturers.

Inasmuch as the pupils wore a sort of uniform dating back to the days of Godey's Lady's Book, which she herself had worn until she was ten and then had approximated as she grew older, she was little concerned with the mode. Her hair was not bobbed, but gathered in a bun at the back of her head so tightly drawn that it pulled at her eyes and gave them a sort of slanting, Oriental look. The eyes so disfigured were liquid and intelligent. She was five feet and four inches tall and weighed a hundred and sixteen pounds. She wore steel-rimmed spectacles, not horn-rimmed, because Miss Cordwainer considered them an affectation. Such notions as she had of the facts of life had been drawn from prim and not definitely informative treatises or from tomes so scientific as to convey nothing human.

Columbine Pepper Drugget reached the age of twenty-one in August. It was in October that she received the first letter that ever had been addressed to her in the score and one years of her life.

She sat in her cubbyhole of an office and turned it over and over in her fingers, unable to grasp the fact that this strange thing had happened to her. Miss Cordwainer, who had delivered it into her hands, stood over her.

"Your father left to you all the property he owned," the lawyer said, "which consists of a motor court in Arizona worth a half a million dollars."

"Well, well!" she demanded. "What is it? From whom is it? Why do you not open it?"

"I am startled," Columbine said. "I never have received a letter before." She had a way, now and then, of saying things that surprised people or made them stare or made them gasp. "A letter," she said slowly, "before you open it, is a thrilling mystery. After you open it, maybe it's a dud."

"What a word! Dud! Wherever did you learn it? What does it mean?"

"I learned it," Columbine said, "from Jessica Pangbourne. It means, I understand, something that does not come up to expectations. I believe it is of British derivation and originally referred to a bomb that did not detonate."

"Absurd," said Miss Cordwainer. "Read it at once."

Columbine postponed the moment. She regarded the return address. "It comes," she said, "from several men. Postlewhaite, Hoopenlooper, Postlewhaite and Dodd. Could it be from all of them?"

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"Sir," Columbine said icily, "were you addressing me?"

"Open it and find out," snapped Miss Cordwainer.

So at last Columbine tore open the envelope and withdrew a letter-sized sheet, which she unfolded.

"The four men," she said, looking up, "are attorneys-at-law. All four of them, probably." She glanced down the sheet to the signature and her face was disappointed. "Oh," she exclaimed, "it's signed by Mr. Hoopenlooper. I was hoping it would be signed by Mr. Dodd."

"Why by Mr. Dodd?" asked her aunt.

"Because," replied Columbine, "he sounds less pompous."

"Well," asked Miss Cordwainer with ill-restrained impatience, "what has the pompous Mr. Hoopenlooper to say?"

"It says," answered Columbine, "that if I will call at his office promptly I will be told something to my advantage." She looked up and smiled delightedly. "How nice!"

"Why nice?" her aunt asked.

"Because," said Columbine soberly, "it postpones eating the frosting until tomorrow."

"How intriguing!" said Miss Cordwainer. "What in the world can be to your advantage? I can conceive of nothing."

"That," answered Columbine, "is what provides it with the kick."

"Kick?" asked Miss Cordwainer.

"A word," said Columbine, "acquired from Rosemary Newton."

"Such regrettable words," said Miss Cordwainer, "should not be used under this roof."

Her niece looked at her solemnly. "Aunt Egeria," she said, "you would blow your top if you heard all the words that are uttered in this house."

"Blow my ——"

"Exactly. What it expresses is not clear, but it pleasures one to say it."

"You must immediately telephone this Mr. Hoopenlooper for an appointment."

"Why," asked Columbine, "should I telephone him?"

"Because," said Miss Cordwainer, "it is customary."

"Who made it customary?"

"Why—why, I don't know."

Miss Drugget, who had read Civil Government, frowned and then said, "This is a republic."

"It is," agreed Miss Cordwainer, not seeing any connection.

"In a republic," went on Columbine, "all citizens in person or by representative are supposed to be present and vote on any law that is passed."

"Why, that is the procedure."

"Well," said Columbine, "I was not present in person nor by representative when such a custom was established. So I am not bound by it. I shall not, therefore, telephone Mr. Hoopenlooper for an appointment. It is he who wants to see me. I shall, therefore, crash the gate without preliminaries."

"Never, never," said Miss Cordwainer faintly, "have I heard anything so outrageous."

"The thought," said Columbine, "never occurred to me before, but it must be simply scrumptious to do something outrageous. If"—her eyes gleamed (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

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# Our Lovable Little Bandits

The adventures of a couple who adopted a pair of baby raccoons and found themselves enthralled by their charming ways.

Gretel hitches a ride on the author's shoulder. This is how the Zistels coaxed the animals into the house before going shopping.

"Wherever we went, Hansel and Gretel patted along behind, even as they would have followed their mother."

By ERA ZISTEL

Photographs by the Author

The other day some friends wrote to us, saying they had acquired a raccoon. And we wrote back, saying that their lives would never be the same. We should know, my husband and I, because we once had two raccoons, and our lives were forever changed, first with the having, then with the remembering.

Up until the time the game warden picked up the two motherless little round brown bundles of fur and put them in our hands, we knew little enough about raccoons; only what we had read, briefly, in books.

The books said they are nocturnal, expert tree climbers and clever fishermen. That the paws give the appearance of being hands and, indeed, are used almost like them. That the track they make is actually much like the print of a small child's hand. That they are fond of bright objects, and are often trapped by using shiny pieces of metal as bait. That they wash their food before they eat it.

The books said they eat shellfish, frogs, turtles, birds and their eggs, nuts, fruit, green corn, but told us nothing about what to feed baby raccoons with only tiny buds of teeth showing. So we had to experiment, and were at first unsuccessful. When we gave them milk, they dipped their hands into it daintily, trying to convey it thus to their mouths, and when this failed, they turned the whole business into a game, paddling in the dish happily until the milk was all on the floor.

Next we tried making a mush of baby cereal and milk, and this they ate greedily, dipping out small portions, rolling them round and round between their palms and finally popping the balls into their mouths.

Our agreement with the game warden had been that as soon as the orphaned babies were

Gretel became a close friend of the family cats, and chose one, Huckleberry, as her companion in mischief.

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"In the evening, they would all be on the back steps waiting for us to feed them. After passing out a certain amount of peanuts and bread, we filled them up with oatmeal."

able to take care of themselves, we would release them, for it is against the law in the state of New York to keep raccoons in captivity. We decided to advance this unhappy date—for to look at a baby raccoon is to fall in love, so we had already lost our hearts—and give them their freedom immediately, allowing fate and the raccoons themselves to make the decision we knew would be too difficult for us.

Wherever we went, the raccoons patted along behind us, even as they would have followed their mother in the woods, not silently, but with much eager chattering and calling to us. Down the stairs, which required the skill of mountain climbers for them to negotiate, out into the garden and over to the brook, where the brave Hansel immediately plunged in and swam from shore to shore and back again, while the timid Gretel watched him with no more than her toes immersed, until her excitement over his successful crossing set her to leaping up and down, thus splashing water all over herself and her doting foster parents also. Then, following us, back home again and up the stair mountain and into the house, where the two sets of wet handprints went directly to their bed for a nap.

After a few weeks they became more independent of us. In our big door that opens to the outside world, we had cut a smaller swinging door to facilitate the many exits and entrances of our cats. The raccoons soon learned to use it also, and found great glee in the using of it, popping out frequently to test the weather and in again to make sure we were where we should be.

But we did not become more independent of them. If we took one step away from the house, they were with us, ready for any adventure. This was all right as long as we were merely going to get water from the brook or logs from the woodlot, but it made shopping somewhat difficult. Sometimes we'd get some distance down the road and would just be congratulating ourselves on our successful escape when suddenly we'd hear them calling, "Chir-r-r! Chir-r-r!" behind (Continued on Page 86)

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# The Lady and the Landlord

By STEVE McNEIL

"When I decide that the time is ripe, I'll get married," he said. The poor boob didn't know he was already as good as hooked.

She was a small young thing with unusual eyes, a turned-up nose and black hair. She was built like an eighty-dollar carburetor and she stood in the front room of Huntley McPherson's house and peered through the plate-glass window.

It wasn't, Huntley was forced to admit, the best of all days to rent a house. Everything was the color of lead—the sky, the sea, the sand, the rain. The wind howled in from the southwest and moaned plaintively, presumably because the windows were closed and it couldn't get in.

"The air-conditioned Oregon coast," she said. "Isn't that what they say?"

"Uh-huh. Of course, it isn't always like this."

"I know. Sometimes it really rains."

"Right over there is Tillamook Head."

"Uh-huh."

"And in that direction," he said, pointing north, "is the Columbia River."

She pointed south. "Who lives there?"

Huntley didn't even look. Three hundred yards away was an immense, six-bedroom home, built way back when lumber was cheap. "I do," he said.

She peered at him. "You aren't married?"

He shook his head.

"How about the girl out in your car? The one who looked at me as if I were trying to steal her new tricycle."

"That's Jennifer," Huntley said, "Jennifer Raymond."

"Girl friend? Engaged?"

"Miss Bridges," he said, "the rent is seventy-five dollars a month."

"You didn't answer my question."

"We are not engaged."

"But she would like to be engaged, is that it? She would like to become Mrs. Huntley McPherson?"

"Miss Bridges, whether she would or wouldn't is not the issue right now. The issue is whether you want to rent this house."

"I'm just trying to be neighborly, like a neighbor; and curious, like a woman. I'd also like to know whether it's safe to turn my back on her."

"She isn't the jealous type."

"Mr. McPherson, any woman who has a man on the string is a jealous type." She walked to the window facing west and looked out over the ocean. "Sometimes I think my parents have rocks in their heads."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I think it might be better to be run down."

"Run down?"

"Uh-huh, run down." She threw her arms wide. "'Go to the coast, Sally, my dear girl. Down there you'll find a more tranquil way of living. You'll be out of this mad social whirl.'" She turned to Huntley. (Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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He stopped talking and put his arms around her. There was no resistance worth recording.

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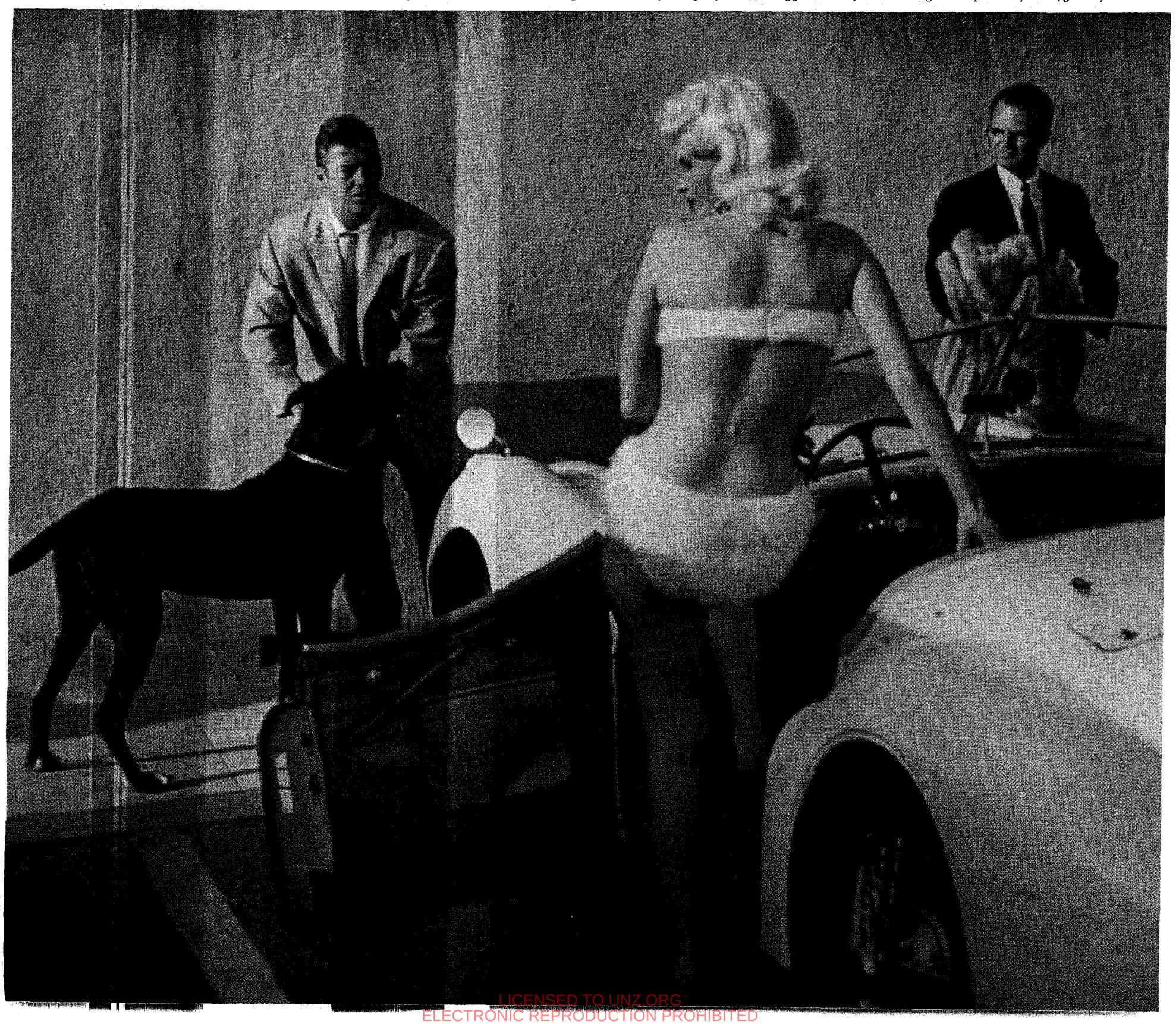
Hollywood's No. 1 publicity seeker in her lustrous bedchamber.

# She Will Do Anything for Publicity

That "dumb blonde" Jayne Mansfield—
who is smarter than you think—
loves to see her picture in the papers.
Here's what she does to get it there.

By Richard Donovan

Jayne coaxes her Great Dane Lord Byron into her Jaguar as her constant companion, Mickey Hargitay (left), struggles to help. Retreating is her publicity man, Jim Byron.



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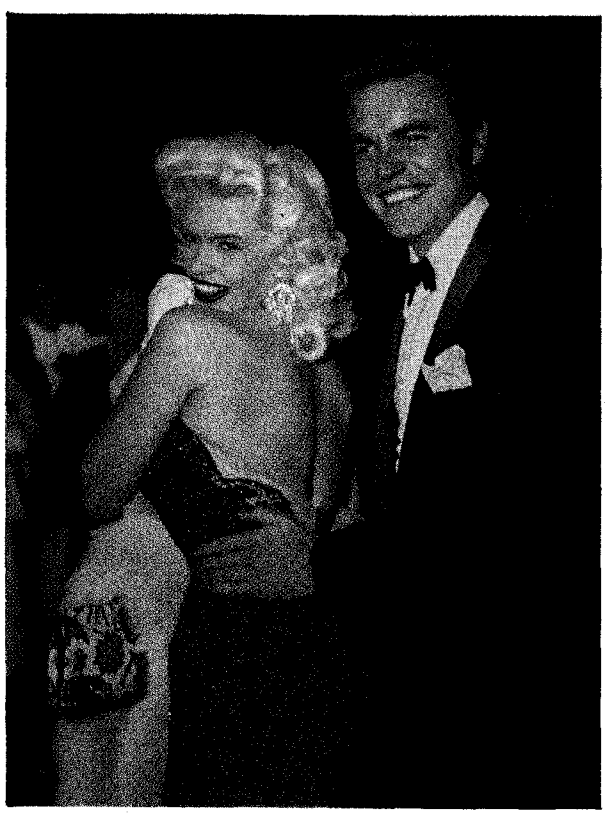
In Hollywood not so long ago, Miss Jayne Mansfield, the exuberant new stage, screen and cheesecake star whose warlike bust has been extolled in over half a ton of press clippings, was called into urgent conference with her lawyers. The lawyers informed her that an Eastern pinup-picture concern had been bootlegging scantily clad photographs of her to thousands of eager buyers without regard for good taste, without asking her permission and without cutting her in on the profits. Naturally, they said, she would want them to put an instant stop to the clandestine traffic by slapping an injunction on the offenders.

Miss Mansfield jumped up as though she had been stabbed. "Injunction?" she cried, scandalized. "What do I want with an injunction? Send more pictures immediately! There may be somebody somewhere who doesn't have one!"

What the lawyers apparently failed to grasp in this conference was that they were dealing not with legal torts and contracts, but with a burning ardor. For the last two and a half years, Miss Mansfield, who many Hollywood observers feel is destined to become perhaps an even bigger movie star than Marilyn Monroe, has been feverishly fomenting a mass love affair between herself and the population of the United States. No living citizen who might eventually develop into a Mansfield fan has been left out of her tender calculations. That being the case, the thought that anybody anywhere might be legally deprived of a personal photograph of her platinum locks and warm, open-mouthed expression, her eminent forty-one-inch bust, eighteen-inch waist and thirty-five-and-a-half-inch hips and all that splendid skin between was simply more than she could bear.

"I will never permit anything to stand between me and a hundred and seventy million people!" Miss Mansfield declared intensely a while ago. (Continued on Page 99)

Mickey Hargitay, a onetime Mr. Universe, tones up his muscles by hoisting 115-lb. Jayne in an "angel" lift. Mickey, a Hungarian, formerly was a member of the muscle-man chorus of Mae West's show troupe.



Jayne with film star Robert Wagner at a Hollywood première. She is an expert at the spectacular "entrance."

Quick change under a quilt: To oblige ubiquitous photographers, Jayne slips into a new costume on a residential street in Beverly Hills instead of driving all the way back to the privacy of a studio dressing room.

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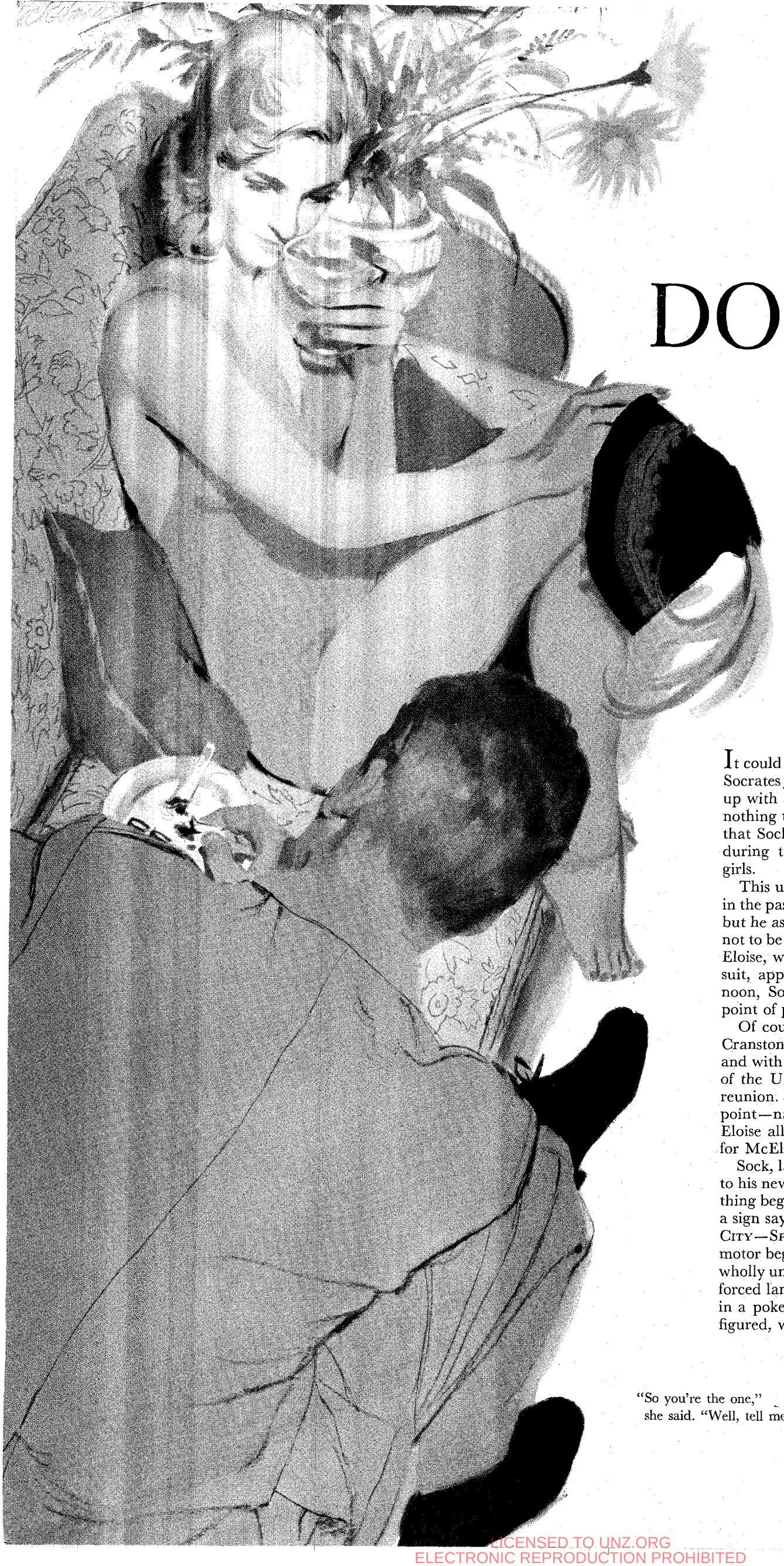

# THE PILOT'S DOWNFALL

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

They called him the hero of Geisha Lane, until a slim blonde proved he was really afraid of girls.

It could have been that fate was responsible for Capt. Socrates Jones, United States Air Force, getting mixed up with a lion on this Wednesday. Actually, fate had nothing to do with it. The real cause of the affair was that Sock—who'd been no slouch at downing MIG's during the Korean fighting—was secretly afraid of girls.

This unfortunate shyness had got Sock into trouble in the past. It had also, on occasion, got him out again, but he ascribed the latter to sheer dumb luck. A thing not to be trusted or relied upon. So, when a girl named Eloise, wearing a green hat and an abbreviated swim suit, appeared on his horizon this Wednesday afternoon, Sock was unprepared for it practically to the point of panic.

Of course, the business had to do, too, with Mike Cranston—who'd been Sock's wingman in Korea—and with some of the rest of the old, bold fly boys once of the Umpteenth Fighter Group and spoiling for a reunion. The lion was an innocent bystander up to a point—namely, up to the point where he and Sock and Eloise all took off together across the California veld for McElligott Air Force Base.

Sock, lately returned from Japan, was driving south to his new station in an ancient coupé when the whole thing began. It was late afternoon and he'd just passed a sign saying: WELCOME TO VORHEES—THE FRIENDLY CITY—SPEED LAWS STRICTLY ENFORCED, when the motor began to make strangling noises. They were not wholly unexpected, since Sock had already made three forced landings at garages en route. He'd won the car in a poker game at Hamilton two nights ago and he figured, with reason,

(Continued on Page 64)

"So you're the one,"
she said. "Well, tell me about it."

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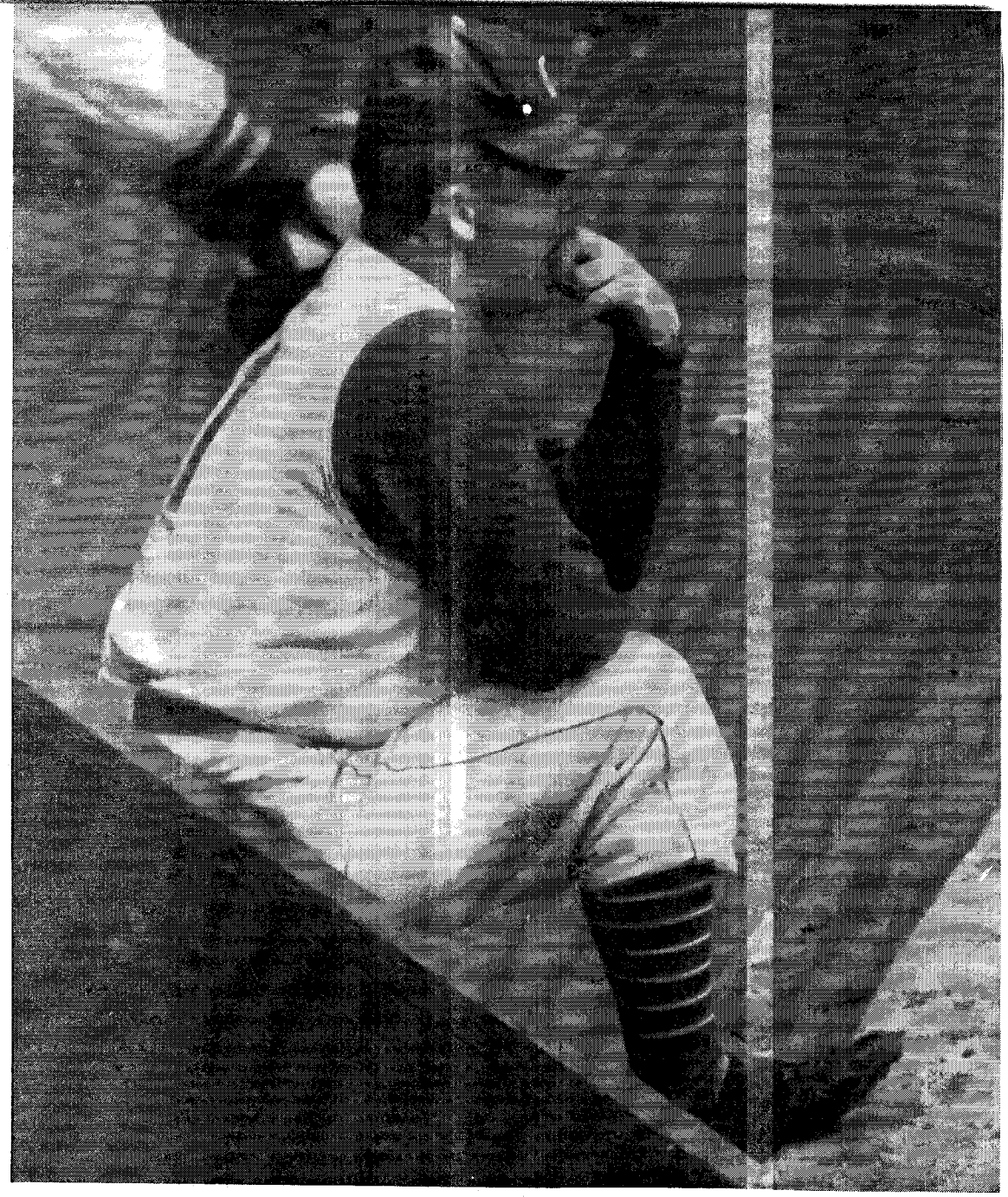

Portrait of a manager—Birdie Tebbetts of Cincinnati—making up his mind. "In baseball, if your team is going to be in contention, you've got to make the right guess 90 per cent of the time," says Birdie.

By TOM MEANY

Whether or not to yank the pitcher is the crucial question that can win or lose the big ones. Here's how managers sweat out this

# Toughest Decision in Baseball

Yankee manager Casey Stengel (center) calls for help from the bull pen in the second game of the 1956 World Series. Retiring pitcher is Don Larsen (left) who later redeemed himself with a perfect game.

Fresco Thompson, who second-based for the Phillies back in their ragtag Baker Bowl era, is now a vice president with Brooklyn's opulent Dodgers. This is the baseball equivalent of climbing Mount Everest in basketball shoes. Fresco has looked at baseball, good and bad, and baseball managers, also good and bad, for the better part of four decades. It is inevitable that he should hold some opinions.

"Most of the time," contends Thompson, "a manager has no control over the destiny of his club. You play 154 games a season. At least fifty of these games will be lost regardless of the manager's moves, and at least fifty will be won without any assists from the skipper. That leaves fifty-four games where the manager's decisions can help to decide whether his club wins the pennant or finishes in the soup."

Nearly all baseball men subscribe to Thompson's law, agreeing that a manager's machinations can affect a club's success in roughly one third of its scheduled games. And opinion is unanimous that of all the choices a manager faces in the

(Continued on Page 83)



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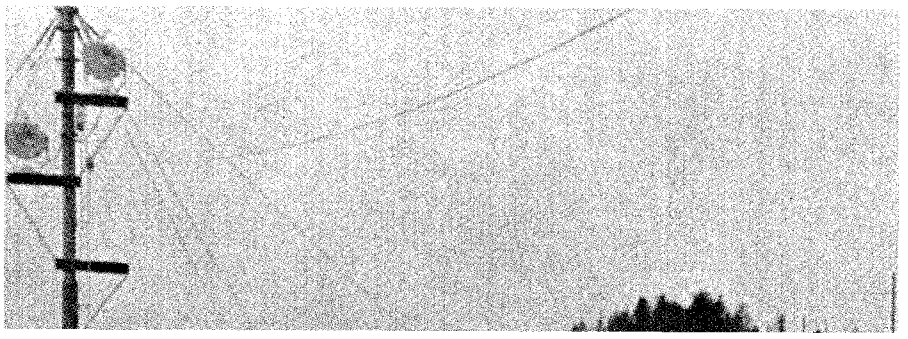

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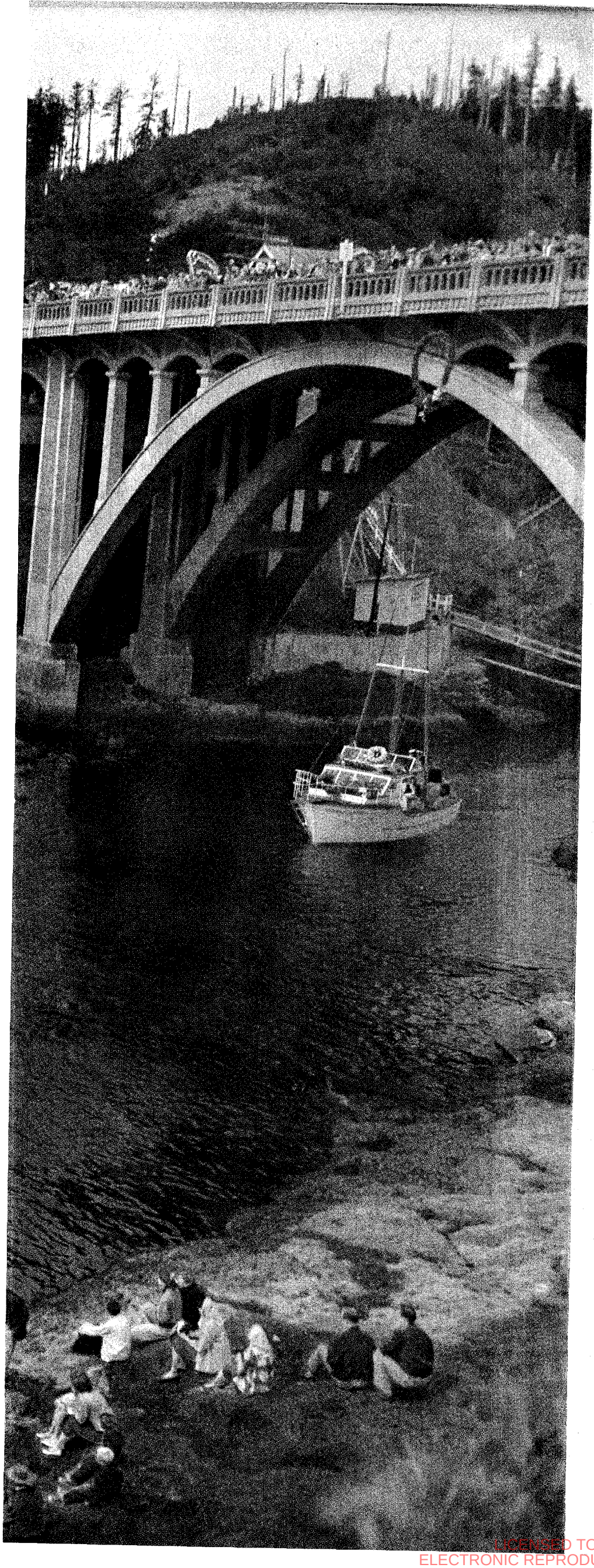

The Face of AMERICA

# The Sea's Toll

There are sailors who go down to the sea in ships and never return. But the denizens of Davy Jones' locker are not forgotten. The citizens of Depoe Bay, Oregon, for example, observe Memorial Day with a unique ceremony—The Fleet of Flowers—to honor all those who lost their lives at sea in shipwreck, storm or war. A flotilla of thirty scrubbed fishing boats steams in column past thousands of spectators on the bridge and on the guardian rocks of the tiny bay's narrow channel. The boats carry ten tons of flowers, some grown in this fishing village, others sent from all over the world. They circle round the melancholy spot a mile offshore where two Depoe Bay fishermen, Roy Bower and Jack Chambers, died twenty years ago on a mission of rescue to a foundering troller. Then the fleet draws near the craggy coast, and the tribute is silently strewn on the restless sea. ❁ Photograph by H. E. Hinkelman

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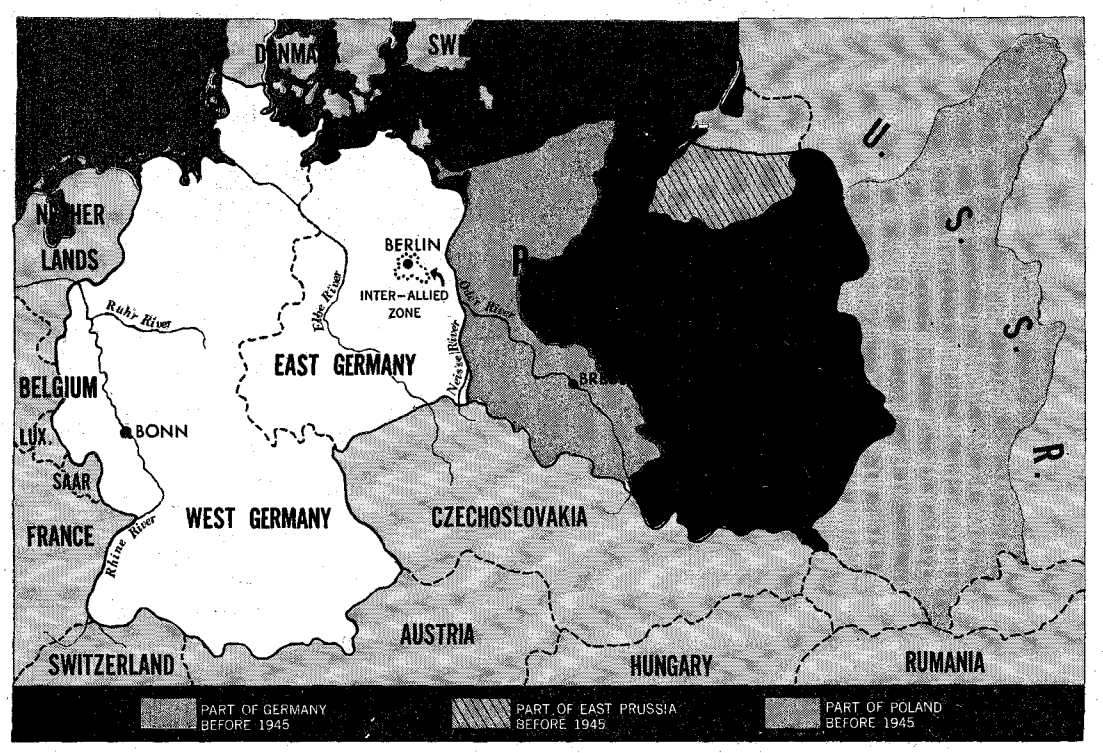
Soviet tanks patrol the streets of East Berlin after the 1953 riots. Today, as then, only the weight of Red armor holds down the lid in East Germany.

The sullen atmosphere of revolt smolders in Communist East Germany. What are the chances for another uprising? A Post editor reports from Berlin.

# Will East Germany Blow Again?




Gomulka's Poland sits precariously astride the Red Army's east-west supply lines. Any hostile move against the Poles by the Soviet's crack combat force in East Germany could unleash pent-up East German resistance.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

BERLIN:

On the last day of April, 1945, at the climax of the battle for Berlin and in the twilight of the Nazi gods, Red Army troops under Marshal Zhukov were street-fighting their way into the Berlin northern suburb of Wittenau. The troops came to a large stone building, where they saw gesticulating prisoners behind bars, and locked gates just deserted by their guards. Convinced this was another concentration camp, the triumphant GIvans blasted away the gates and bars, liberating the prisoners—"Hitler kaputt, war over, you free. *Davai!* (scram)."

This large building was Berlin's Bellevue, the Wittenau Lunatic and Idiot Asylum. Bombs and artillery shells were still bursting, the fighting still raged and the capital city, a sea of rubble, lay in almost total ruin. Taking one look at the smoldering world outside, the bewildered inmates made a frantic rush back

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West Berliners mourn the deaths of eight East Berlin citizens shot by the Communists during the abortive uprisings of June 17–18, 1953.

for their comfortable padded cells. But now the troops had posted guards with fixed bayonets outside the gates, and a weird pantomime took place. The lunatics, unable to speak Russian, tried to argue that the outside world was dippy. The Russians, unable to speak German, kept prodding them out into the new freedom.

One of the inmates, a schizo named Spalinger, now took two or three of his loony chums with him and began wandering through the desolate city. After several blocks they came to an undamaged building, a printing plant. Somewhere in Spalinger's deranged noodle a light began to glow. Taking over the printing plant as his command post, he promoted himself to commandant of Berlin and began churning out written orders which were sent to every ward in Berlin:

1.) All Nazis are to be arrested.
2.) All citizens to pitch in and help clear the streets.
3.) All available food to be commandeered and rationed.
4.) Water, light and gas to be quickly restored.
5.) All infractions of these orders to be reported to me.

Signed:
SPALINGER
Commandant of Greater Berlin

The real commandant of Berlin, the Soviet General Bersarin, was baffled. German city officials responded with alacrity to the orders of Spalinger, ignoring his own. Angrier still was Walter Ulbricht, the German Communist leader who had arrived by air from Moscow,

East German delegation headed by the unpopular Communist leader Walter Ulbricht (head of table, at right) faces Kremlin rulers at a Moscow conference last year. From left: Khrushchev, Bulganin, Molotov.

with some twenty members of the new German Politburo, and with their own plans for organizing Berlin. Ulbricht sent out a squad of investigators who a week later located Spalinger and his boys in the back room of the printing plant. They were promptly recommitted.

This burlesque interlude on the stage of world history might have been forgotten forever had not one member of Ulbricht's Politburo, Wolfgang Leonhard, recently decamped to the West and recorded the escapade in his book, The Revolution Betrays Its Children. (Social note from the East Zone: even the commissars are now decamping.) With a touch of humor usually as rare in ex-Communists as in Communists, Leonhard, after ten years' service in the East German Government, comes to the nostalgic conclusion that poor Spalinger was the first official in Russian-occupied Germany, and also the last, who ever issued really sensible orders.

Today, twelve years later, Walter Ulbricht and Company have converted the entire East Zone of Germany into a political insane asylum. The constant escapees, more than 350 a day, are (Continued on Page 79)



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# The Fabulous Jock Whitney

He was captured by the Germans in World War II, but survived to live down the "playboy" label and become the first American of all London.

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

Conclusion

In every man's life there comes a time when, in the rich old American phrase, he has to fish or cut bait. That time came for John Hay ("Jock") Whitney during the war years, when he set himself a course which he has followed with reasonable steadfastness ever since. The goal of that course has been the fulfillment of his responsibilities as a citizen and a capitalist.

Whitney's recent appointment as our ambassador to Great Britain was undoubtedly one result of this thoughtful change of direction; the origins of the change are to be found in several personal experiences which combined to make Jock one of the most socially conscious millionaires of our time.

When Whitney assumed his full inheritance of some $40,000,000 in 1944, he had already begun to shed the role of a wealthy, sports-loving experimentalist, which characterized his earlier adult years. To the discomfiture of some of his old friends, Whitney was becoming increasingly interested in social and moral issues and the responsibilities of great personal wealth. One of the factors in this purposeful drift from the polo mallet to the book bag had been Whitney's second marriage, in 1942.

Most of Whitney's intimates agree that his marriage to Betsey Cushing Roosevelt, the former wife of James Roosevelt, had a marked effect on Jock's life. Betsey, one of the three daughters of the great surgeon and humanist, Dr. Harvey

(Continued on Page 103)

Colonel Whitney served in the A.A.F. from 1943 to 1945. He was a prisoner of war in 1944.

Ambassador John Hay Whitney on the steps of the U. S. Embassy in Regents Park, London (formerly Barbara Hutton's town house), bids farewell to a departing guest, fellow diplomat Mr. Suat Hayri Urguplu, Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain.

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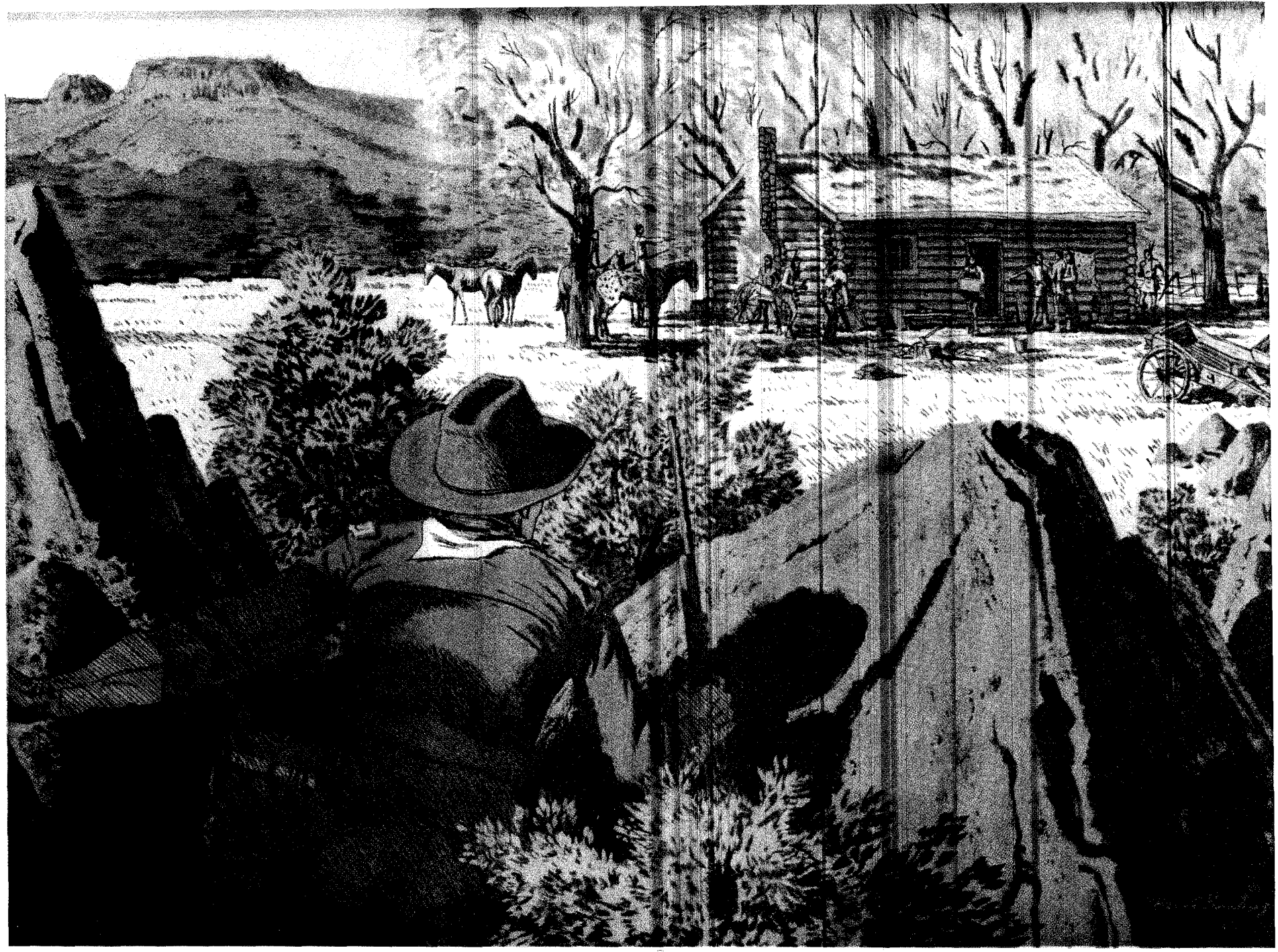

He dismounted and approached the Maddock place. It was alive with Paiutes.

# DANGEROUS FAVOR

By JOAN SANDERS

## Lundy risked his life to satisfy a woman's whim.

The fourteen sat tight-reined to keep the horses from bolting. The wind came heavy with death over the grass.

Capt. Lundy Jaeger slid off his horse. The ground around was torn up and was muddy from last night's rain. Lundy walked over in his boots to the burnt-out wagon bed and ran his hand along the charred edge. Cold. He judged the wagon had been there maybe five days; its owner was lying there with the sun on his open eyes and flies lively on the wound where his scalp had been. When he fell he'd dug into the clay and there was grass between his knuckles.

Beyond him, a woman with wrists lashed to the wheel spokes leaned in her blackened tatters as if weighted forward by the arrows in her chest.

Lundy said over his shoulder, "Give us a hand here, somebody. Reed, Severud, Randall. The rest of you tend to the cattle."

The mounted ones backed and slid on the gravel, and went out as they had come through the willows. The horses were all spooked, eye-rolling and hard to hold. And, as usual, so was young Blaine Randall. He stood there running the tip of his tongue back and forth between his teeth. The mark of his hat showed across the white of his forehead like a gash.

Lundy said, "Put your hat on, Randall. And point your gun the other way." Damn kid.

It was good luck they had been able to pick up those extra horses down by Cooper's Crossing, Lundy thought. One of them might turn out broke enough to pack out. It wouldn't be a pleasant fifteen miles home to Dalby, but the militia was not out for pleasure. A hundred some odd head of cattle had been rounded up in the past days; not bad, considering they'd had to be routed out singly from the canyons and scrub. As to what would become of this new stock on the already overgrazed hills surrounding the fortified town—well, you couldn't stop to worry about that, even if it was April and past time to head for the open range. The Governor, whose general orders had broken up the small southern settlements and sent the people herding together for safety, had lent no advice regarding the cattle problem, beyond a strong recommendation that they be kept out of the hands of the Paiutes.

Lundy turned to Owen Reed. "You ever see these people before?"

"Don't hardly know. It makes a person look different, like that. They're not from around here close."

"Trying to make it to town, looks like." Lundy lashed his rope around the smaller blanket-wrapped bundle. A light thing, she was. But the arrows had been deep and hard to pull out.

(Continued on Page 94)

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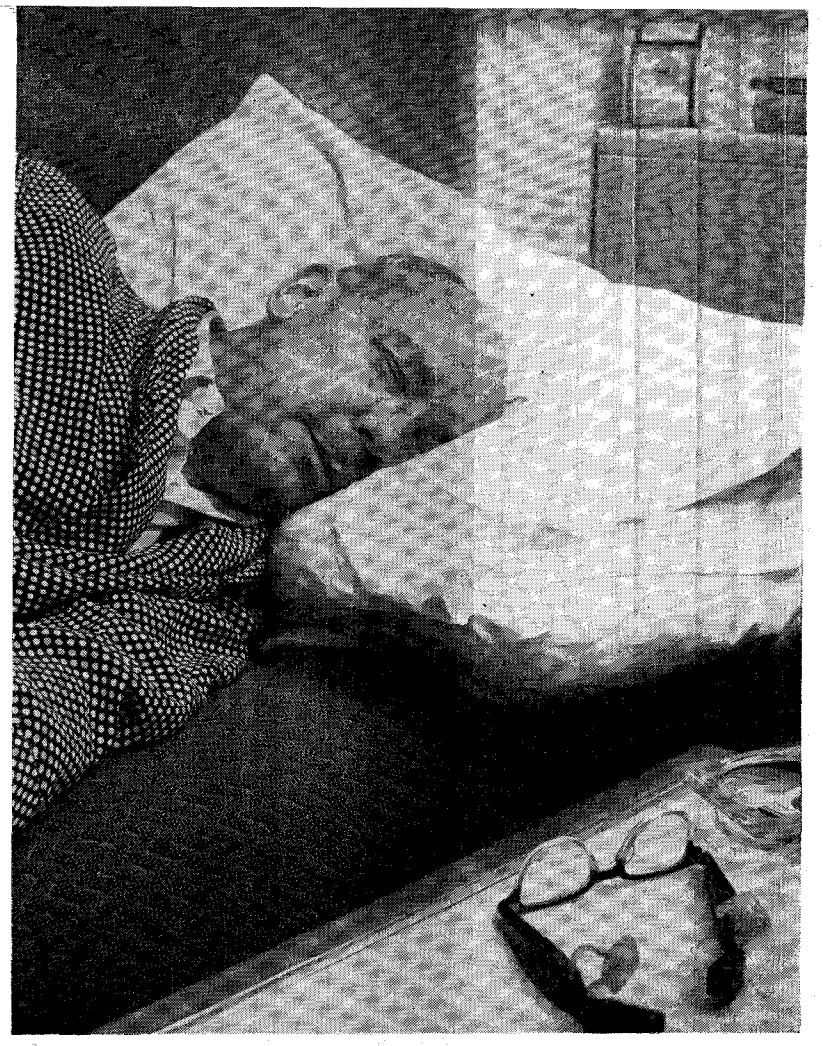


Oblivious even to the alarm clock, the author snoozes after setting aside his hearing-aid glasses. Each heavy shank contains a miniature mike, battery and receiver.

# My First Ten Years With a Hearing Aid

## A well-known author discloses what those remarkable new electronic devices have done to help the hard of hearing—including himself.

By J. C. FURNAS

We—some million and a half of us—applauded lustily when a 1956 Nobel Prize went to the three Bell Telephone Laboratories physicists who created transistors. These are blobs of obscure metals that can often bat for larger, heavier and less efficient vacuum tubes. The new miniature radios have been one result. But what we wearers of hearing aids were cheering about was the way transistors have made our indispensable gadget slighter, smaller, often cheaper to run and—a thing important to many—less conspicuous.

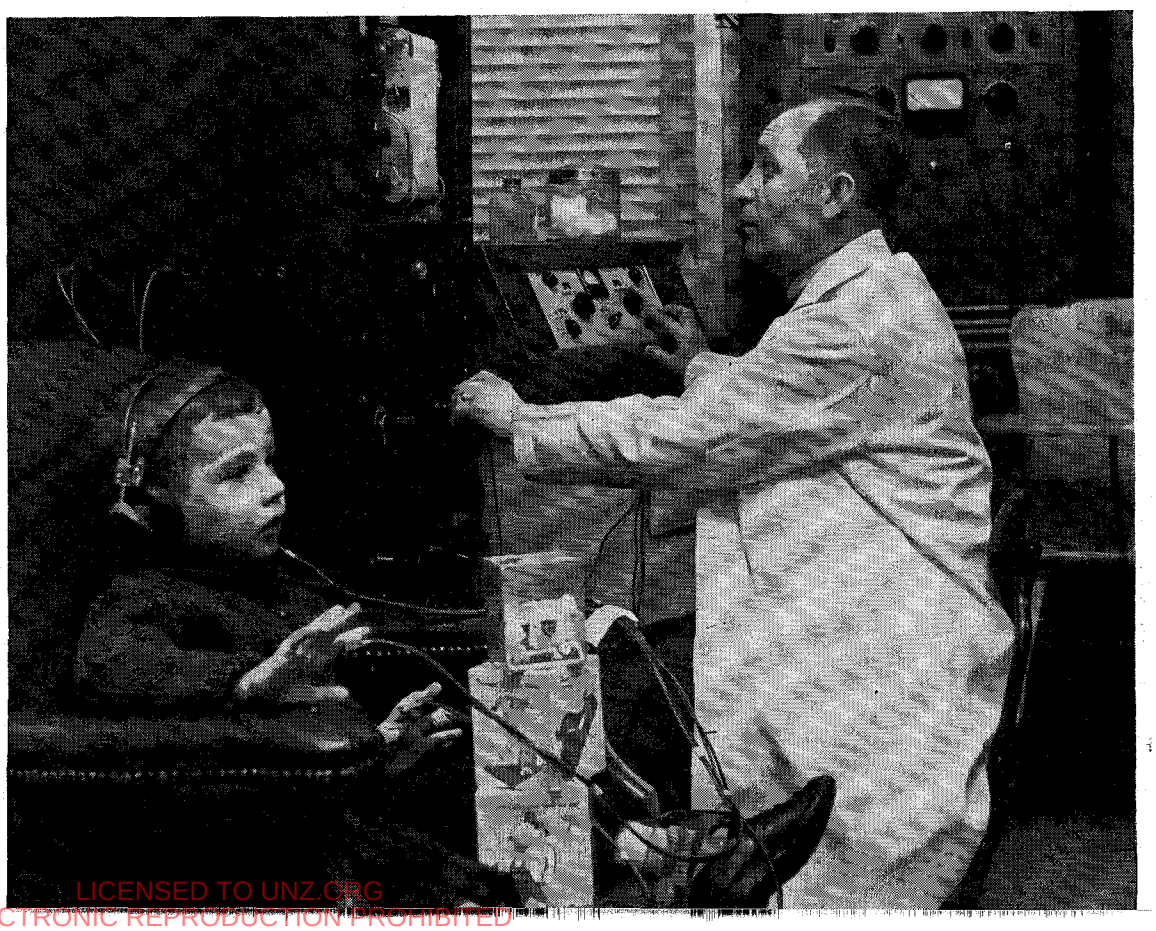
Here was a big break in the battle to get a hearing aid on everybody who needs one. The hot little hearing-aid industry now sells more than 350,000 instruments a year. Nevertheless, at least 3,000,000 Americans, sufficiently hard of hearing to handicap both themselves and all dealing with them, still renounce such artificial help. In my own neighborhood, for instance, there are only three aid wearers besides myself. Offhand I can name three others who need aids and know it, but won't do anything about it. Everybody has some such holdout among his family or friends.

Stone-deafness is not involved here. The very few people born that way or made so by disease usually show immense courage and resourcefulness in combating their handicap by other means. I'm talking about those far more numerous and luckier hard-of-hearing people who have some degree of ear usefulness left.

Some ten years ago I gave in to common sense and bought an aid. The decision to do so may have come easier because I've been familiar with deafness and hearing aids since childhood. My mother's father was very deaf, and I never heard him complain about it. In 1914 my mother's worsening hearing forced her to a hearing aid—a primitive affair with a radio operator's headset and a carbon mike the size of a cigar box.

My own hearing difficulties, in common with those of many other people, may have started with a series of earaches that fouled up my middle ear and prevented free transit of sound from eardrum to nerves. Later, doctors think, some otosclerosis—calcium deposits muf-

The model's hearing device is concealed in her brooch and under her long hair.



James A. De Pew, director of audiology at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, conducts a test to determine the "hearing threshold" of this four-year-old boy.

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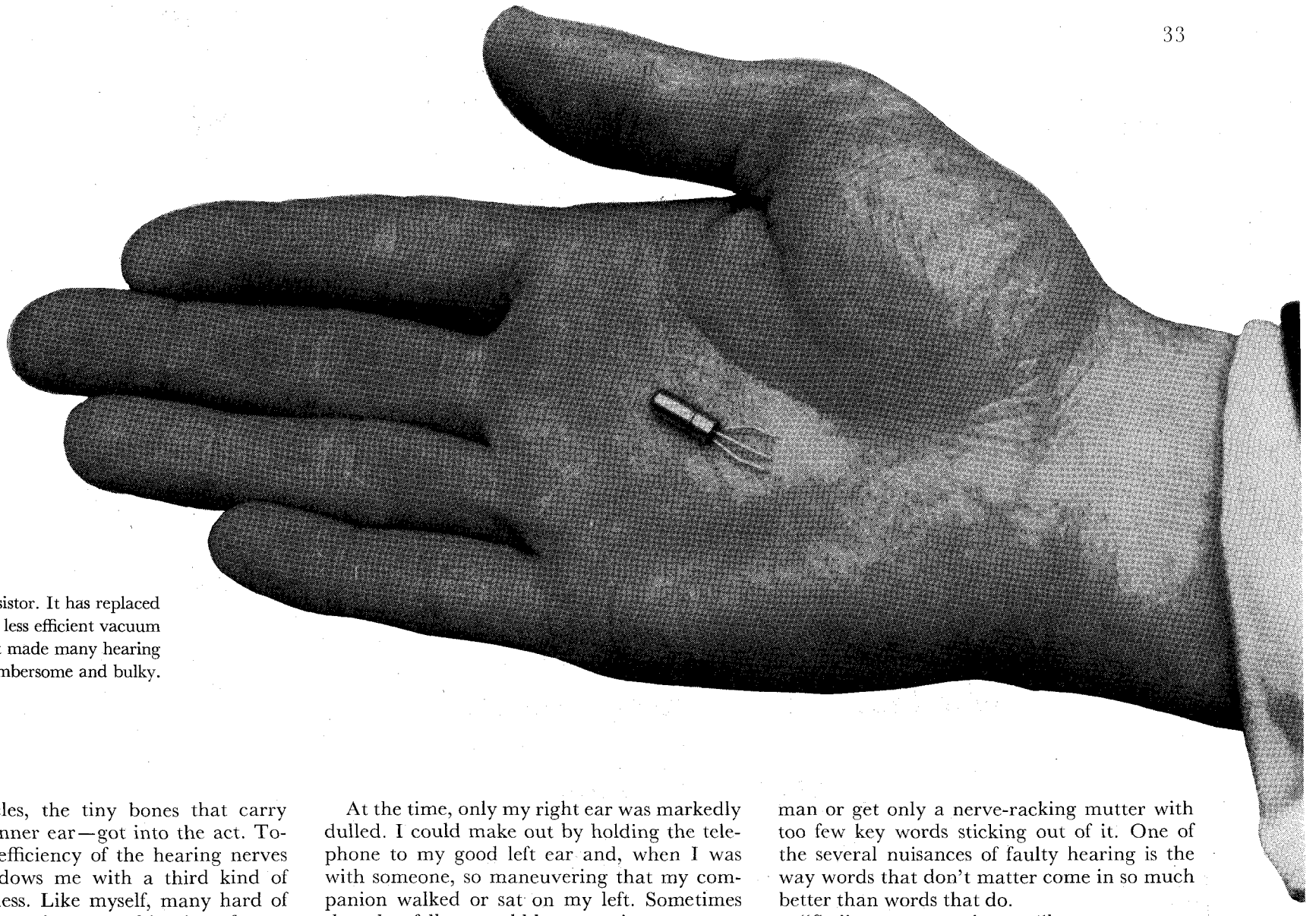


The transistor. It has replaced the larger and less efficient vacuum tubes that made many hearing aids cumbersome and bulky.

fling the ossicles, the tiny bones that carry sound to the inner ear—got into the act. Today, lowered efficiency of the hearing nerves themselves endows me with a third kind of physical deafness. Like myself, many hard of hearing are up against a combination of troubles which add up to sizable impairment. If, for instance, I sleep with my better ear on the pillow, I can't hear a standard alarm or a telephone bell.

Anyway, twenty-two years ago, on a certain evening in a summer theater in a converted fishhouse, I was missing lines that others readily got. True, the place was jumping with speech-mangling echo from the wooden walls. But I alone of the party was much bothered.

At the time, only my right ear was markedly dulled. I could make out by holding the telephone to my good left ear and, when I was with someone, so maneuvering that my companion walked or sat on my left. Sometimes the other fellow would keep turning up on my bad side and I'd find, after we'd done a sort of do-si-do for a while, that he, too, had a damaged right ear and was playing the same game.

It's a wonder I wasn't called Old Gimlet-Eye. Everybody, experts say, does some lip reading to re-enforce the fleeting clues of heard speech. I was soon hard at it, at least half unconsciously. During the several hundred prolonged interviews in my year's work as a reporter I had to keep my eye full on my man or get only a nerve-racking mutter with too few key words sticking out of it. One of the several nuisances of faulty hearing is the way words that don't matter come in so much better than words that do.

"So," says your witness, "because . . . we decided that . . . But it was understood that . . . and in case of . . . and why not? So we did." It's all there, clear as a bell, except what you want to know.

As my ears got worse and my visual concentration deepened to match, I must have looked like Svengali bearing down so Trilby could hit a high note. Sometimes my hypnotic dead-pan stare would make a man so nervous that he would (Continued on Page 40)

## 3,000,000 HARD-OF-HEARING AMERICANS SHUN HEARING AIDS: THESE CELEBRITIES WEAR THEM

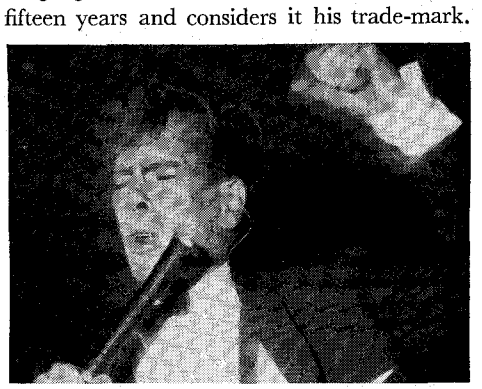
Bernard Baruch holds out his hearing-aid microphone at a Congressional committee meeting.

E. Roland Harriman, American Red Cross national chairman.

Winthrop Aldrich, former U.S. ambassador to Great Britain.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, like the author, uses spectacles that contain the hearing aid.

Singer Johnnie Ray has worn a hearing aid for fifteen years and considers it his trade-mark.



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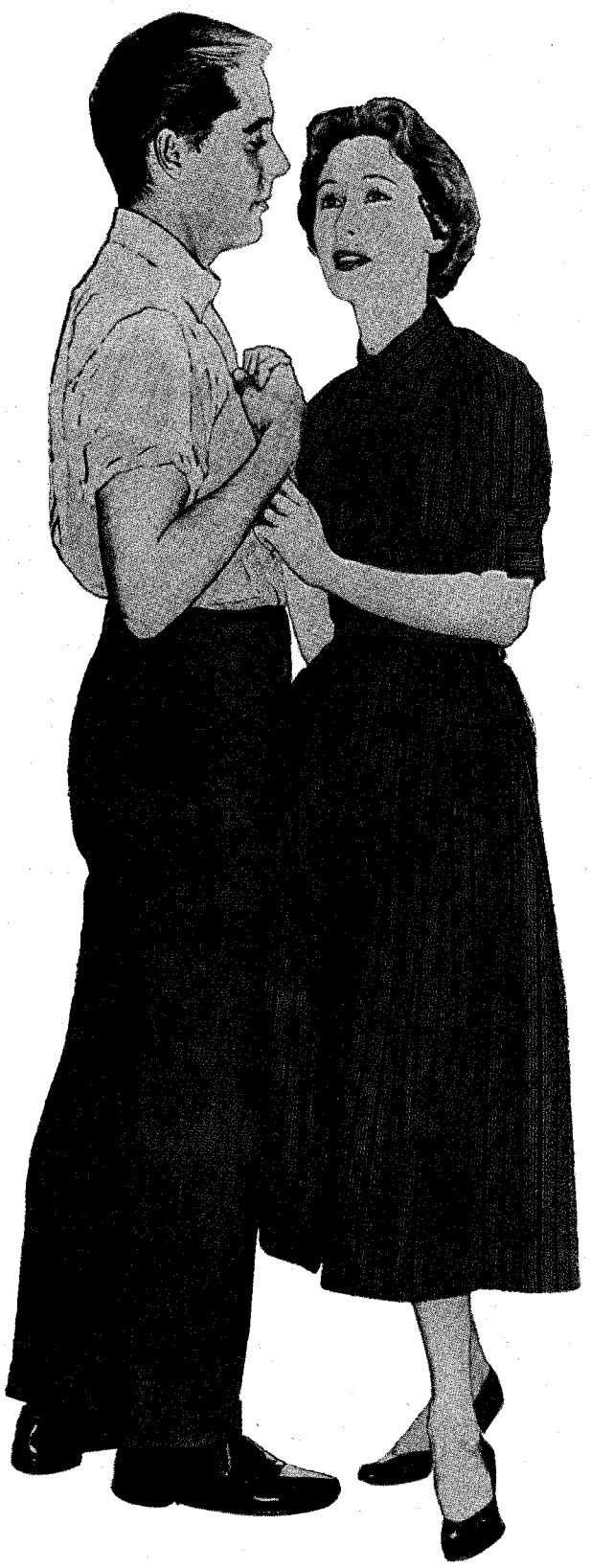
# THE CHOICE



**The story of a mother and father who faced an agonizing decision.**

**By ALEXANDER SAXTON**

Kelly, crawling into the Geary Street car with Tom in his arms and Joey latched to his hand, noticed a large woman on the seat opposite whose face began to glow when she caught sight of Tom. *Another one of those*, he thought, setting his own face into a grim expression and avoiding her eye. Kelly's wife, who had paid the fares and picked up the transfers, sat down beside him; the car groaned up the long hill beyond the hospital. Now the woman was leaning forward.

"What a beautiful child!"

He felt Rana stiffen, and saw her turn sideways to stare out at the store fronts along Geary Street. Tom, on his lap, rocked forward as if in response to the woman's words, and though he could see only the back of Tom's head and the tip of one ear, he knew that those clear eyes must be gazing at the woman as if some world of meaning were almost within reach between them. Joey, who was squeezed against his leg by a man with a brief case, was checking over the crop of car ads. Joey dabbed with one finger as he counted the Donald Ducks in the colorful orange-juice advertisement.

"How old is he?" the woman inquired. *Don't ask*, Kelly wanted to say to her. *Please don't ask*. If only they could ever tell by looking, he thought, and of course they could not. He ought to have a card printed saying, "This child had encephalitis at six months; he'll never be older if he lives to a hundred," and pass it out to people.

Kelly could not answer her, but Joey, coming down abruptly from the car ads, told the woman, "He's four and a half."

"Is he your little baby brother?"

"Yeah."

"Is he very shy?"

"He don't talk at all," Joey announced.

The woman said nothing more and the streetcar lurched over the top of the hill and went sawing down the farther slope toward the gray fog over the white ranks of houses. Kelly was relieved when the woman got off. Now his wife turned back from staring out the window. She found a handkerchief in her purse and blew her nose, and he could see tears running one after another from the corners of her eyes. Kelly wished they lived about a hundred miles away, so they could just keep on riding the streetcar all day.

But they soon came to their transfer point, waited, seven more blocks on the next car—he had counted them many times—and got down at the corner, he with Tom in his arms, by the peach-pastel house at their own corner. Peach and gray and lemon green, they walked in front of the houses, eleven on one side, nine on the other, till the street ended under a great wall of hill where bulldozers had stripped the earth down to the naked red rock. Their house was fourth from the last.

Joey, who had run ahead, was waiting on the steps. "'M I gonna go to school today?"

Kelly looked at his watch. "Kindergarten gets out at twelve, don't it, Joey? And it's after eleven now. I guess you get a holiday."

"Oh," Joey said.

Rana was unlocking the door. Kelly remembered that when he had been a kid a day off from school was always a big kick. But Joey was disappointed. What he needed was a day off from home.

"You got to go to work, dad?"

Kelly glanced down at the boy and nodded.

"Lotsa people getting TV's hunh, dad?"

"Everybody," Kelly said. "The ones that already got it, they don't think the reception's just right, they want new antennas. Higher and higher ones. Everybody." He noticed now, for the first time, the rank odor of the child he was carrying, and touching gingerly underneath, felt the soggy weight of the waterproof diaper under the blue overalls.

"You stay out here in the yard and play till lunchtime," he said to Joey. As he came into the kitchen his wife seized the child from him. "He needs to be changed," Kelly told her, as if that were not already obvious; and she pressed the child in her arms. He heard her sobbing, and when she turned toward the bedroom, there was the face of the child, the beautiful face, looking back at him over her shoulder, serious, thoughtful, with that world of elusive meaning in the clear eyes.

Kelly lighted the gas burner under the coffee and sat down at the kitchen table. He ought to get along to work right away, he thought; there'd be so many TV's, with his taking the morning off, he'd have to work all day Saturday to catch up. Yet there was no use leaving until he had (Continued on Page 51)

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**One of these children will never grow up. Should the other be doomed to share that hopeless life?**

Illustrated by
Stewart-Larson

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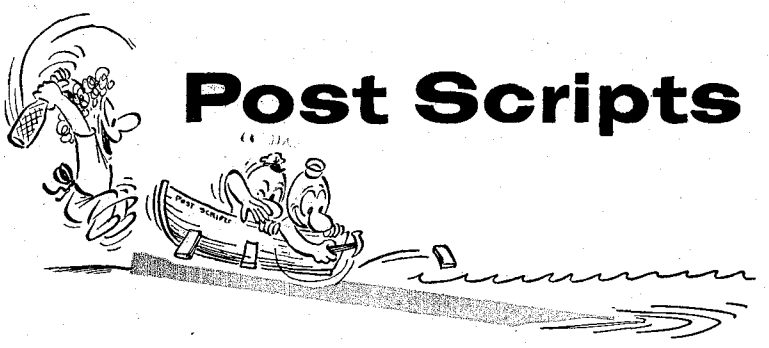



# Post Scripts

## Oh, My Aching Baccalaureate

The month of June approaches,
And soon across the land
The graduation speakers
Will tell us where we stand.

We stand at Armageddon,
In the vanguard of the press;
We're standing at the crossroads,
At the gateway to success.

We stand upon the threshold
Of careers all brightly lit.
In the midst of all this standing,
We sit and sit and sit.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

"Gentlemen, Professor Didlip has some disturbing news about the new miracle vitamin X!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## It Would Never Stand Up in Court

"The car just suddenly started off in reverse, although I'm positive I put it in low."

"Those first two were just practice swings."

"The reason I keep staring at her, dear, is that she reminds me of someone we know."

"Honest, coach, a fellow just gave me this cigarette to hold while he stepped into the library for a moment."

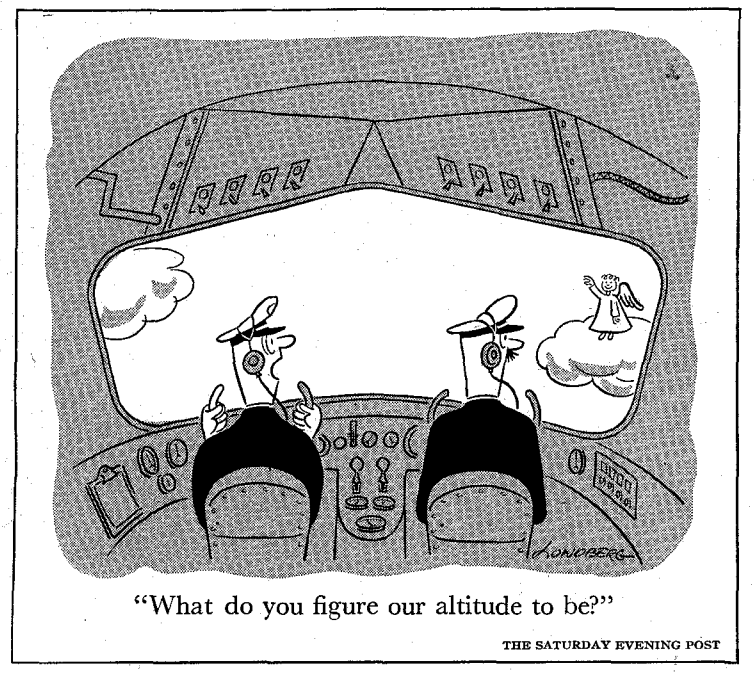
"That's funny, ma, because I scrubbed everywhere when I took my bath."

"Oh, just the usual thing at a Riviera Beach convention—conferences, conferences, conferences."

"Darling, I hadn't the faintest idea in the world that it was spiked. I thought it was just ordinary fruit punch."

"Naturally I assumed that these towels were meant to be taken home as souvenirs."

PARKE CUMMINGS



"What do you figure our altitude to be?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Note to Weekend Guests

**(from weakened hosts)**

Dearest Theodore and Mabel: We were happy
you were able
To be with us on the weekend just gone by;
Please don't dwell another minute on the
damage to our spinet;
It's an easy thing to fix and I am eager to
begin it—
And besides, how could you know the toy
would fly?

We were also quite delighted that you brought
your boy. Excited?
Junior still can talk of nothing but his name!
Incidentally, he's staying in the house to keep
from spraying
The whole neighborhood with measles, which,
reluctantly I'm saying,
Simply were not in the air before you came.

If you wondered where they'd gone to, let me
say we've stumbled onto
Several items which you left here on your
visit.
We've found slippers, pearls and hose and
assorted other clothes,
Which I'll mail because it isn't very likely,
I suppose,
That you'll soon be coming back to see us.
Is it?

DICK EMMONS

## That Thing That Keeps Trying to Turn is Me!

"Howdy, there! I'm Alwin Cutshall, manager of the Blue Streak Supermarket."

"Mr. Cutshall! Happy to know you. I'm Grady Terwilliger, president of the Terwilliger Used-Push-Basket Company. What can I do for you?"

"I'm interested in buying some baskets for my store."

"Splendid! If you'll step right this way, I'll be more than happy to show you just what we have. . . . Now, right here, sir, are three that I think you're going to want to snap up. The rear wheels on them won't turn. You know what I mean—when you push them, you sort of feel as though something's pulling back on them."

"Are they guaranteed? I mean, against suddenly loosening and working O.K.?"

"Absolutely!"

"O.K., give me all three. Tell me, do you have any baskets that have a tendency to pull to the left?"

"Pull to the left, eh? Let me see, now—— No, sir; I believe we sold the last pull-to-the-left just yesterday. However, I have seven or eight that want to pull to the right. Here they are, right here. I'll show you one of them. . . . See what I mean? Loops right off as slick as a whistle, doesn't it?"

"Well, you might give me about four of those. Incidentally, do you have any that squeak quite loudly?"

"Indeed, I do! Matter of fact, I have five that I actually don't think you're going to believe. Here they are, right here."

"Really squeak, eh?"

"Don't take my word for it, Mr. Cutshall. Try one yourself. Here; take one and push it up and down the aisle for a moment. Actually, sir, to hear it is to buy it."

"Wow! Listen to that! Say, you weren't kidding, were you? I'll take the five!"

"It's a pleasure to do business with you, Mr. Cutshall."

"Thank you. Now, then, what do you have in the way of baskets with flat wheels? You know—the clompety-clomp type."

"If you'll step to the other side of the room, Mr. Cutshall, I'll show you some flat-wheeled baskets that I assure you are absolutely out of this world."

"Really flat, eh?"

"Flat? Mr. Cutshall, I think you're going to find that I'm not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that the wheels on these baskets are, *without a doubt, the flattest—the—well,* as you said, clompety-clompest ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

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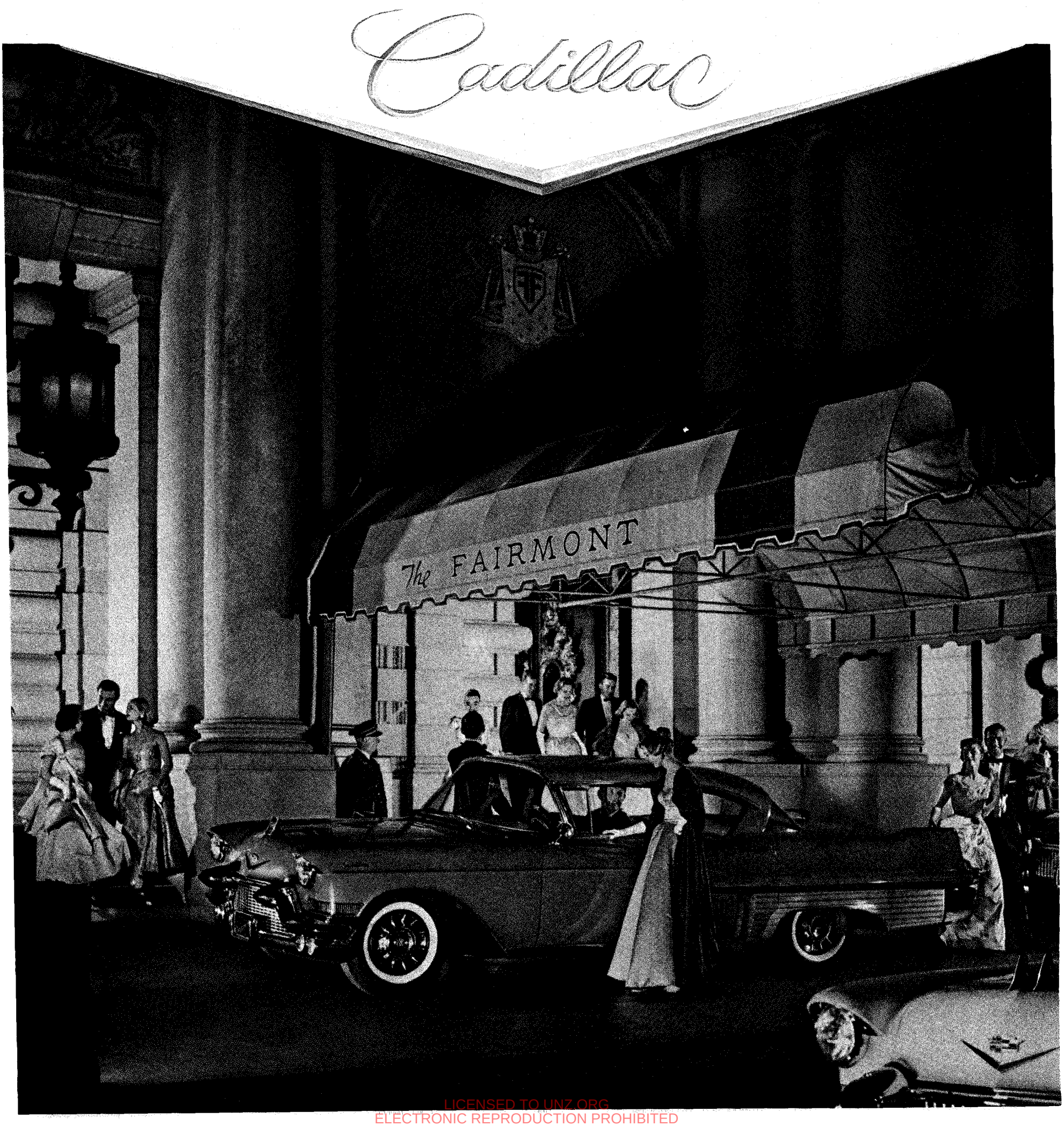
*gowns by Gothé*

# It Can Enrich Your Whole Life . . .

. . . when you take possession of your first Cadillac car. And we say this, not out of conjecture, but out of our own experience with many of the fine men and women who own and drive the "car of cars". For they tell us that their Cadillac adds so much to their pride and happiness . . . and to their pleasure and contentment . . . that they regard it as an indispensable part of their daily lives. And certainly, the motorist who discovers the joys of Cadillac ownership *this* year will find this to be *especially* true. For in beauty . . . in luxury . . . in performance . . . in economy . . . in every way that a motor car can contribute to its owner's personal happiness . . . this is the greatest Cadillac ever to travel the world's highways. We invite you to visit your dealer soon—to spend sixty minutes at the wheel—and to verify this for yourself. You will be most welcome at any time you find convenient.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Slim silhouette portable in Turquoise & Mist Green. Model 17P1330, 17-inch (over-all diagonal) tube. 155 sq. in. of viewable area. Other colors: Beige & Tawny White, Charcoal & Mist Gray.

New! 1958 General Electric Big-Screen Portable works wherever a console will—goes where a console won't. Has even greater pulling power than before. The new 110° tube gives it 11 square inches more picture—155 square inches! Yet the cabinet's slimmer (a shelf-deep 15 inches), the whole set's lighter (a trim 30 pounds) than before. Built-in, telescoping antenna. Retractable handle. See your General Electric dealer now.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Manufacturer's suggested retail prices include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, N. Y.

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# NO BLADE OF GRASS

## By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

They had all become savages, but the meekest man among them was most dangerous of all.

"I think we need more than guns. There aren't enough of us. If we're going to be sure of getting to Blind Gill, we shall have to snowball," John advised. Alone, he, Roger and Pirrie were not strong enough to protect their families against the armed bands of looters that ranged the countryside. For now much of the nation was fleeing the cities doomed to destruction by the government's drastic measure against the Chung-Li virus, which had devastated the world's food supplies. Only reinforcements would insure the party of reaching the barricaded valley farm owned by John's brother.

Earlier, Pirrie killed his wife, Millicent, when she made advances toward John. Then he took the young girl, Jane, whose parents the group had murdered for food, as his wife. Now, as a stronger band suspiciously considered John's proposal that they join forces in the trek to Blind Gill, Pirrie coolly shot down their leader.

VI

Some of the women screamed. John's eyes were on the men opposing him. He had restrained his impulse to raise his own shotgun, and was glad to see that Roger also had not moved. Some of the other men made tentative movements toward their guns, but the incident had occurred too quickly for them, and too surprisingly. One of them half lifted a rifle; unconcernedly, Pirrie moved to cover him, and he set it down again.

John said, "It's a pity about that." He glanced at Pirrie. "But he should have known better than to try threatening someone with a gun if he wasn't sure he could fire first. Well, the offer's still open. Anyone who wants to join us and head for the valley is welcome."

One of the women had knelt by the side of the fallen man. She looked up. "He's dead."

John nodded slightly. He looked at the others. "Have you made up your minds yet?"

The thickset man who had spoken before said, "I reckon it were his own lookout. I'll come along, all right. My name's Parsons—Alf Parsons."

Copyright © 1956 by John Christopher

Slowly, with an air almost ritualistic, Pirrie lowered his rifle. He went across to the body and pulled the revolver out of the belt. He took it by the muzzle, and handed it to John. Then he turned back to address the others.

"My name is Pirrie, and this is Buckley, on my right. As I said, Mr. Custance is in charge here. Those who wish to join up with our little party should come along and shake hands with Mr. Custance, and identify themselves. All right?"

Alf Parsons was the first to comply, but the others lined up behind him. Here, more than ever, ritual was being laid down. It might come, in time, to a bending of the knee, but this formal handshake was as clear a sign as that would have been of the rendering of fealty.

For himself, John saw, it signified a new role of enhanced power. The leadership of his own small party, accidental at first, into which he had grown, was of a different order from this acceptance of loyalty from another man's followers. The pattern of feudal chieftain was forming, and he was surprised by the degree of his own (Continued on Page 56)

Through the shattered window, they saw Pirrie coming up the path, his rifle over his shoulder; Jane walked just behind him.

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# My First Ten Years With a Hearing Aid

(Continued from Page 33)

volunteer things he would never otherwise have told. But on the whole this fragmentary teaming up of bad ears with handicapped eyes—I've worn glasses since I was three years old—was impractical and, I now realize, an enormous strain on top of an already exacting job.

Poor hearing is one of the few handicaps about which people crack jokes, usually involving misunderstandings of such phrases as "sunk in a ditch" or about a testy, deaf old lady refusing to be pitied because most of what she misses isn't worth hearing anyway. Whenever someone tries to tell me that deafness has its compensations, I feel that I'm hearing a transparent attempt to ward off clumsy sympathy or an excuse for not giving hearing aids a fair trial.

Aware that some kinds of deafness have hereditary angles and that my family history was suspicious, I half-assumed that someday I'd take to an aid. But eleven years elapsed between that telltale evening at the theater and my first call on a hearing-aid specialist. The interval would have been longer if I had not inadvertently precipitated matters by catching a heavy cold just before an unavoidable trans-Pacific flight. This landed me in California as deaf as my grandfather. The new clogging in my better ear mostly cleared up, but enough remained to make me seek help.

The thick, heavy mike of my first instrument ruined my shirt and vest pockets. Its separate pack of batteries, as big as shaving sticks, wore holes in my pants below the left hip pocket, where I carried them. But the relief was ample compensation. Only by trying an aid can the moderately hard-of-hearing person ever come to know how much of a burden bluff, guesswork and irritation have been putting on his nerves.

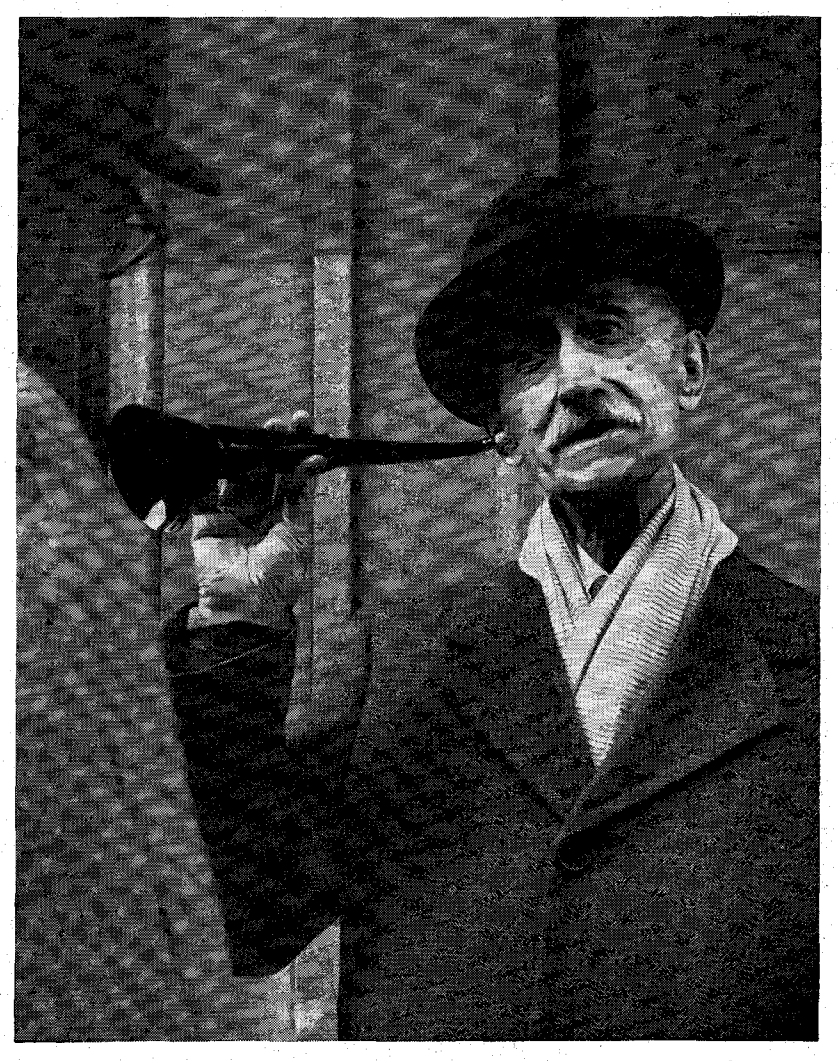
Relatively crude though it was, this gadget was pretty reliable, though it had to be protected against dropping and moisture. During a year in various steamy tropical islands, I was always cajoling the local radio operator to dry out its condensers. Nobody could blame it for quitting when, while wearing it, I got dropped into the surf off one of the more remote Fiji Islands, where salt water is just as wet and corrosive as anywhere else. Some of my hearing aid's successors had a curious ability to pick up signals from neon lights within a ten-foot range. This was amusing when I walked along the street, but unhandy when I was in motels with neon ornamentation along the eaves. So long as my aid was turned on I had to stay in the rear of the room to avoid receiving what sounded like an angry boss leaning on the buzzer.

At dinner parties, with the mike out of sight in my left-hand shirt pocket and the receiver conspicuously plugging my right ear, the lady on my right was often misguidedly inspired to aim her chatter at the receiver button—the best way to make sure I had no idea of what she was driving at. Besides, I wear suspenders, and a mike, worn close to the left-hand gallus, which naturally stretches and clings with every breath, picks up noises that sound exactly like a gate creaking in the wind—a phenomenon known in the trade as "clothing rub." It can be reduced, but seldom eliminated, and its only virtue is that it can also be got used to.

Thanks to transistors, I now wear glasses with heavy shanks, each containing an independent, miniature hearing aid—mike, dime-size battery and receiver complete, with spaghetti-size plastic tubes piping the amplified sound into each ear. Separate volume controls balance my better and worse ears against each other. Clothing rub has vanished and, now that I have a highly efficient little mike behind each ear, ladies on either side must talk sense or else.

Best of all, the teamed mikes give me the long-lost privilege of ear-level, directional, binaural—two-eared—hearing which, like the proverbial water in the well, you never miss till it's gone.

These improvements live up to everything promised by the audiologists—hearing experts—at the New York Eye & Ear Infirmary who, after duly elaborate retesting of my hearing pattern, recommended that I get this binaural job. A large segment of the hearing-aid industry banks on some version of this binaural approach as the coming thing for most aid users. But eye-and-ear spectacles—which sounds like the advertising for a song-and-dance movie—do have both particular and general drawbacks.



The old-fashioned hearing trumpet is only a museum piece nowadays.

My wife says the thick shanks make me look distinguished. If true, this is all to the good. But they also keep me from yanking my hat down the way I used to. The eyeglasses feature—people with normal eyesight can have plain glass installed, of course—rules out the many women, and occasional men, who are reluctant to wear glasses constantly. What is even more important for both the hard of hearing and those who live with them is this: As sound as the binaural principle may be, it is axiomatic in this whole field that no electronic device can bring you really close to normal hearing.

"The most to be hoped for is 40 per cent improvement," says the New York League for the Hard of Hearing, largest affiliate of the American Hearing Society, which annually recommends thousands of hearing-aid purchases. For technical reasons otologists—ear doctors—avoid expressing these matters in terms of percentages. One of them, requesting anonymity on these ticklish subjects, preferred to tell it this way: "All you get is a pretty good telephone conversation."

Here is succinct good advice for hard-of-hearing faculty members from Prof. Kirk H. Porter, head of the political-science department at the University of Iowa, who has used an aid for years:

"The hard of hearing . . . can lecture as well as anybody else, and a hearing aid will make it possible to get along in personal and office contacts. But let him not suppose that it will bring him back to normal. It does not. It helps greatly, that is all."

Failure to grasp this fact accounts for much of the still widespread, discouraging scuttlebutt about how "Myrtle's father-in-law tried one and said it was money wasted." He probably did not know, besides, that the listening habits into which the hard of hearing often fall may in themselves block off much of what the aid might do for him. And all the *s*'s, *p*'s and *t*'s that his faulty ears have been missing are now back in the words he hears—almost as if he were encountering a new language. A hearing aid is not like reading glasses, a passive help asking no skill of the user.

Being themselves misinformed on what aids can do, Myrtle's father-in-law's family probably oversold him when nagging him into buying one. The ill-briefed novice thus expecting too much often has a few days of growing disappointment, puts his new aid in the bureau drawer, snarls "I told you so!" at his nearest and dearest, and never touches it again. So he never acquires even the nonclassroom, rule-of-thumb savvy about aids that can make all the operating difference.

For such reasons the speech-and-hearing clinics and clubs now working to rehabilitate the hard of hearing in most states of the Union advocate formal classroom training for people having any difficulty when using aids for the first time. (If you want the address of the outfit nearest you, for yourself or perhaps a child, write to the American Hearing Society, 1800 H Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C.) That means, among other things, intensive work on conscious lip reading, for which experts now prefer the term "speech reading." At best it is only educated guesswork. Too many words—money, muddy, bunny, putty—look exactly alike on a speaker's lips and face. Some—uncle, cousin, sister, dinner—are invisible. Nevertheless, such training is invaluable because many speech sounds that a handicapped ear misses readily are among the easiest to see.

I'm still at it unconsciously. Otherwise I wouldn't get so sore at those fashionably darkened restaurants that Earnest Elmo Calkins, advertising genius and spokesman for the hard of hearing, calls "the deaf man's purgatory." I also get annoyed at the kind of big shot who read in a success book that it's clever to keep your back to the light. Since my hearing is unlikely to improve with age, I'd certainly do well to speech-read consciously. Regular classes are not for me, as a magazine writer's life is a case of here today and off to Buffalo tomorrow. But the American Hearing Society thinks I can accomplish something on my own by turning the sound off and on while watching and listening to television interviews and speeches. Will try.

Under the best omens some problems remain and new ones occur. Movie dialogue may still be a headache. The legitimate theater is usually even worse. Barbers will first insist that the aid be removed, so that they can work, and then ask questions in half whispers. Again, "Please hand me the wrench" will come in sometimes as "Fleas ban me the wench," which may be funny later, but not at the time. Once he has the hang of an aid, however—once he "wears it well," as experts say—the new user need merely unship the earplug during a conversation to appreciate once and for all how much better 40 per cent of a loaf is than no bread. Thenceforth his attitude toward anybody with markedly dulled ears who won't use an aid is one of head-shaking pity.

Those who resist aids are often reluctant to admit that they have any handicap. In audiology clinics parents sometimes refuse an aid for a child because they don't want it known that the poor kid's school failures are due to faulty hearing. As early training with an aid can mean the difference between lifelong backwardness and full use of brains, this is a shocker. But it does happen.

Proponents of aids keep pointing out that big wheels like Bernard Baruch, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., both Herbert Hoovers, Charles Edison and Winthrop W. Aldrich wear hearing aids in public without marring their prestige. Yet hundreds of thousands of less conspicuous men seem to feel that what's worth while for the famous is not good enough for them. Not even Johnny Ray, whose dangling ear cord has made him for hearing aids what the late Charles G. Dawes was for underslung pipes, can break them down. A black patch over a man's eye means glamour, but a button and ear cord as a token of a nondisfiguring handicap can't be tolerated.

In fact, men are more unreconstructed than women about hearing aids. Audiologists ascribe women's lower resistance not to greater (*Continued on Page 43*)

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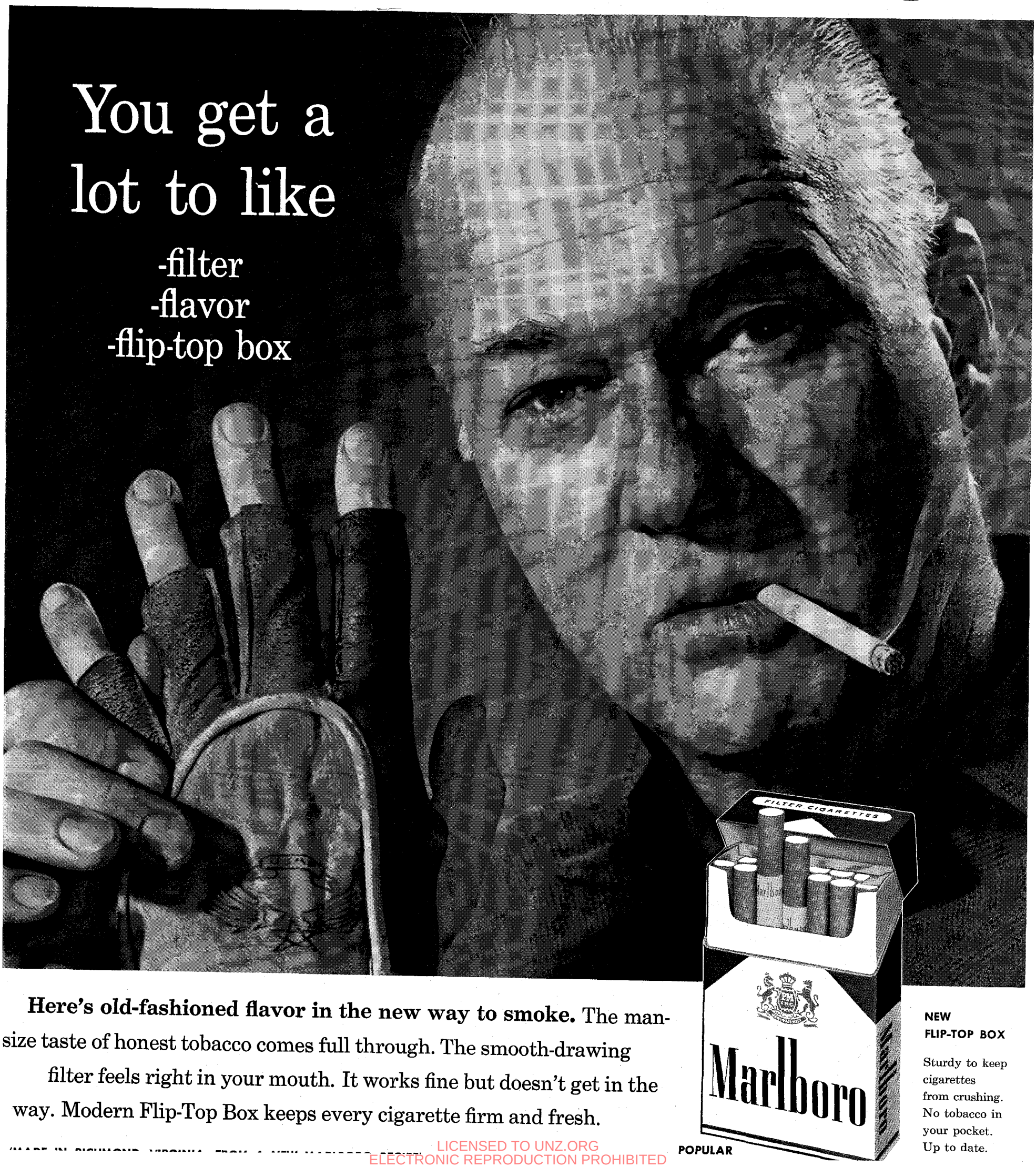
# Marlboro

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(*Continued from Page 40*) common sense but to the ease with which feminine doodads and longer hair can conceal aids. This is one cause of the trend to tiny instruments. A lady may refuse eye-and-ear spectacles in spite of their binaural advantage. But she will hold still for a hearing aid hidden in a barrette, an earring, a jeweled clip for her blouse, or slung back of her ear and masked by her hairdo. Her charming habit of watching people's faces with flattering intensity is the only visible clue to her handicap. Here is a change from the days when a woman's hearing aid always meant a bulky mike in the brassière, cumbrous batteries strapped to the thigh, and a cord conspicuously tugging at the ear.

Tie-clip aids are the current best camouflage for men. Stowing all the works into such skimpy cubage does not improve hearing quality. But the longer engineers tinker with transistors and new wiring dodges, the nearer they come to writing an electronic Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin without severe loss of efficiency. There is already talk of a cordless, tubeless aid packed into a case the size and shape of a button mushroom that you'll stick into the ear canal, stem first. Another may use only the mushroom stem fitted altogether inside the canal, nothing showing outside at all.

Audiologists as well as aid designers differ on the advisability of such camouflage. Some approve on the ground that vanity resistance will always exist—youngsters who have used aids for years often feel miserable about them when they enter their self-conscious late teens. Any camouflage that may make aids acceptable to people who would otherwise reject or hate them seems all to the good.

However, others suspect that camouflage tends to play down efficiency and distracts the hard of hearing from honestly facing up to their trouble. On both sides many agree with me—that camouflage can be a tactical mistake. The worst feature of my binaural glasses is that they mask my handicap. I actively want strangers to see at once that my ears need electronic boosting; that it isn't necessarily stupidity or boredom when I miss a trick and ask for a reprise. Consider a smart man I once heard of who, though not quite hard of hearing enough to call for an aid, wore a mock-up receiver button and cord in one ear, so that people would speak up good and clear when they saw it.

"My aid is the skeleton type," says Professor Porter, "not at all conspicuous. Frequently I call attention to it when dealing with ticket agents, conductors, room clerks. . . . It helps immensely and you encounter no affronts." I frequently do the same. I must do it much oftener now that "I don't hear so good" is no longer, in effect, tattooed across my forehead.

Such attention calling is one example of how a member of the International Brotherhood of Ear Cuppers may tailor people and things to his special needs. Sometimes family and friends may actually learn not to mumble or talk with their backs to you. A monosyllabic Englishman with a pipe between his teeth is the least comprehensible creature since the curse struck Babel. As for the home environment, good lighting can reasonably be insisted on, and elementary acoustics can work marvels.

Echo is our worst enemy, and sound absorption our best ally. Even with modern aids many of us still can't understand what a man says while his secretary keeps typing away in one of those bare-floored, glass-walled, hard-ceilinged, echo-haunted offices. If we had our way, such offices would be illegal. And an oak-floored, plaster-walled, picture-windowed living room can make a hard-of-hearing host at a large party feel as if he's being mobbed by sea lions yapping and roaring in Early Choctaw. Sound volume is murderously ample. But the doubling and blurring of speech sounds as they echo from wall, ceiling and floor keeps what he hears from much resemblance to human communication. Later he has the disconcerting experience of altogether missing what Mrs. A is telling him from three feet away while hearing far too much of what Mr. B across the room says to Miss C.

Ready remedies for this nuisance can be applied piecemeal. It makes a big, quick difference to muffle hard floors with wall-to-wall carpet over heavy underlining. For further relief, try covering plaster ceilings with acoustic tile—the shot-full-of-holes stuff that looks like a flapjack ready to turn, actually very handsome. Tapestry or draperies hung a few inches away from the plaster wall soon teaches it not to answer back. And tiers of bookshelves always help, particularly if there's enough space over each row of books to let the sound get lost in the crevices. As we hard of hearing are aware, most dwellings are acoustic horrors. If our architects and house-proud women paid no more attention to plumbing than they do to acoustics, we'd all be dead of typhoid and cholera.

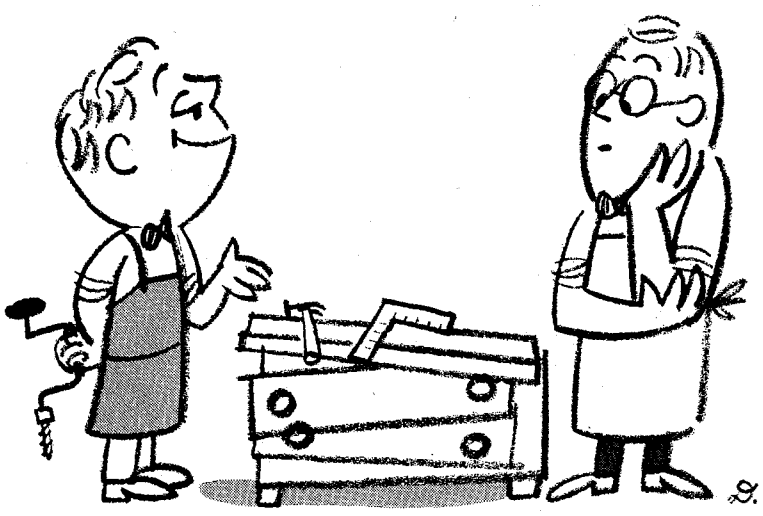
Surgery, as well as acoustics, can also pitch for us ear cuppers. Techniques slowly developed over the last two generations can sometimes restore the ossicles' normal transmission of sound vibrations. Since the greatest of these three related bones is little larger than a grain of raw rice, the surgeon works throughout with a magnifying lens and tiny tools of watchmaker's scale and delicacy. With one approach, the "window" operation—technically called "fenestration"—the otosclerotic clogging is by-passed. With another, newer technique, stapes mobilization, the stirrup bone in this little chain is freed and allowed to function again. A third, less widely attempted, seeks to clear up the tissue adhesions resulting from middle-ear infection.

These techniques do not apply to a great majority of cases of hearing loss. Nor are they yet standardized. The better qualified the surgeon, the more he may disagree with equally qualified colleagues as to the details of these amazing tricks. Even when cases are carefully selected and skill highest, the odds of restoring full hearing are not what people expect of surgery in some better-explored fields. Nor has enough time elapsed to establish the odds of renewed otosclerosis gradually remuffling the ossicles—which can happen.

But when the operation works, it works. Sometimes the patient, under local anesthetic, actually feels hearing suddenly restored on the operating table. A few years ago a double-lucky lady with a two-ear, solid handicap had the window job done on one ear with great success. Recently she had the mobilization job done on the other—with equal success, meaning close-to-normal hearing. Modern medicine moves so fast that, perhaps within my time, further refined and standardized surgery along these lines will give certain selected thousands odds-on chances of a new lease on hearing—maybe for years, maybe for a lifetime.

Even the great majority of us, with only hearing aids to count on, certainly picked the right era to go hard of hearing in.

THE END



## The Perfect Squelch

The bumptious student in the adult evening class in woodworking was a master at one thing—telling other people he could do it better. It soon became apparent that his talk was a cover up for his bungling. He matched the wrong woods, made mistakes in measurements and used the wrong tools in wrong ways. Throughout, he chattered along, ignoring both the helpful comments and frank criticisms of his classmates.

When he had almost completed his pride, a small chest of drawers, he asked for advice, however. "I can't decide how to finish it—shellac or varnish," he said. "What do you guys think?"

One of the men who had tried in vain to help him earlier studied the botched chest from every angle, then said, "Why don't you just stucco it?"

**Donald Snygg**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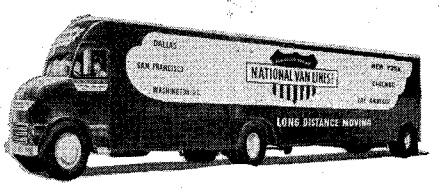


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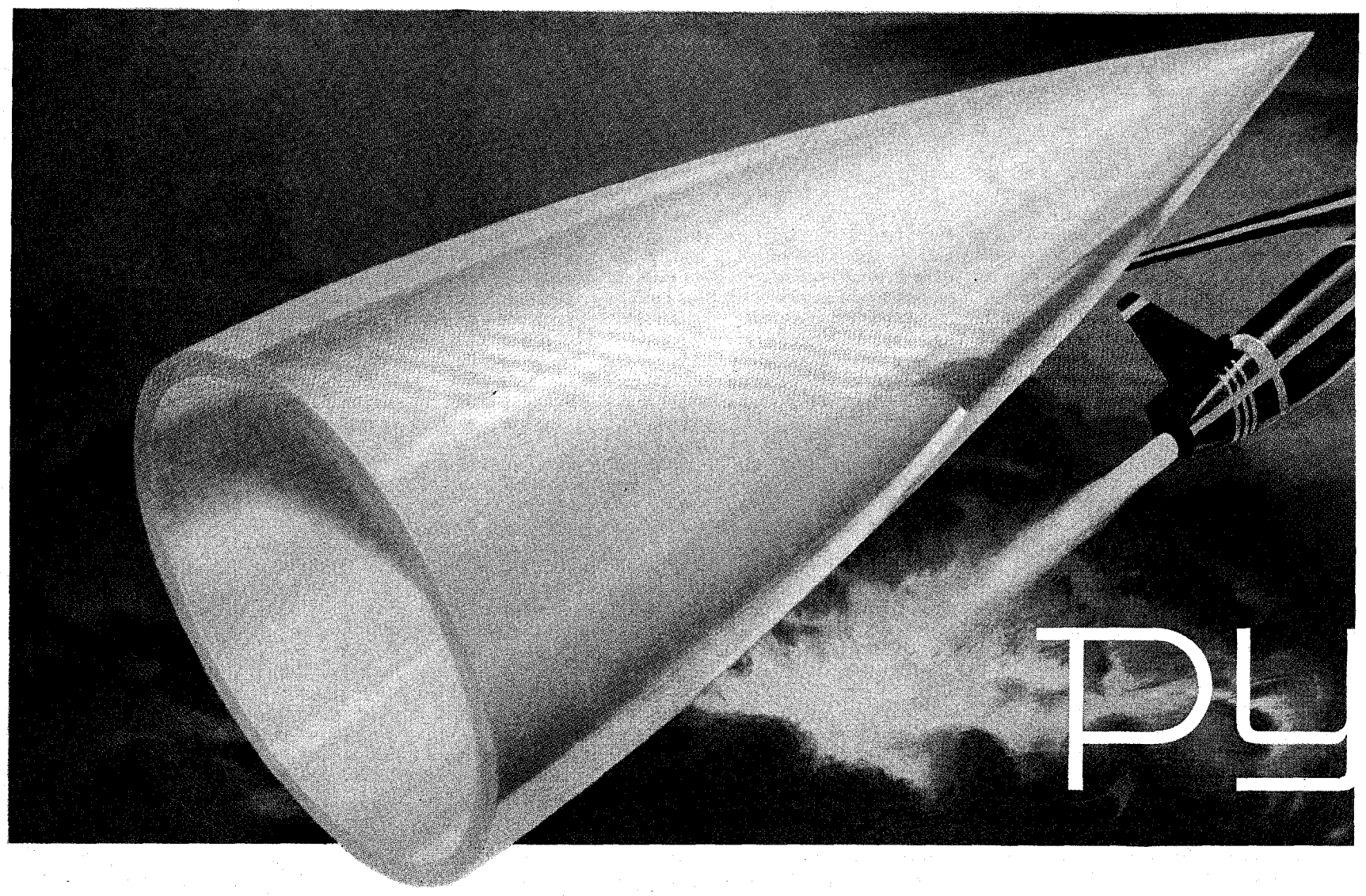



# A new wide-range basic material

PYROCERAM is an entirely new basic material made from glass. We think it is the most important technological breakthrough ever made in glass research.

Actually, PYROCERAM is not just one material, but a new class of materials that can be mass-produced in any shape glass can be. We've already experimentally melted over 400 different kinds with widely varying properties. And we'll continue to make many more as our development work progresses.

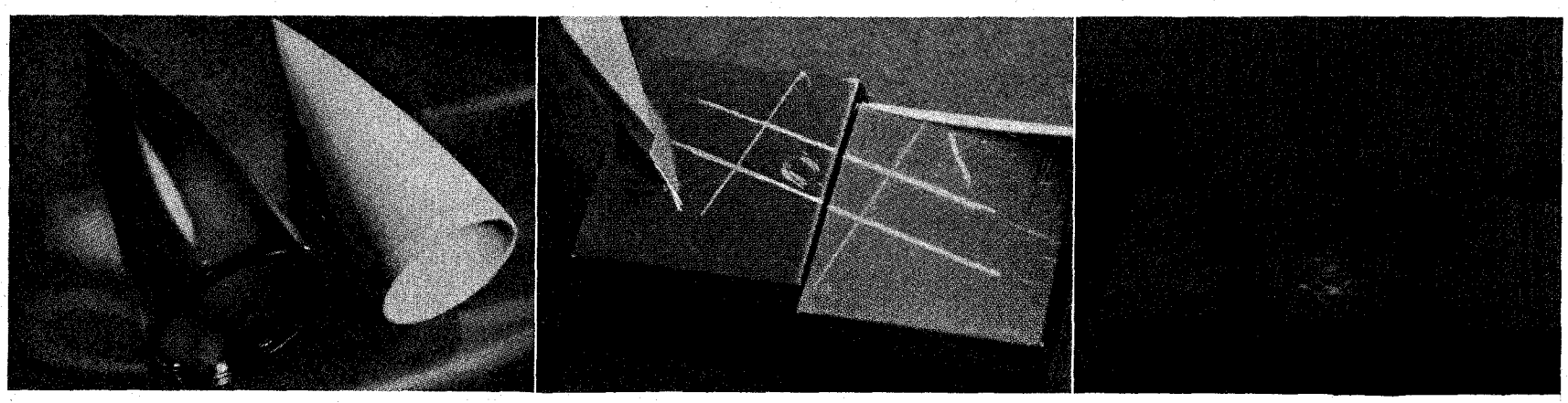
Uses? One we're investigating right now is PYROCERAM for the conical noses of guided missiles—called radomes. We've developed a PYROCERAM that will stand up in flight at the unbelievable speeds missiles will soon be traveling. Future uses for PYROCERAM are limited only by the ingenuity of industry.

PYROCERAM starts out as a glass and is formed the way most other glasses are. But it isn't really a glass at all when we get through heat-treating it by a special technique we've devel-

**The sky's *not* the limit!** Heat-treating changes this PYROCERAM from an amber-colored glass into a new basic material of unlimited usefulness (below, the nose of a guided missile both before and after). PYROCERAM can be mass-produced to close tolerances by conventional glass-making methods—drawn into sheets, rods or tubing; even blown, cast or pressed.

**Harder than hardened steel.** Tests show some kinds of PYROCERAM are up to 27 times more resistant to sandblasting than glass, and are harder than hardened steel, flint or granite. Below, PYROCERAM scratches steel and brass plates with ease. This great hardness suggests such applications as special cutting tools . . . bearings, valves and aircraft brake linings.

**Still rigid at 2,200°F.** This PYROCERAM isn't deformed by temperatures that warp stainless steel and melt copper. And we can tailor the coefficient of expansion of this material . . . make kinds that expand, shrink or remain the same size when heated. These thermal properties indicate uses ranging from household cooking pans to turbine engine blades.



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oped. Because of a unique combination of ingredients in the original glass formula, heat changes the actual molecular structure of the glass into PYROCERAM – a material that's extremely hard, lightweight and non-porous.

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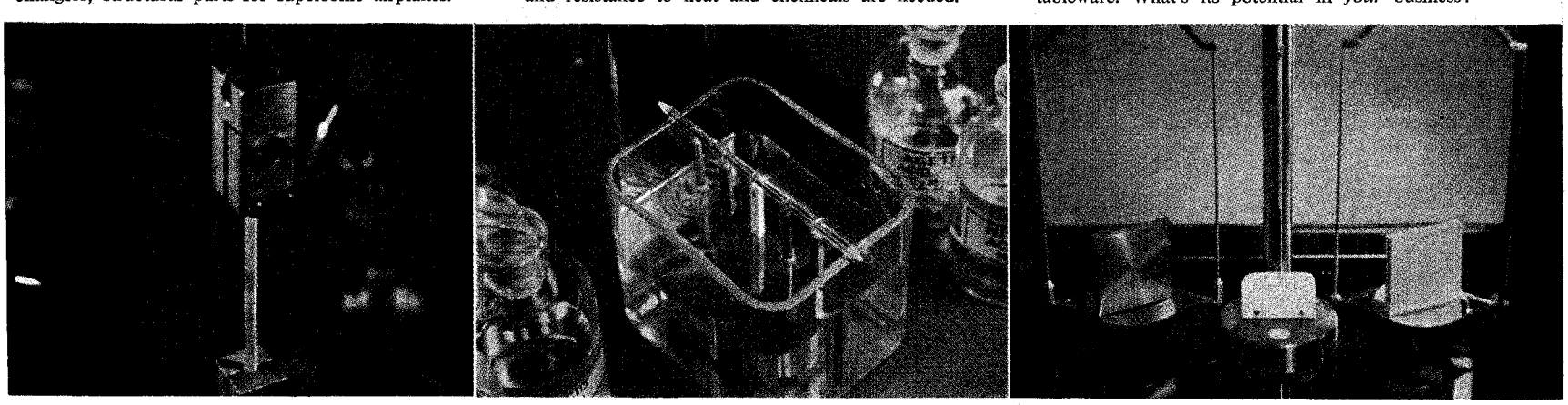
Right now at Corning, we're looking into dozens of possible uses of PYROCERAM. And we have just dedicated the new Eugene C. Sullivan Research Laboratories at Corning, New York. These expanded facilities will enable us to broaden all our PYROCERAM research and glass research in general.

To find out about some of the other fascinating new things Corning is doing in research and product development, see the next four pages of this magazine.

**Stronger than bronze.** Some kinds of PYROCERAM have greater tensile strength than cast iron, brass and many kinds of bronze . . . and keep this strength under the intense heat of two acetylene torches. This makes it a good bet to see service as pipe for industrial processing equipment, high-temperature heat exchangers, structural parts for supersonic airplanes.

**Stands up to corrosive chemicals.** Here's a PYROCERAM with high acid resistance—it's unharmed by an acid solution that severely attacks steel, aluminum, copper and magnesium. Some kinds of PYROCERAM also have excellent alkali resistance. PYROCERAM should find many uses where strength and resistance to heat and chemicals are needed.

**As lightweight as aluminum . . .** which means that PYROCERAM may some day be used as the "skin" of supersonic aircraft and other air-borne parts and components. PYROCERAM is also a beautiful material —smooth as glass, easy to keep clean. It should be ideal for architectural applications and household tableware. What's *its* potential in *your* business?



with glass

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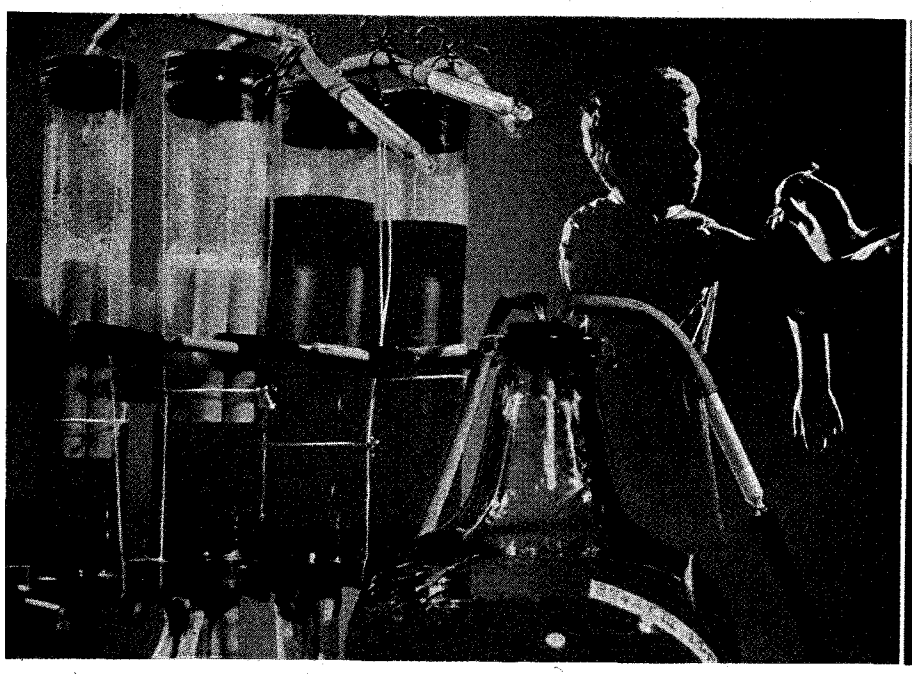
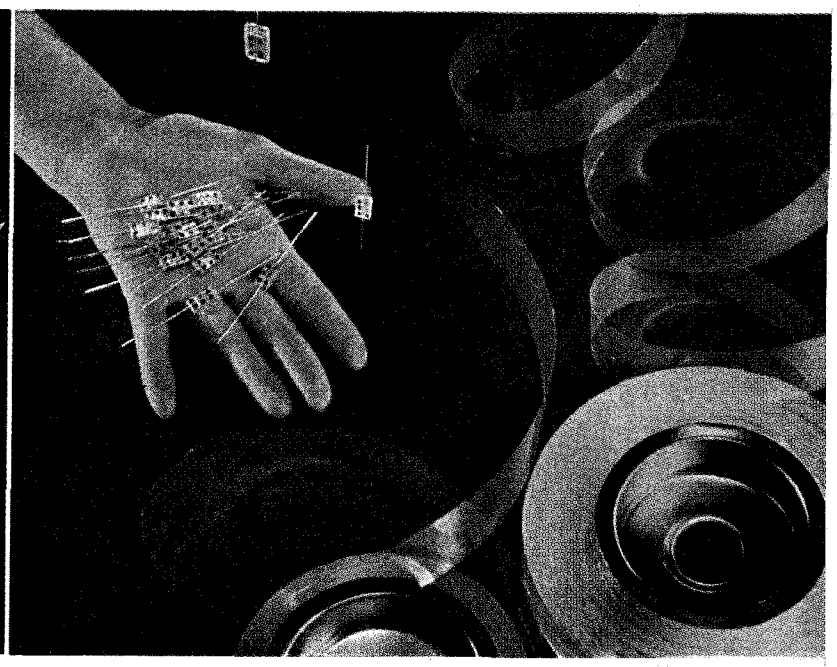


**Glass filters make Salk vaccine safe.** Pharmaceutical laboratories must remove particles of infected tissue from the Salk vaccine solution. Otherwise some people would be made seriously—even fatally—ill. Working with the laboratories, Corning technicians developed a system of special PYREX brand filters made of a porous glass which completely clears the vaccine of this dangerous tissue material.



**Glass ribbon ties tiny package.** Today's electronic miracles couldn't be performed without capacitors. The miniature ones above are made by Corning of alternate layers of foil and a flexible glass "ribbon" we developed, sealed under great heat and pressure. Our capacitors are smaller than ordinary ones, have better stability at high temperatures and frequencies, aren't harmed by moisture.

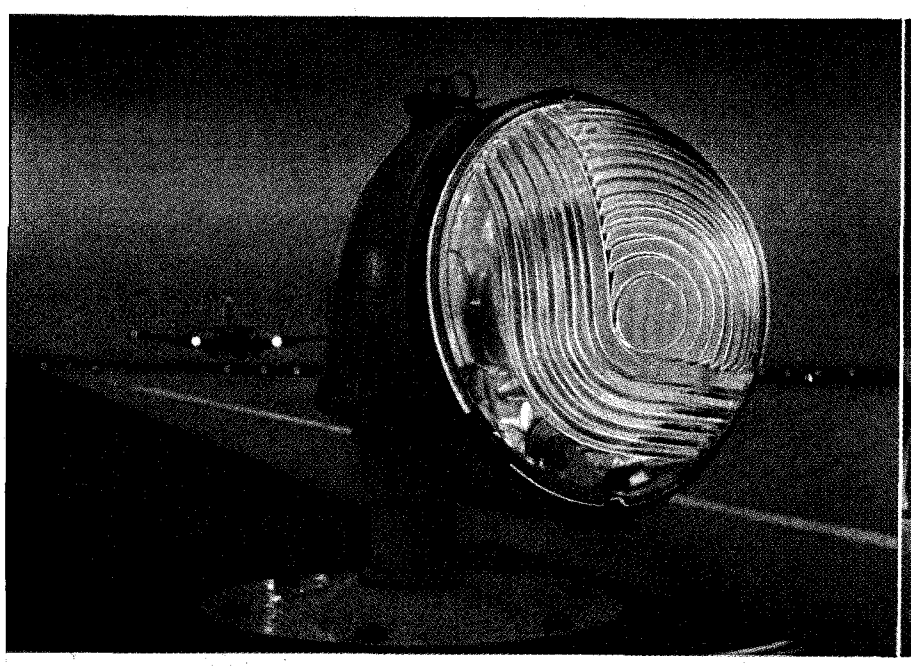
# Every day Corning scientists

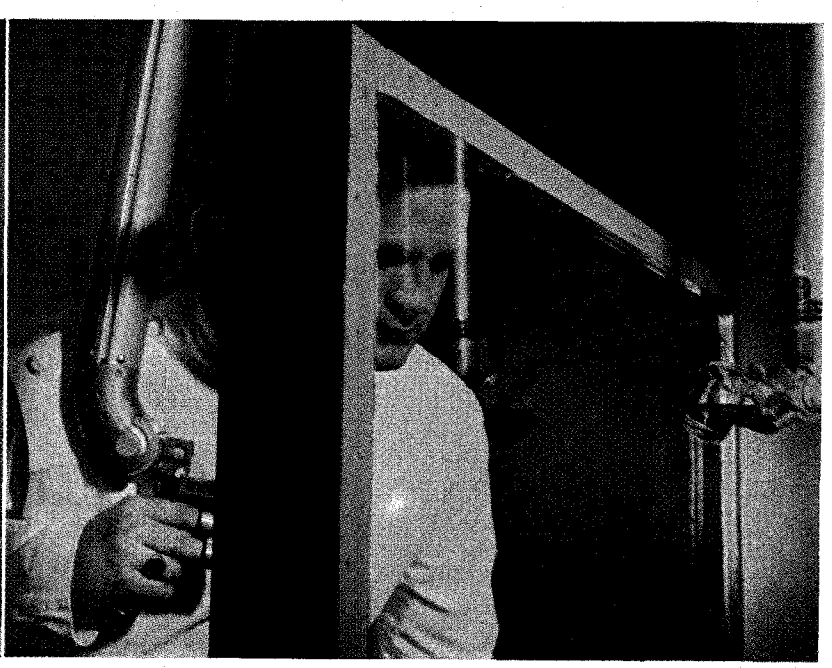
Glass is over 5,000 years old. But it is only within the last fifty years that man has become aware of its almost limitless possibilities. During this time we've seen the development of glass lighter than cork or almost as heavy as iron; as strong as steel or as fragile as an eggshell; as soft as cotton or as hard as precious stones.

Corning has long stressed the development of new kinds of glass . . . now makes 30 new glasses every day experimentally. To date, we've formulated more than 65,000 different glasses with widely diverse properties. We're also doing fundamental research in an allied field—refractories.

**Glass trims the light to the weather.** This new type of airport landing light has a complex prismatic PYREX brand lens engineered by Corning's technicians. Because of the design of the lens, these lights can be regulated in direction and intensity from the control tower to cope with all weather conditions: the poorer the visibility, the brighter the light, and the more it converges on incoming planes.

**Glass window to the Atomic Age.** Windows up to 60″ in thickness, composed of 10″-thick blocks like the one below, give scientists a safe, direct look at radioactive materials. Some blocks have a lead content of 75%, yet are more transparent than the finest sunglasses. The Mt. Palomar telescope mirror, also cast by Corning, is the only glass object that weighs more than these assembled windows.





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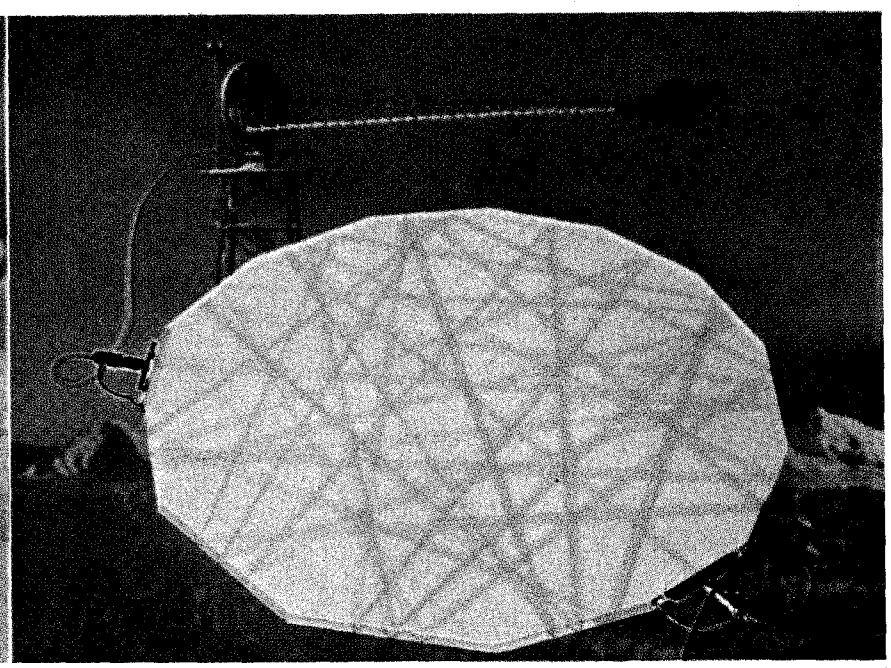
**Glass so lovely . . . so easy to live with!** Corning's stunning PYREX brand casserole and dinnerware have a hard, smooth surface that even stubbornest foods won't cling to—and PYREX ovenware borrows no flavor, lends no taste. This PYREX ware is 2½ times as strong as ordinary glass . . . comes in a variety of stunning color combinations. PYREX is at better stores everywhere . . . and costs so little!



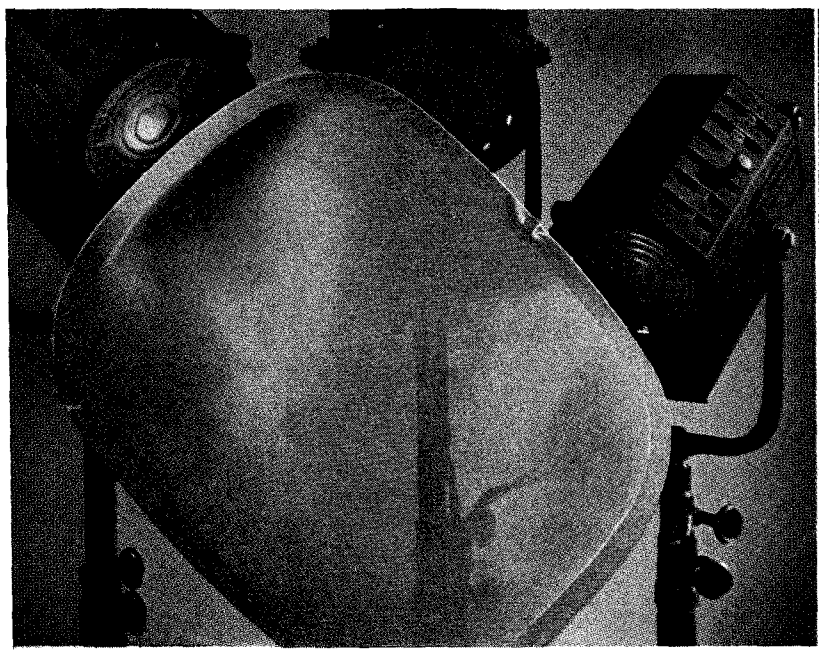
**Glass makes radar work in the Arctic.** The polygonic object above is of a 100% fused silica glass developed by Corning for ultrasonic delay lines, vital components of the most advanced radar used along our continental defense lines. Only 100% silica delay lines give reliable performance under rugged Arctic conditions. Corning is producing these precisely ground components in quantity.

# make thirty new kinds of glass

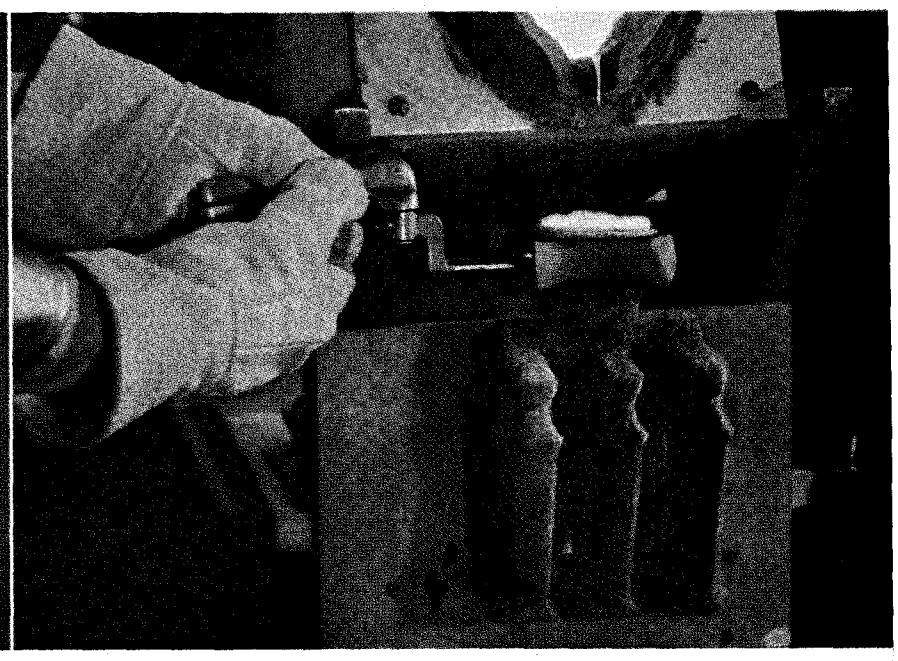
We've developed some new refractories that have high resistance to corrosion . . . others that will stand up to temperatures of over 4,000°F. At the new Eugene C. Sullivan Research Laboratories, this basic research in glass and related products will continue at an even faster pace.

Corning's manufacturing skill—the development of high-speed machines and mass-production methods, the constant strengthening of our engineering staff—has kept pace with progress in research. Here are just a few of the exciting new Corning products of glass research which serve you directly or indirectly—in the home, industry or national defense.

**Glass key to better color TV.** This glass screen developed by Corning has 360,000 tiny holes in it, each precisely spaced, sized and tapered to very close tolerances by a process of chemical machining. This "shadow mask" keeps electron beams from the color "guns" on their course and promises better color TV pictures. There are many other electronic applications for our fine-mesh screens.



**Glass molds for "hot" jet parts.** High-temperature alloy castings, such as the precision jet-engine parts being poured below, are difficult to make—some alloys are poured at 3,200°F! When cast in molds of a 96% silica glass developed by Corning and trade-named GLASCAST, rejects have been cut 75%, quality improved and costs cut. These molds should have many uses in the foundry industry.



with glass

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CORNING, NEW YORK

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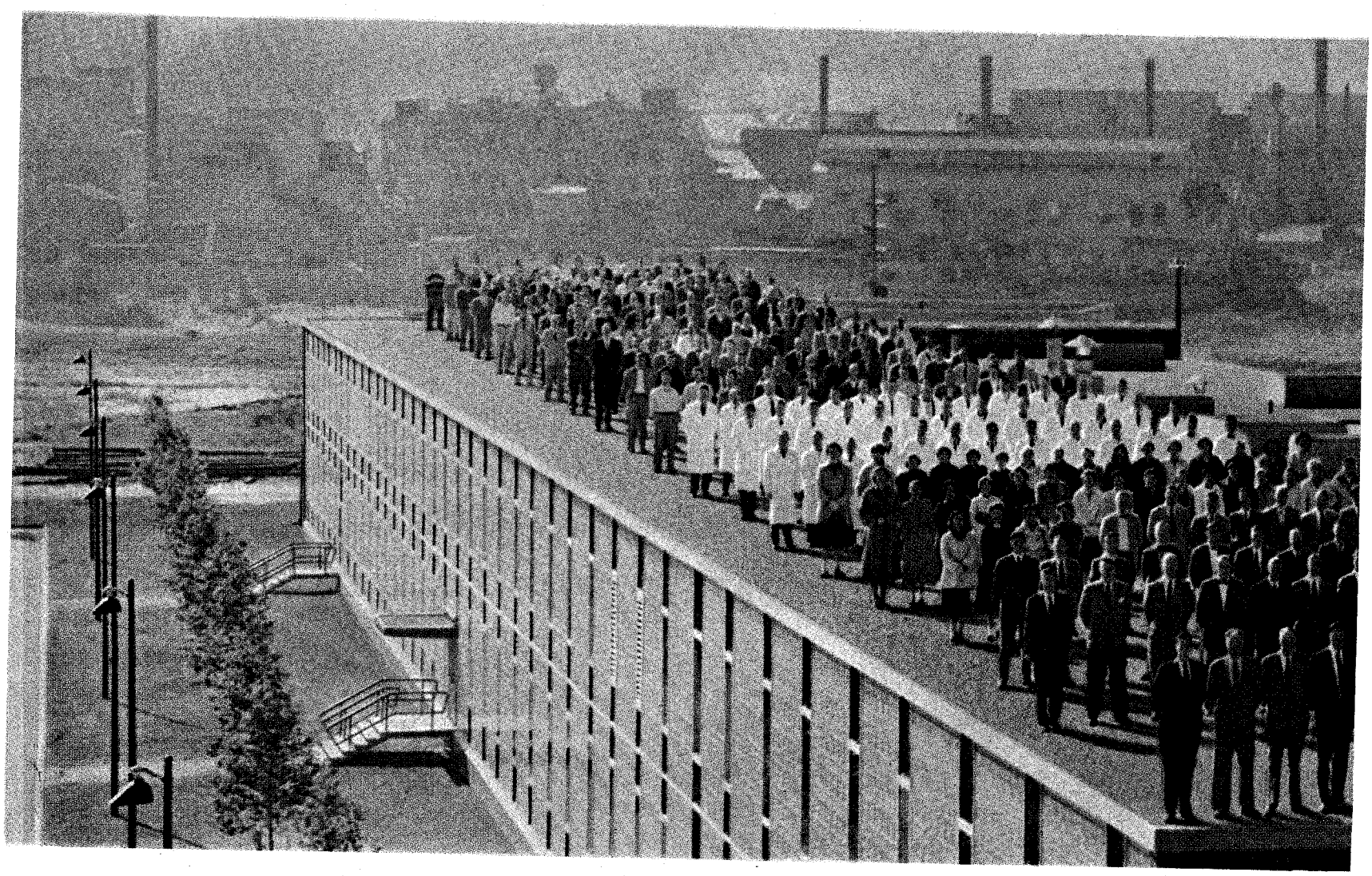
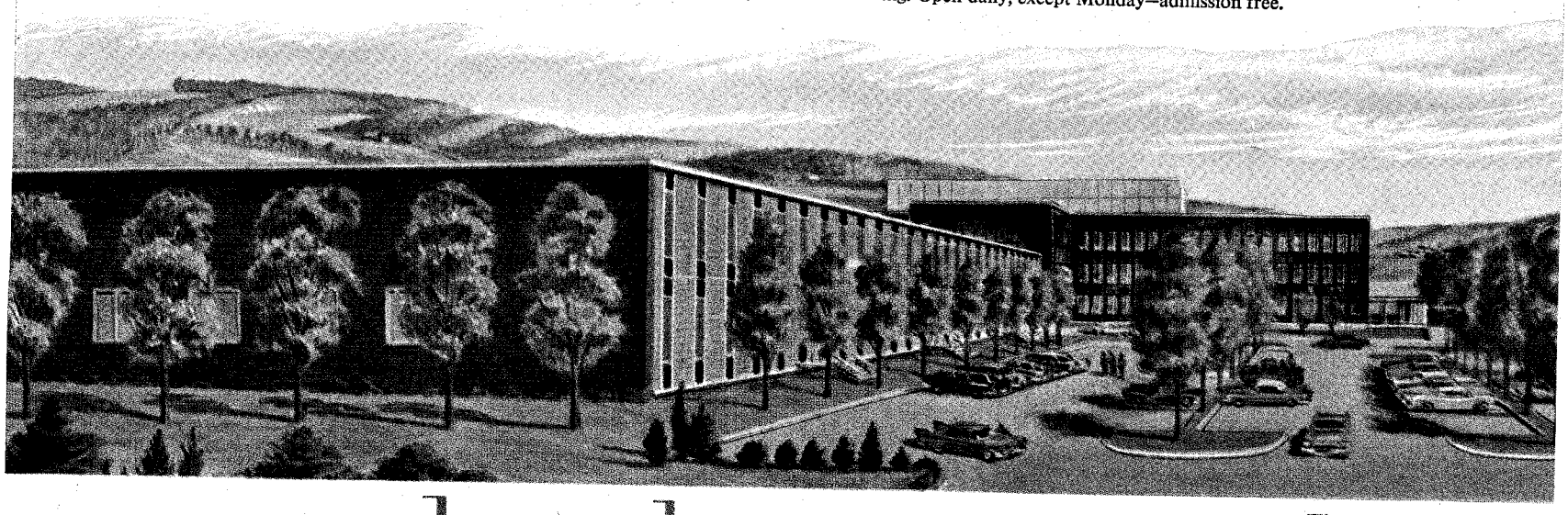


# From where they stand

Standing on the roof of our new research laboratory above are some very good reasons for building it in the first place. They are only a part of Corning's team of scientists—chemists, physicists, engineers and their technical assistants—who in recent years have carried forward the greatest glass-research program in history.

The building is one of the new Eugene C. Sullivan Research Laboratories, which were recently dedicated to Dr. Sullivan, our honorary board chairman and dean of glass research in the

Below, left to right, new Development Workshop, Research Laboratories and Administration Building. At far right, Corning Glass Center, where nearly 450,000 people annually see the world's greatest glass museum, Hall of Science and Industry, and Steuben Crystal in the making. Open daily, except Monday—admission free.



## ...can do almost anything

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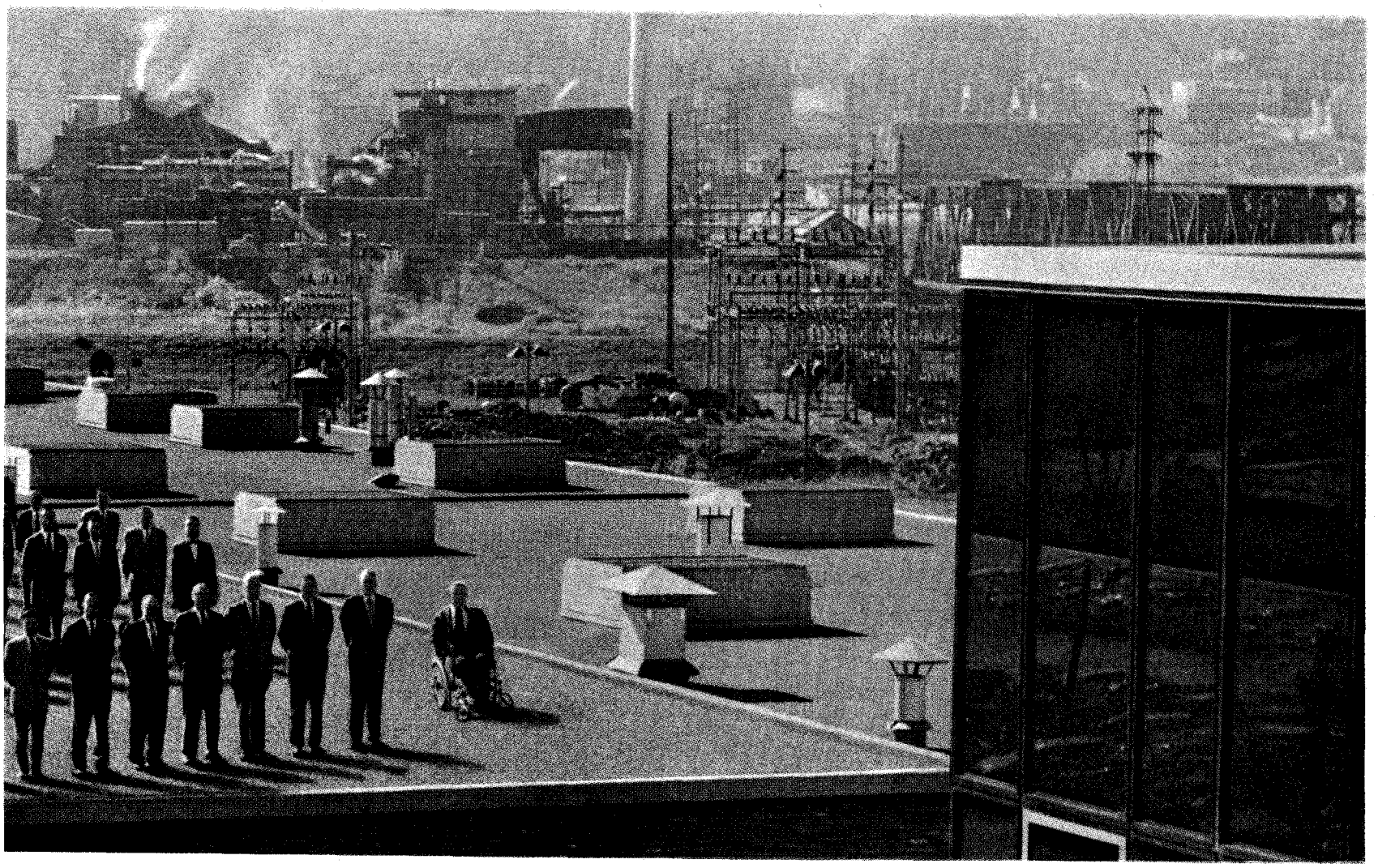
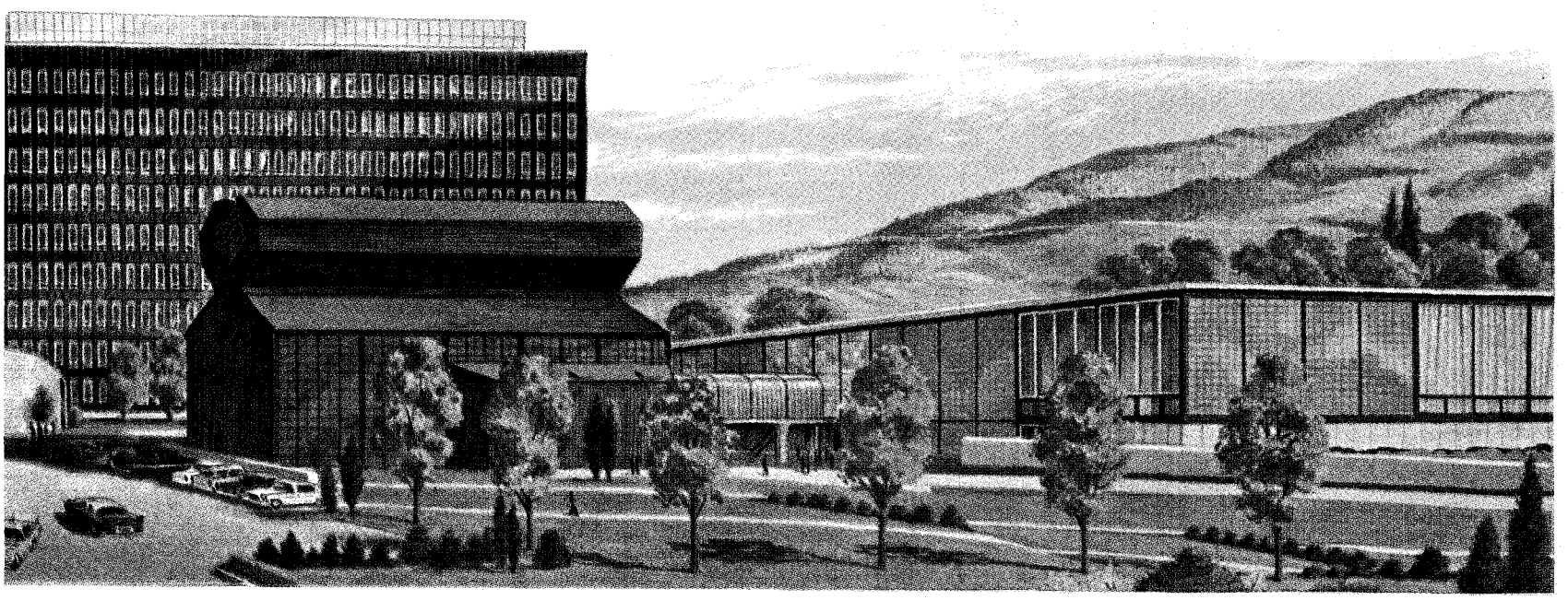


# glass has a brilliant future

United States. Proud as we are of these new laboratories, which will enable us to centralize and greatly expand our research activities, we're even prouder of the team of scientists our new facilities will serve.

We like to think of this dedication as heralding a brilliant future for glass research at Corning, as well as symbolizing past accomplishments. Looking to the future, we would welcome a challenge from your business to prove that "Corning can do almost anything with glass."



# with glass

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Three simple words . . .

But they mean so much, for nothing is more personal, or contributes more to your daily living than the telephone.

To a busy woman, the telephone means convenience and time saved. To a businessman, speed and efficiency.

Wherever you are, whatever you do, your telephone adds immeasurably to the pleasure and business of living. Use it more.

*One phone to a home is no longer enough. One of the handiest places for an extension is the kitchen . . . the most popular kind is a wall type in gay color.*

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# The Choice (Continued from Page 34)

talked to her; that had to come, and so he waited. He felt as if he had been waiting longer than he could remember, day and week and month and year, but he was a quiet kind who could stand almost anything, he thought. That was the trouble with him, one foot in front of another all your life long, like marching on maneuvers with a sixty-pound pack. One foot in front of another, and before you knew it your life had gone over the hill behind you. He felt his stomach twist inside—his stomach was constantly fighting when he waited—and his fists clenched.

He could hear his wife cooing to the child in the bedroom, and from the yard outside, he heard Joey bawling orders at the neighbors' fuzzy dog. This morning—only this morning—he had thought the waiting was over. He remembered the doctor had told them, when they first put in the application to the state institution, that it would take two years at least, so many people were waiting. And it was two years almost to a day when it came, and he had thought, *Now at last we're out of it.* But she couldn't see it. Even now she couldn't see it! Even after the doctor had explained over and over what the sickness had done to him, she couldn't see it! And he knew now what was going to happen—exactly what was going to happen. He had known from the moment they left the hospital.

He stayed quietly at the table, his hands clenching and unclenching, while the coffee boiled on the stove.

His wife sat down opposite him. He did not know how to begin. It seemed as if there were a thousand clocks ticking, as if he were all put together with dry sticks and tiny pieces of wire. It would not do any good; he could see that in her face.

"You heard what the doctor said, Rana. We got to do it. We've got to, now."

"He said you never could be sure of anything for absolutely sure," his wife said. "He said it might—come all right again."

"He said there wasn't one chance in fifty thousand." They had each heard different things. They had heard each what they wanted to hear. "He doesn't know anything any more, Rana. He doesn't know when he's here or someplace else."

"Oh, he does!" she cried. "Yes, he does! He knows when he's with me."

"But the doctor said ——"

"Oh, what does the doctor know? We've been to fifty doctors; every one says something different."

*No, no,* he thought; *they all agree, but she can't hear them. Fifty doctors, our life's blood, everything I've earned six days a week, ten hours a day, so that we don't even have a car now and I install TV's all day and we don't even have a TV.*

The child wailed from the bedroom and his wife jumped up and ran in. *Wants to be turned over,* he supposed; *every half hour wanting to be turned over. It's getting so late.* The morning was gone—most of the afternoon would be gone, too, before he got out with the truck. He turned off the fire under the coffee and waited.

When his wife sat down again at the table, Kelly said, "They got all kinds of equipment up there, Rana, and doctors and nurses. They can take better care of him than we can. Pretty soon he'll be so big you can't hardly roll him over."

"You ever seen those places?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I went to see one once when I was a kid."

"But they're all different now. The doctor said, Rana—the doctor said maybe we ought to think about having another baby."

"No!" she screamed at him, half rising up from her chair. "No! I wouldn't put Tommy in one of those places! I wouldn't if it killed me!"

If they passed up this chance, the doctor had said, it might be two, three years again before they got another. *The doctor said—the doctor said—the doctor said. Oh damn the doctor. Damn every one of them. Why couldn't they just take him and have done with it?*

"It's killing us, Rana!" he shouted back at her. "It's killing us all! Can't you see that? We haven't ever had a day or a night like we used to. Can't you see what it's doing to Joey, for heaven's sakes! Why do you think he can't get along with the other kids? Why do you think he ran away from the kindergarten? He's the all-right one and we're killing him. He can't carry the load."

She looked at him and said nothing. Helpless and hopeless, and her face, that he had thought was so beautiful once, like the other. *How much like the other!*

"Please, please, please," she whispered. "I can't send Tommy up there." Tired and dead-beat.

Kelly got up from the table. "Better get along to work now," he said.

She stood up too. He put his arms around her and they clung together, like the two poor little kids in the woods in the fairy story, he thought.

On Saturday, Kelly got through work about five, and he picked Joey up and they walked over to the shopping center. Kelly wanted to tell the little boy how glad he was that he knew the boy was glad to see him and to walk over to the store with him. But he said only what he said every day when he came home from work.

"You should have seen the antenna I had to put up today!"

"Was it a great big one, dad?"

"Twenty-five feet high," Kelly said. "And we had to put it right on top of a three-story building up on the side of Nob Hill."

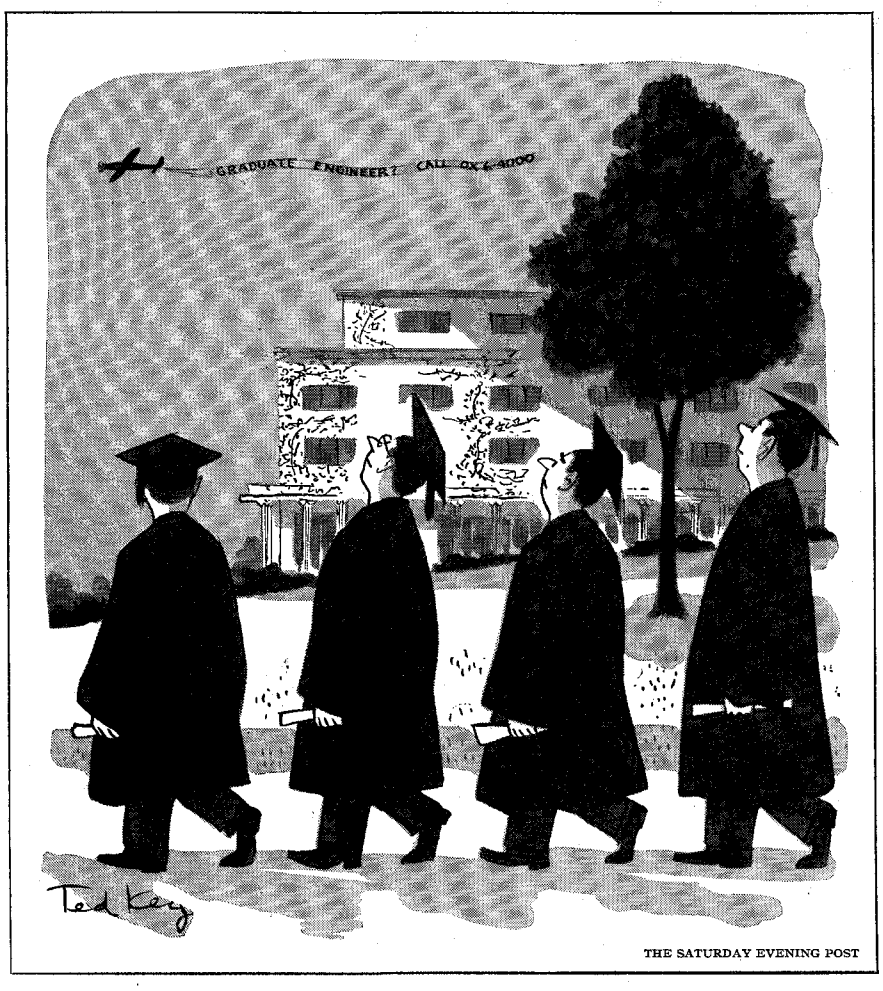
From the roof he had looked out over the whole of downtown to the bay, with the bridge going over it, and a beautiful white freighter sliding across the blue water. He told Joey, but this did not get across very much with the little boy. Things grownups got a kick out of didn't get across much to kids, he noticed.

"Fuzzy chased a cat right up mom's clothes pole today," Joey said. "Lucky that pole was there—for the cat, hunh, dad?"

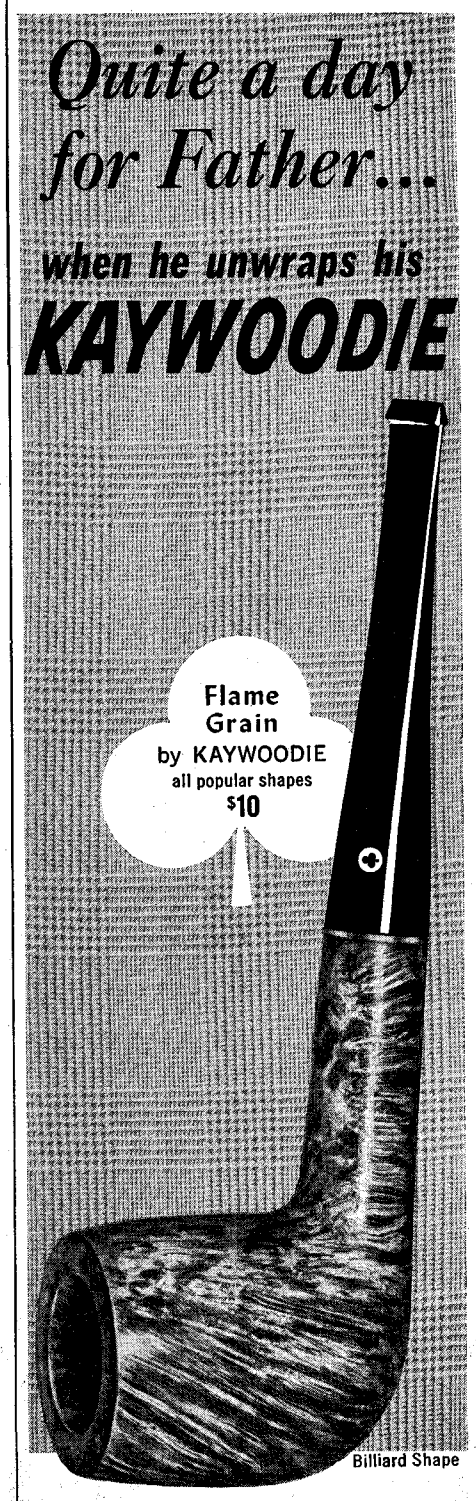
They waited in line in the sweet shop to buy an ice-cream cone, Joey talking all the time, and he answering, half listening. Then they moved around the parking lot to the hardware store. Several stores ran together here in the new self-service shopping center—hardware and drugs and toys and sporting goods—packed with people on the late Saturday afternoon. Kelly that day at work had mislaid his smallest screw driver, so he picked up one of the new screw-driver combinations—a plastic handle with four detachable blades, different sizes—and as he pushed his way toward the cashier's counter, he glanced behind him for Joey. But Joey was not there.

He felt his stomach draw sharply together for an instant as he thought of the morning when Joey had run away from the kindergarten, and how Rana had telephoned him at the shop, the terrible three hours until they found him—and he had been standing all that time on a street corner, watching some repairmen at work in a manhole. He knew she had understood well enough why Joey ran away. If only the application could have come through that day instead of a year later; if she had seen it then, she might have said yes, he thought. But afterward the hope returned; she could not bring herself to do it.

The boy couldn't have got outside the store, could he? Kelly remembered the electric-train table in the toy department, and, standing on tiptoe, peered over the heads of the shoppers. He saw the electric train buzzing around and around



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

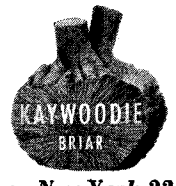




He lifts it from the box—a Kaywoodie Pipe! He knows there's nothing finer. He holds it to the light and marvels at its beauty. He nods appreciation of the dense close-grained bowl, carved from the very heart of the Kaywoodie briar. He unscrews the stem and inspects the exclusive Drinkless Fitment. He knows this wonderful invention screens irritants, condenses tobacco tars, prevents clogging as no other device can.

Then he lights his first pipeful! Takes his first puff! It's the sweetest, coolest smoke he's ever enjoyed. It draws easier and drier than any pipe he's ever smoked. No wonder Kaywoodie is the recognized standard of "Pipesmanship."

He rubs it gently against his nose. He cradles it in the palm of his hand. He wonders how he's ever smoked anything else. You and your Kaywoodie gift have spoiled him for life.

***Gift Suggestions:*** *Send 25 cents for illustrated color Catalog T showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.50 to $2500.*




***Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22***
***World's Finest Pipes Since 1851***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on its table, stopping at the red signals, barreling past the green ones. A crowd of kids surrounded the table, and there was Joey, sure enough, with his ice-cream cone in one hand—what was left of it—watching that train, while his eyes and his whole head, including the ice-cream cone, moved in a small circle as he followed the train around its larger circle.

Kelly had to laugh. He opened his mouth to call out, "Hey, Joey!"

But he did not call. He stopped laughing and watched the boy for a moment. Then he paid for his screw-driver combination. From beyond the cashier's desk he glanced back once again; and out the door, along the sidewalk, hurried ducking and dodging through the crowd. He started sweating now—sweating under his hat and under his shirt and down his arms and across the palms of his hands. Circling the parking lot, he went into the supermarket on the far side, where he pushed one of the wire baskets up and down the aisles, picking out groceries that Rana had written down on her shopping list.

A clock with a blank face and lighted green numbers looked down from the rear wall of the supermarket. When Kelly came in, it had said quarter before six, and he forced himself to step along from counter to counter—margarine, three loaves of bread, mayonnaise, horseradish—until the clock said five minutes to six. Exactly that, no sooner, and when he saw the lighted hand cross the number 11, he jumped away from his wire basket, knocking against a lady beyond him, and ran along the aisle looking for the manager. The manager was helping one of the girls at the check desk, packing groceries into cardboard cartons. Kelly seized him by the arm.

"My little boy!" he cried. "My little boy! He's gone!"

"He must be around the market somewhere. Now slow down," the manager told him. "Let's just take a look."

"No, no; I've looked already!"

"This happens every day," the manager said. "He'll turn up."

"You don't understand; he already ran away once! I got to get to a telephone! I got to get one right away!"

The manager led him back then to the storeroom, where there was a telephone on a shelf. Kelly dialed the O for "operator," drew a long breath, feeling his hands shake and the sweat tickling a steady trickle down his spine.

"Operator!" he said. "Operator, get me the police right away! My little boy's run away!"

By the time Kelly dialed his home number, he already could hear the distant sirens of the police cars out on the highway.

"Listen, Rana," he said. "Did Joey come home?"

"Home? No. No; isn't he with you?"

"Rana, Joey ran away. I called the police." A sound in his ear, a word, a sob, he was not sure. "No, stay at the house; he might come back. Don't you worry. I just missed him: he couldn't have got far. It's awful crowded around here, but we'll find him in a minute. Rana—Rana, if they find him first, they might call you.... Yes, yes, yes, I couldn't help it."

He hung up and stood for a moment with both hands leaning against the shelf. Then he straightened himself, straightened his hat, thanked the manager and asked him to tell the police when they came that he was going back, checking all the stores of the shopping center.

"This happens every day!" the manager called after him. "He'll turn up quick enough!"

As Kelly left the supermarket, a squad car pulled in to the curb, but he did not stop. He wanted to get to Joey before they found him, and he hurried around the circle again to the hardware store. Joey was chatting with the sales clerk at the electric-train table.

"Joey!" he shouted. "I been looking all over for you!"

"I been right here all the time, dad!"

The little boy was all wounded innocence, to the amusement of the sales clerk. Kelly waited on the sidewalk for the policemen and gave them his name and address, explaining that he had first missed the child in the supermarket.

"But I was right here all the time," Joey kept insisting; and the cops winked at Kelly over the boy's head, grinned and nodded and moved away.

Kelly was relieved that they took it so cheerfully.

At supper that evening, Joey told his mother all about his adventure. He and dad had gone into the hardware store, Joey explained, and he just stopped for a while to watch the trains, next thing, here came dad acting like he'd been lost and then there were two cops, and they were looking for him too.

But Kelly, catching his wife's eyes, shook his head slightly. After the little boy was in bed, he told her, "He ran away from me, Rana. I was in the supermarket and he just slipped away from me when I wasn't looking."

"They found him in the hardware store?" she asked.

He nodded.

"All the way around the parking lot?"

He nodded again.

"And all the crowd? And all the cars?"

"Saturday-night crowd."

Her face was pale and fear-stricken. "I thought he was gone after you called," she said. "I thought he'd run out on the highway. That's all I could think of."

"I'd better water the flowers before it gets dark," Kelly suggested.

When he came back into the house after sprinkling the ten-foot square of their front yard, he found her in the bedroom where the crib for Tommy was. She was on her knees in front of the bureau, packing the child's diapers and pajamas and overalls into a paper shopping bag. At first she had not heard him behind her, and he stood there watching her, with his heart clutching and halting, watching her and saying over and over to himself, *It's true—it's true—it's true; even if it didn't happen that way, it's true.* She looked up and saw him, expressionless; he was afraid of the blank expression, afraid to look at her, for fear of what he had done to her. He hurried to the telephone, called the foreman from his shop to see if he could borrow the foreman's car for the next day.

Out of the city, fogbound at daybreak, they drove into the sunshine to the northward. Here it was spring, plowed earth showing the first green shoots, the yellow hills in the background of hazy sunlight. Kelly tried to remember how long it had been since he and Rana had driven together into the country. They had left Joey with their next-door neighbors who owned the fuzzy dog. And Tom, in his newest overalls and red-checked flannel shirt, sat on his mother's knees, gazing out at the pictures that unfolded before him.

What did he see, Kelly wondered. What did *she* see? He knew she would remember when they had last ridden together, and where they had gone and what they had done, yet he was afraid to ask her. He dreaded her silence, but feared to interrupt it. They passed


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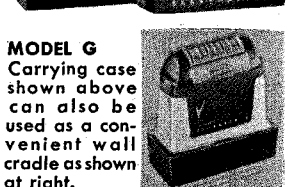
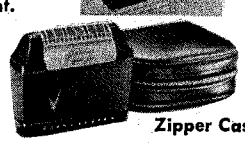
*Now after 29 Years of Research Sunbeam announces* an electric razor that shaves as close as a safety razor without muss—fuss—nicks or skin irritation—and it's more comfortable and convenient too.

*A Perfect Gift for DAD or GRAD*



**MODEL G** Carrying case shown above can also be used as a convenient wall cradle as shown at right.



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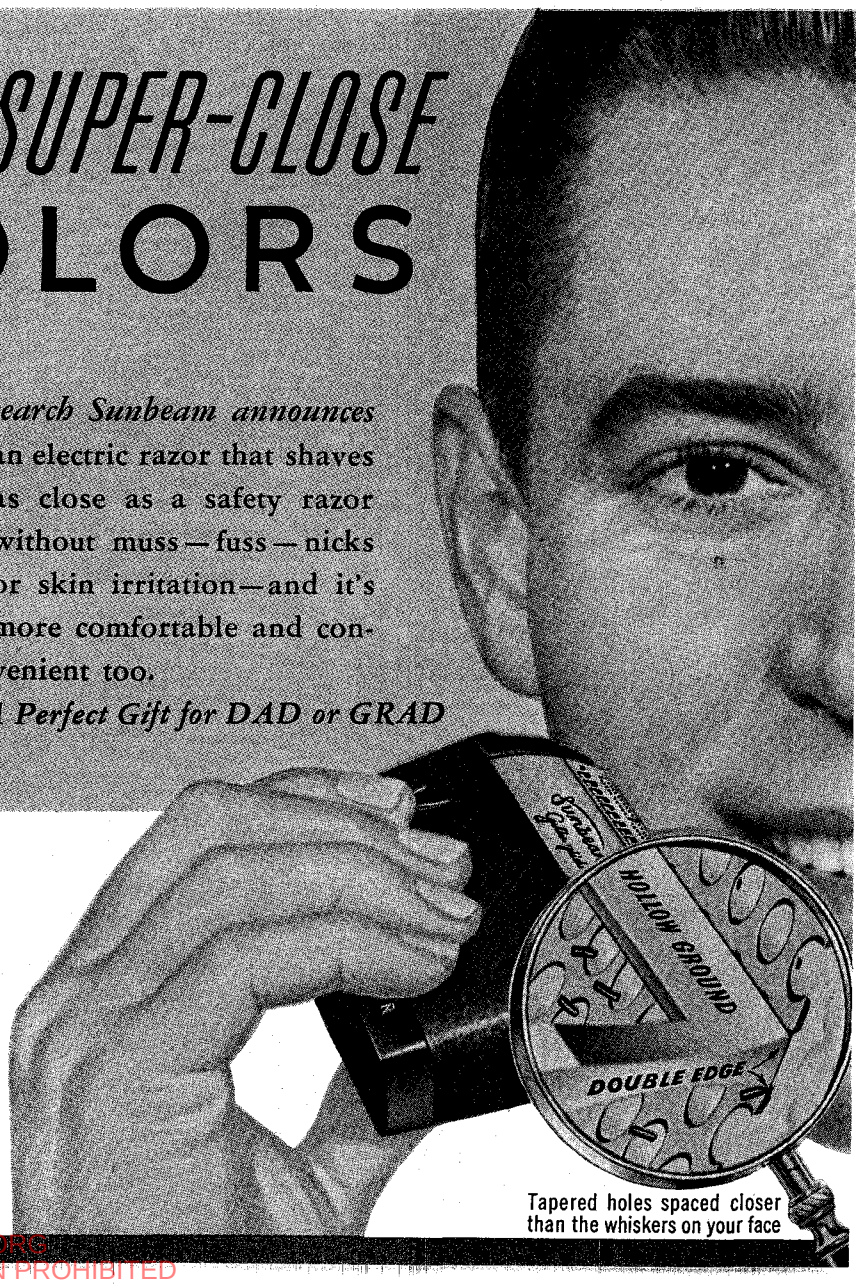


Tapered holes spaced closer than the whiskers on your face

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through a town where people were coming from church; then between vineyards on the narrower hillsides until the valley opened again, showing him the buildings in the distance, the arrow he was looking for.

They turned from the highway across the valley bottom. Trees shadowy in sunlight and brick pillars of the gateway, the high brick front with its doors and steps, and its windows. Now nothing any longer was real to Kelly. He was in a dream, climbing the steps with the child in his arms and his wife walking behind him.

Yet inside the door Mrs. Henry waited for them, bringing out the application they had sent two years before, and they sat in the visitors' room in the sunlight and talked. About the application and the spring weather and the fog in the city, while Tom quietly sat on his lap, his head drooped slightly sideways and his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Henry.

Later came doctors and nurses, whom they shook hands with, till

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Young Mother

By E. B. de Vito

As she proudly pilots two
small girls,
Straw bonnets on their
flaxen curls,
White-gloved, with some-
thing pink in view
Beneath twin coats of navy
blue,
This scene appears the
briefest skip
From serving her
apprenticeship
With dolls that surely must
have been
The fairest, best-dressed ever
seen.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

one of the nurses finally took Tommy from him. And only when the child rode away in the nurse's arms, without ever a turn of the head or a glance behind, did Rana reach out after him. Her hands sprang in front of her, her mouth opened, but she made no sound and turned to Mrs. Henry almost as if she were laughing.

Laughing. Kelly reached out for her hand, afraid she might push him aside. He had a feeling the child was dead now and he had killed it, and he felt certain she must know this too. But she allowed him to hold her hand, and hand in hand they followed Mrs. Henry from the visitors' room, down the steps and across the grass under the trees.

"Now here's where Tommy will be staying," Mrs. Henry explained, as she ushered them into a smaller building. "This will be Tommy's own cottage."

Inside, the rooms were clean and gray, like a hospital, and in each room were several cribs, in each crib a child, some seeming too large to be staying any longer in the cribs. The children were giggling, bubbling, mouthing, silent. He thought how much easier it would be with the ones who looked like what they were, and had been that way from the beginning; it was the remembering she could not bear.

"The children are very happy here," Mrs. Henry told them. "They get to know each other, some of them. They're happier with their own group than they could be in any other way. You can come and visit as often as you wish."

"Yes," Rana said. "Thank you."

"It's almost lunchtime. Would you like to stay and watch the children eat?"

Kelly saw Rana glance again at the cribs in the room they were looking into, and she shook her head and drew back from the door.

"I guess we'd better get started along home," he suggested.

They said good-by to Mrs. Henry, thanked her once more, and returned to the car on the gravel driveway. But in the front seat was a package of Tom's toys they had forgotten, and Kelly ran up the steps again to leave the toys in the office. When he came back, he found Rana lying across the seat, absolutely quiet, only her shoulders wrenching and convulsing.

Kelly whispered her name to her as he stroked her hair. Through the windshield the sunlight fell upon her, showing the gray hairs among the darker hair, though she was not yet thirty-five, he thought. It was over—after all the years of waiting, it was over—only not over at all. Had he really killed the child? Had he killed her too? Suppose she ever found out what he had done to her? Kelly pressed his hands gently against her shoulders.

"Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!" she wailed. "I loved him so! And I've left him here! Oh, I wish I was dead!"

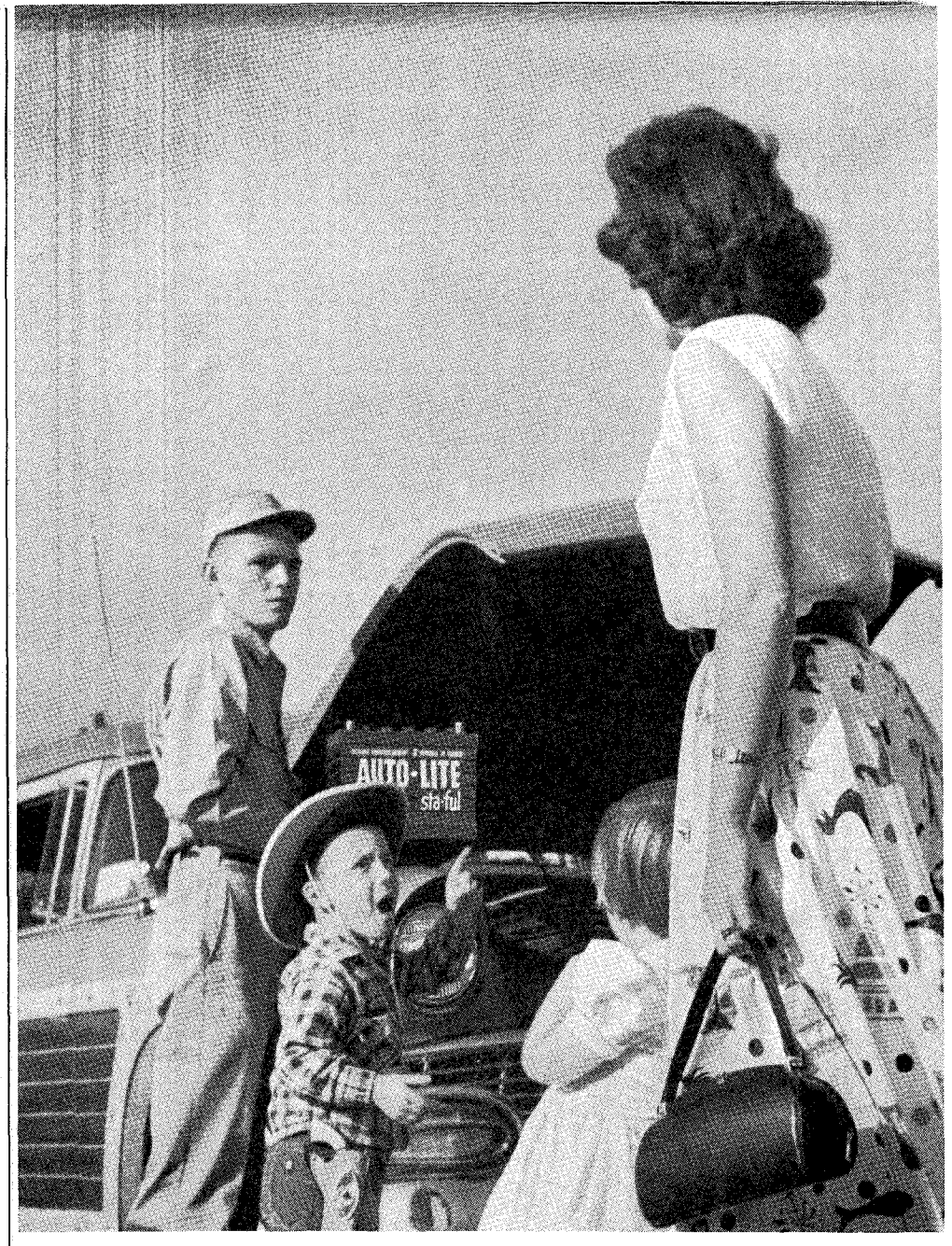
When he drew her up at last, he saw that she had bitten her knuckles in the effort to silence her own sobbing, and her swollen cheeks were marked with blood. She let him wipe her face with his handkerchief, and they drove back to San Francisco, she sitting quiet as death by his side.

On Monday evening Kelly worked late because he had fallen so far behind on his TV installations the week before. He telephoned home at five, but it was almost nine before he finally got there, driving the company truck, since it was too late to put it back in the shop. All the lights in the house were lighted. He had been half hoping she might have gone to bed, so he would not have to face her silent grief—not until morning—and he knew that was why he had dawdled over the last repair job and gone halfway across the city to drive his helper home, which he had not needed to do. But the lights were still lighted—even Joey's light.

He pulled the truck into the driveway and let himself in through the garage, which they had never used for keeping a car of their own. Overhead he could hear the water drumming into the bathtub. He pulled off his coveralls and hung them over the corner of his workbench, where he would be sure to see them as he came down in the morning. Last time he had driven the truck home he had gone off without the coveralls, and the next day had been missing half his tools which he had left in the pockets. This called to his mind the new screw-driver combination he had bought, and forgotten to take with him this morning. He had set it down on the bench, he thought, coming in that night with Joey. It was there; he reached out to slip the tool into a pocket of the coveralls. But it had been in a paper bag. Hadn't it?

The bag was there, too, folded under the screw driver. Had he folded it that way? Then he snatched at the screw driver, snatched the paper bag, found the sales slip under the bag. He stared at the slip. KING'S HARDWARE AND SPORTING GOODS. CRYSTAL SHOPPING CENTER. The price and the date.

*She must have seen it*, he thought. She must have taken it out, looked at the sales slip and folded it there, so he would find it (*Continued on Page 56*)

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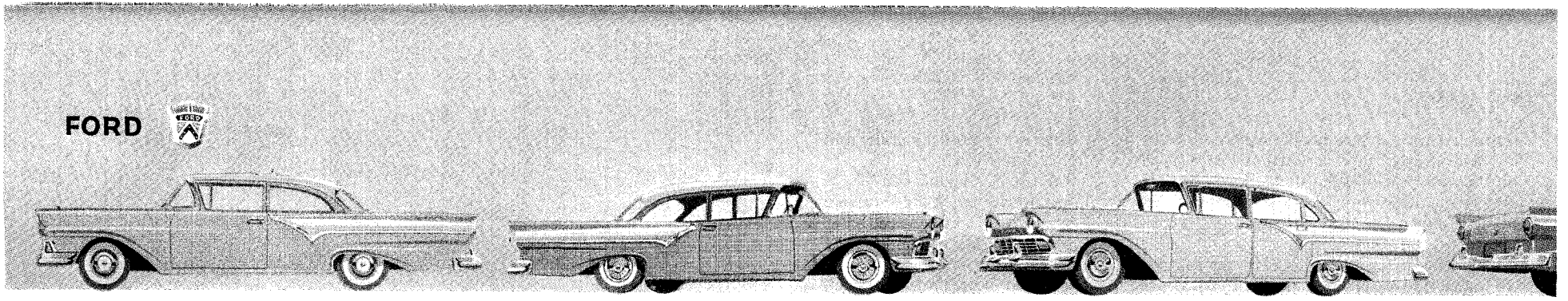
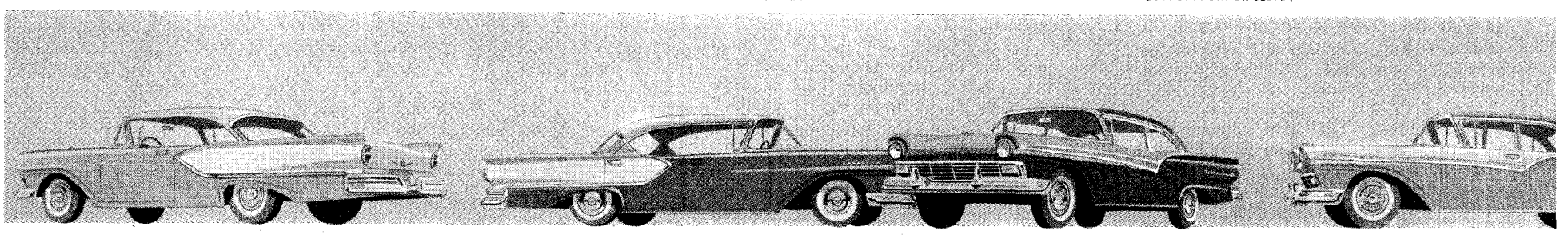
## FORD



CUSTOM TUDOR BUSINESS SEDAN

CUSTOM TUDOR SEDAN

CUSTOM FORDOR SEDAN

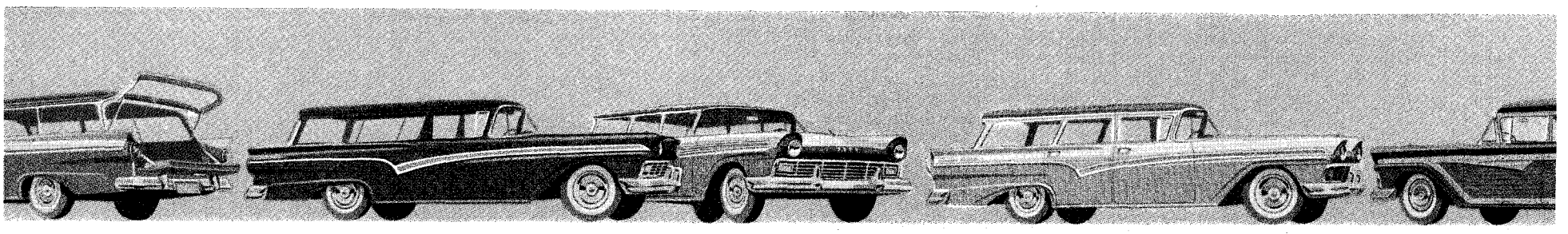


FAIRLANE CLUB VICTORIA

FAIRLANE TOWN VICTORIA

FAIRLANE 500 CLUB SEDAN

FAIRLANE 500 TOWN SEDAN



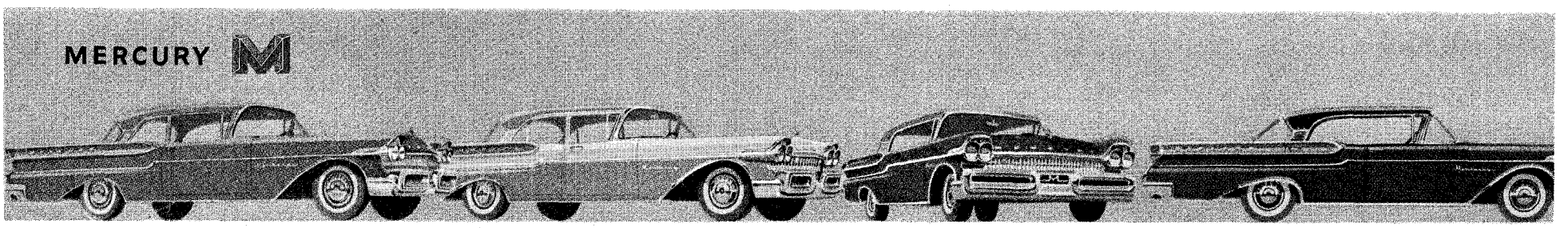
RANCH WAGON

DEL RIO RANCH WAGON

6-PASSENGER COUNTRY SEDAN

9-PASSENGER COUNTRY SEDAN

## MERCURY

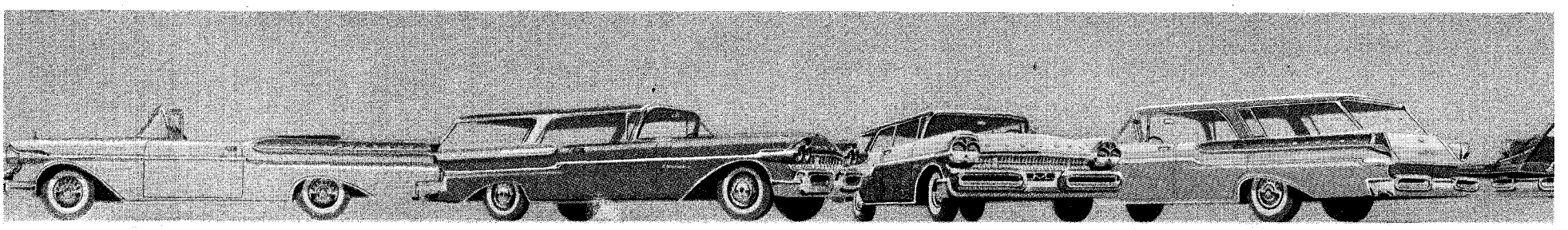


MONTEREY 2-DOOR SEDAN

MONTEREY 4-DOOR SEDAN

MONTEREY PHAETON COUPE

MONTEREY PHAETON SEDAN



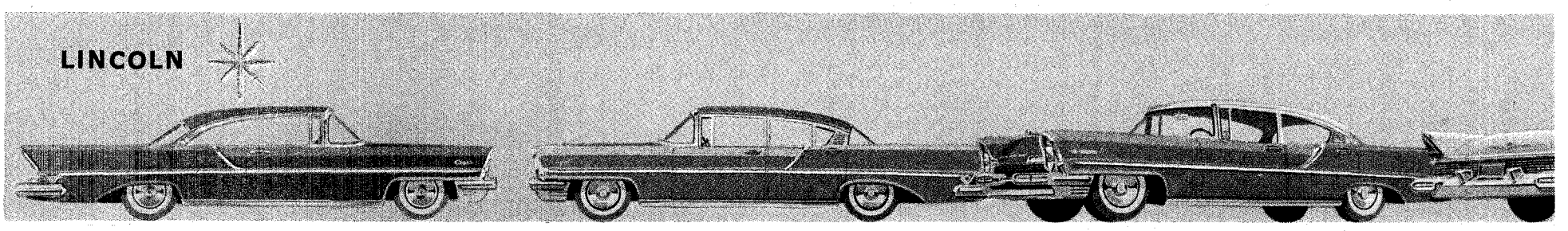
MONTCLAIR CONVERTIBLE

COMMUTER (2-DOOR, 6-PASS.)

COMMUTER (4-DOOR, 6-PASS.)

COMMUTER (4-DOOR, 9-PASS.)

## LINCOLN



CAPRI COUPE 2-DOOR HARDTOP

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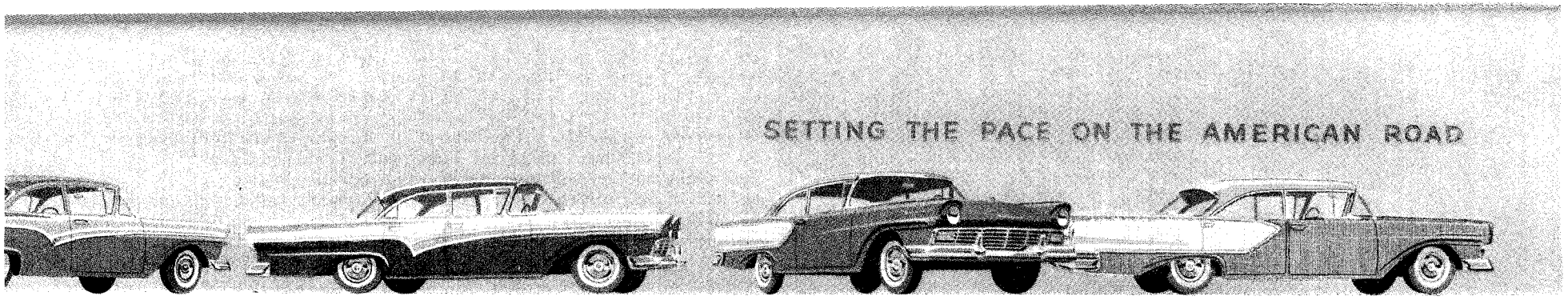
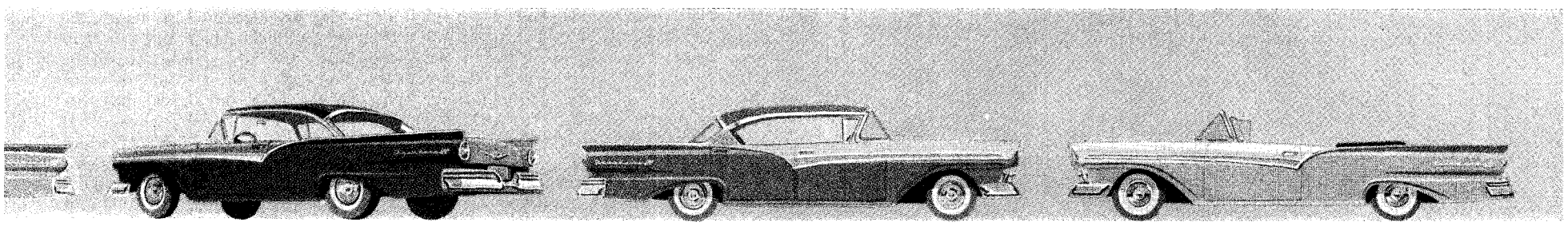
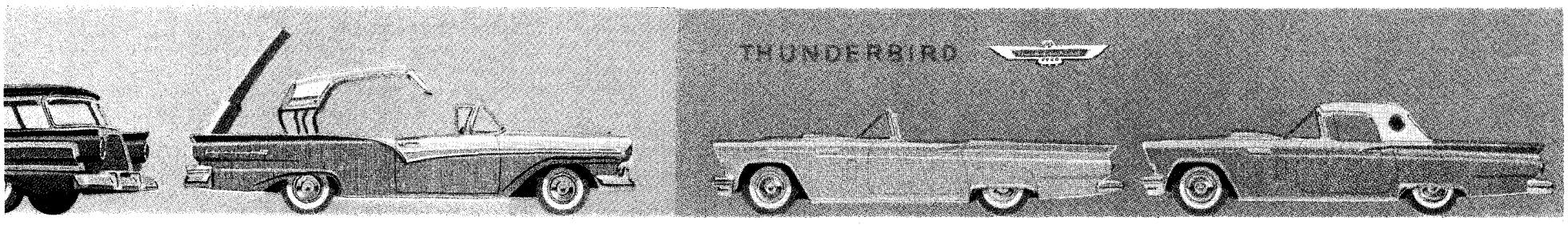


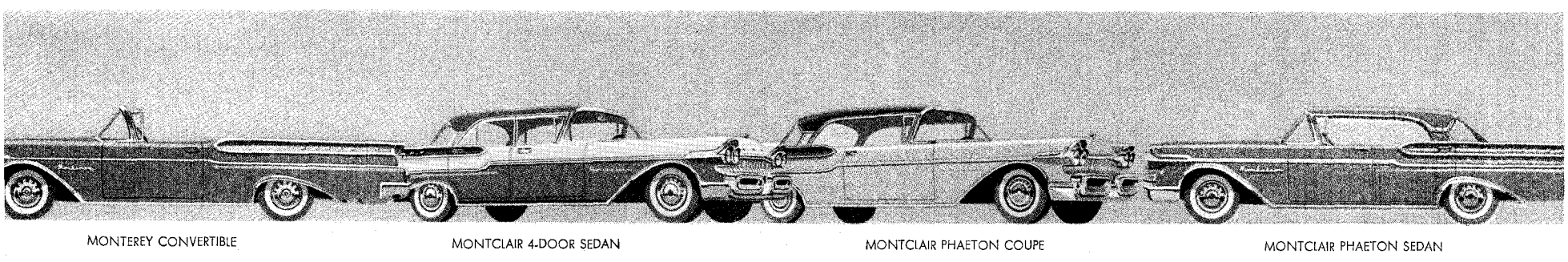

CUSTOM 300 TUDOR SEDAN — CUSTOM 300 FORDOR SEDAN — FAIRLANE CLUB SEDAN — FAIRLANE TOWN SEDAN



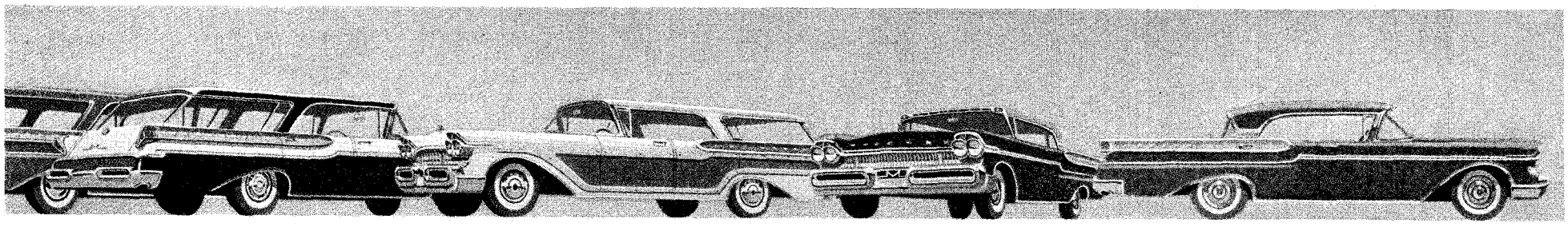
FAIRLANE 500 CLUB VICTORIA — FAIRLANE 500 TOWN VICTORIA — FAIRLANE 500 SUNLINER



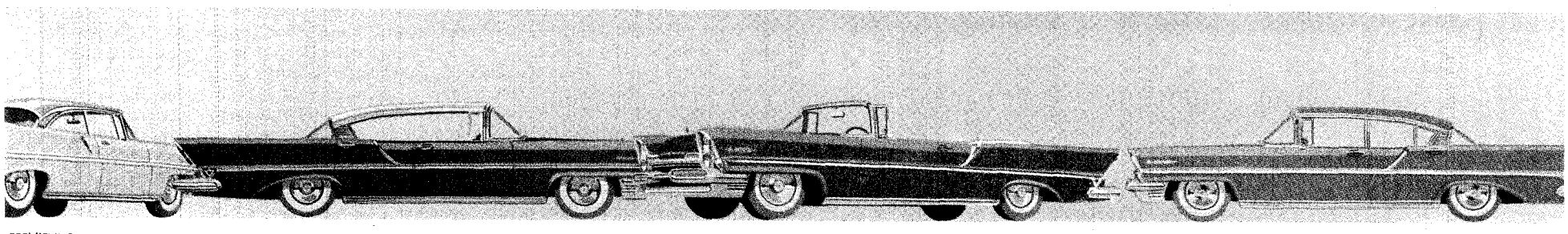

9-PASSENGER COUNTRY SQUIRE — FAIRLANE 500 SKYLINER — THUNDERBIRD — THUNDERBIRD HARDTOP



MONTEREY CONVERTIBLE — MONTCLAIR 4-DOOR SEDAN — MONTCLAIR PHAETON COUPE — MONTCLAIR PHAETON SEDAN



VOYAGER (2-DOOR, 6-PASS.) — VOYAGER (4-DOOR, 9-PASS.) — COLONY PARK (4-DOOR, 9-PASS.) — TURNPIKE CRUISER 2-DOOR PHAETON — TURNPIKE CRUISER 4-DOOR PHAETON



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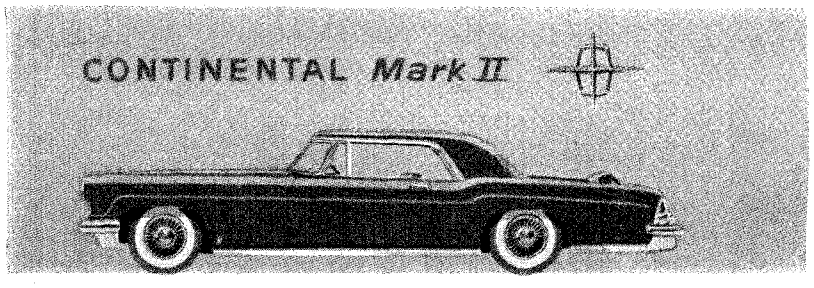


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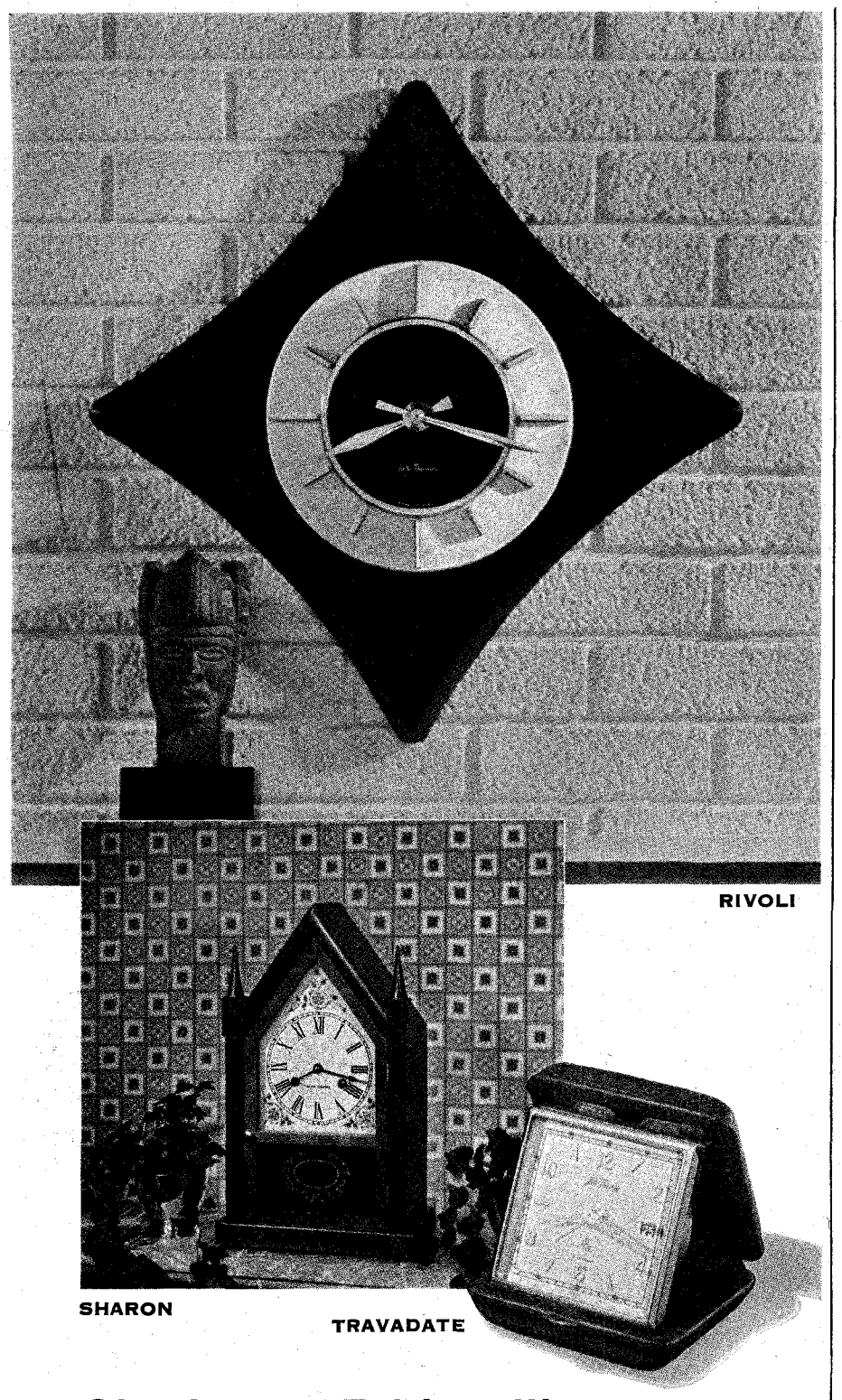


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(*Continued from Page 53*) and know. So he would know she knew, and she would not say anything. Or had he left it that way himself? Closing his eyes, Kelly leaned against the workbench, trying to trace each step he had made coming into the house with Joey. He felt certain he had put the tool down on the bench, but the moment of doing so was gone. He could not even remember whether he had come in through the garage or by the front door that night. He might have taken the screw driver out of the bag to make sure the parts were all there. He might have.

From above, he heard the little boy calling impatiently, "Hey, dad! Whyn't you come on up?"

*Late for him to be still awake,* Kelly thought. The tub was draining out in the bathroom and he walked up the stairs into the house. At the bathroom door he hesitated for a moment, listening to the sounds of his wife moving about, inside. Then he went on to Joey's room, sat on the boy's bed and automatically began telling about the antennas he had set up that day.

"We looked at the TV today in the shopping center," Joey said.

"You and mom?"

"Sure."

"You went to the shopping center?"

"Sure. Mom wanted me to show her where I was when you couldn't find me. And where you went to buy that screw driver."

"How did you know I bought a screw driver, Joey?"

"'Cause I heard you ask the man for a screw driver. Only you forgot to take it to work with you today, hunh, dad? What'd you do?"

"I borrowed one from somebody," he said. "Good night, Joey."

"Good night, dad."

He switched off the light and closed the door of Joey's room. She was still in the bathroom. He saw that a place had been set for him at the coffee table in front of the sofa, and he went there and sat down to wait for her. He felt weak and sick inside.

Pressing his face into his hands, he thought how much he had hoped for it all to be over, and now it would never be over. No, now it never would be over. Never. Day after day, every day, he would see the silent look in her eyes saying that it was he who had tricked her and he who had killed her child. He was sick with the certainty of his own guilt and the dread of what lay before them. One foot in front of another, day after day. How many years would they have to wait, he wondered, before they ever could look at each other again?

It was the sound of her step that made him lift his eyes. He saw her coming toward him across the floor. Her face was made up as if she were going out to a party, and her hair drawn behind her ears as it once had been. *What's wrong?* he wanted to shout. *What else could I do, Rana? It's true—it's true, even if it didn't happen that way.* And wearing the old rose-colored housecoat she never had worn, since it had torn once blowing in the wind on the clothesline and she had never mended it. But he saw now that she had mended it.

Then Kelly understood, and it was as if she were returning to him; and as he got to his feet to meet her, he knocked over the coffee table in his own clumsiness.

## No Blade of Grass (Continued from Page 39)

acquiescence, and even pleasure, in it. They shook hands with him, and introduced themselves in their turn: Joe Harris, Jess Awkright, Bill Riggs, Andy Anderson, Will Secombe, Martin Foster.

The women did not shake hands. Their men pointed them out to him. Awkright said, "My wife, Alice."

Riggs said, "That's my wife, Sylvie."

Foster, a thin-faced graying man, pointed: "My wife, Hilda, and my daughter, Hildegard."

Alf Parsons said, "The other's Joe Ashton's wife, Emily. I reckon she'll be all right when she's got over the shock. He never did treat her right."

All the men of Joe Ashton's party had shaken hands. The elderly man of the first party stood at John's elbow.

He said, "Have you changed your mind, Mr. Custance? Can we stay with your lot?"

"You can stay," he said. "Here." He tossed him the shotgun which he had been holding. "We've come by a gun after all."

"My name's Noah Blennitt, Mr. Custance," the elderly man said, "and that's my son, Arthur. Then there's my wife, Iris; and her sister, Nelly; my young daughter, Barbara; and my married daughter, Katie. Her husband was on the railway; he was down in the south when the trains stopped. We're all very much beholden to you, Mr. Custance. We'll serve you well, every one of us."

The woman he had referred to as Katie looked at John anxiously and placatingly. "Wouldn't it be a good idea for us all to have some tea? We've got a big can and plenty of tea and some dried milk, and there's water in the brook. We've got a primus stove in the pram as well."

"Then go ahead. We'll have afternoon tea before we move off."

Pirrie walked with John for a time when they set out again; Jane, at a gesture from Pirrie, walked a demure ten paces in the rear.

As they went down the road into the valley, separated somewhat from the other men, John said, "It turned out very well. But it was taking a bit of a chance."

Pirrie shook his head. "I don't think so. It would have been taking a chance not to have killed him—and a rather long one. Even if he could have been persuaded to let you run things, he could not have been trusted."

John glanced at him. "Was it essential that I should run things? After all, the only important thing is getting to Blind Gill."

"That is the most important thing, it is true, but I don't think we should ignore the question of what happens after we get there."

"After we get there?"

Pirrie smiled. "Your little valley may be peaceful and secluded, but it will have defenses to man, even if relatively minor ones. It will be under siege, in other words. So there must be something like martial law and someone to dispense it."

"I don't see why. Some sort of committee, I suppose, with elected members, to make decisions—surely that will be enough?"

"I think," Pirrie said, "that the day of the committee is over."

His words echoed the thoughts that John himself had felt a short while before; for that reason, he replied with a forcefulness that had some anger in it, "And the day of the baron is back again?

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Only if we lose faith in our own ability to cope with things democratically."

"Do you think so, Mr. Custance?" Pirrie stressed the "Mr." slightly, making it clear that he had noticed that, following the killing of Joe Ashton, the expression had somehow become a title. Except to Ann and Roger and Olivia, John had now become Mr. Custance; the others were known either by Christian names or surnames.

It was a small thing, but not insignificant. Would Davey, John wondered, be Mr. in his turn, by right of succession? The straying thought annoyed him.

He said curtly, "Even if there has to be one person in charge of things at the valley, that one will be my brother. It's his land, and he's the most competent person to look after it."

Pirrie raised his hands in a small gesture of mock resignation. "Exit the committee," he said, "unlamented. That is another reason why you must be in charge of the party that reaches Blind Gill. Someone else might be less inclined to see that point."

As they drew near to the ruins of Sedbergh they saw a group, of about the same number as their own, emerging from the town. The women were wearing what looked like expensive jewelry, and one of the men was carrying pieces of gold plate. Even while John watched, he threw some of it away as being too heavy.

---

Minds that run in the same channel are seldom found in homes with a single TV set.

HAL CHADWICK

---

The Blennitts' perambulator had been abandoned when they left the road on the outskirts of Sedbergh, and their belongings distributed among the six adults in awkward bundles. The going was clearly harder for them than for any of the others, and they made no secret of their relief when John called a halt for the day, high up in the Lune valley, on the edge of the moors.

The rain had not returned; the clouds had thinned into cirrus, threading the sky at a considerable height. Above the high curves of the moors to westward, the threads were lit from behind by the evening sun.

"We'll tackle the moors in the morning," John said. "By my reckoning, we aren't much more than twenty-five miles from the valley now, but the going won't be very easy. Still, I hope we can make it by tomorrow night. For tonight"—he gestured toward a house with shattered windows that stood on a minor elevation above them—"that looks like a promising billet. . . . Pirrie, take a couple of men and reconnoiter it, will you?"

Pirrie, without hesitation, singled Alf Parsons and Bill Riggs, and they accepted his selection with only a glance for confirmation at John. The three men moved up toward the house. When they were some twenty yards away, Pirrie waved them down into the cover of a shallow dip. Taking leisurely aim, he himself put a shot through an upstairs window. They heard the noise of the rifle and the tiny splintering of glass. Silence followed.

A minute later, the small figure of Pirrie rose and walked toward the house. Apart from the rifle hunched under his arm, he had the air of a Civil Service official making a perfunctory business call. He reached the door, which apparently he found to be ajar, and kicked it open with his right foot. Then he disappeared inside.

Once again John was brought up sharp with the realization of how formidable an opponent Pirrie would have been had his ambition been toward the conscious exercise of power, instead of its promotion in another. He was walking now, alone, into a house which he could only guess to be empty. If he had any nerves at all, it was difficult to envisage a situation in which they would be drawn taut.

From an upper window, a face appeared—Pirrie's face—and was withdrawn again. They waited, and at last he came out at the front door. He walked back down the path sedately, and the two men rose and joined him. He came back to where John was.

John asked him, 'Well? O.K.?"

"Everything satisfactory. Not even bodies to dispose of. The people must have cleared out before the looters arrived."

"It has been looted?"

"After a fashion. Not very professionally."

"It will give us a roof for the night," John said. "What beds there are will do for the children. The rest of us can manage on the floor."

Pirrie looked round him in speculation. "It isn't a very big house. I think Jane and I will risk the inclemency of the weather."

"Just as you like," John said. "You can have a night off guard duty."

"Thank you," Pirrie said. "Thank you, Mr. Custance."

John found a room in the upper story which had two small beds in it, and he called up Davey and Mary to try them. There was a bathroom along the landing, with water still running, and he sent them there with instructions to wash. When they had gone, he sat on a bed, gazing out of the window which looked down the valley toward Sedbergh. A magnificent view. Whoever lived here had probably been much attached to it—an indication, if such were needed, that immaterial possessions were as insecure as material ones.

His brief musing was interrupted by Ann's entry into the room. She looked tired. John indicated the other bed.

"Rest yourself," he said. "I've sent the kids along to smarten themselves up."

She stood, instead, by the window, looking out. "All the women asking me questions," she said. "Which meat shall we have tonight? Can we use the potatoes up and rely on getting more tomorrow? Shall we cook them in their jackets or peel them first? Why me?"

He looked at her. "Why not?"

"Because even if you like being the lord and master, it doesn't mean that I want to be the mistress."

"You walked out on them, then?"

"I told them to put all their questions to Olivia."

John smiled. "Delegating responsibility, as a good mistress should."

She paused; then said, "Was it all necessary—joining up with these people, making ourselves into an army?"

He shook his head. "No, not all. The Blennitts certainly not. But you wanted them, didn't you?"

"I didn't want them. It was just horrible, leaving the children. And I didn't mean them; I meant the others."

"With the Blennitts—just the Blennitts—the odds would have tipped further against our getting through to the valley. With these others, we're going to make it easily."

"Led by General Custance. And with the able assistance of his chief killer, Pirrie." (*Continued on Page 59*)

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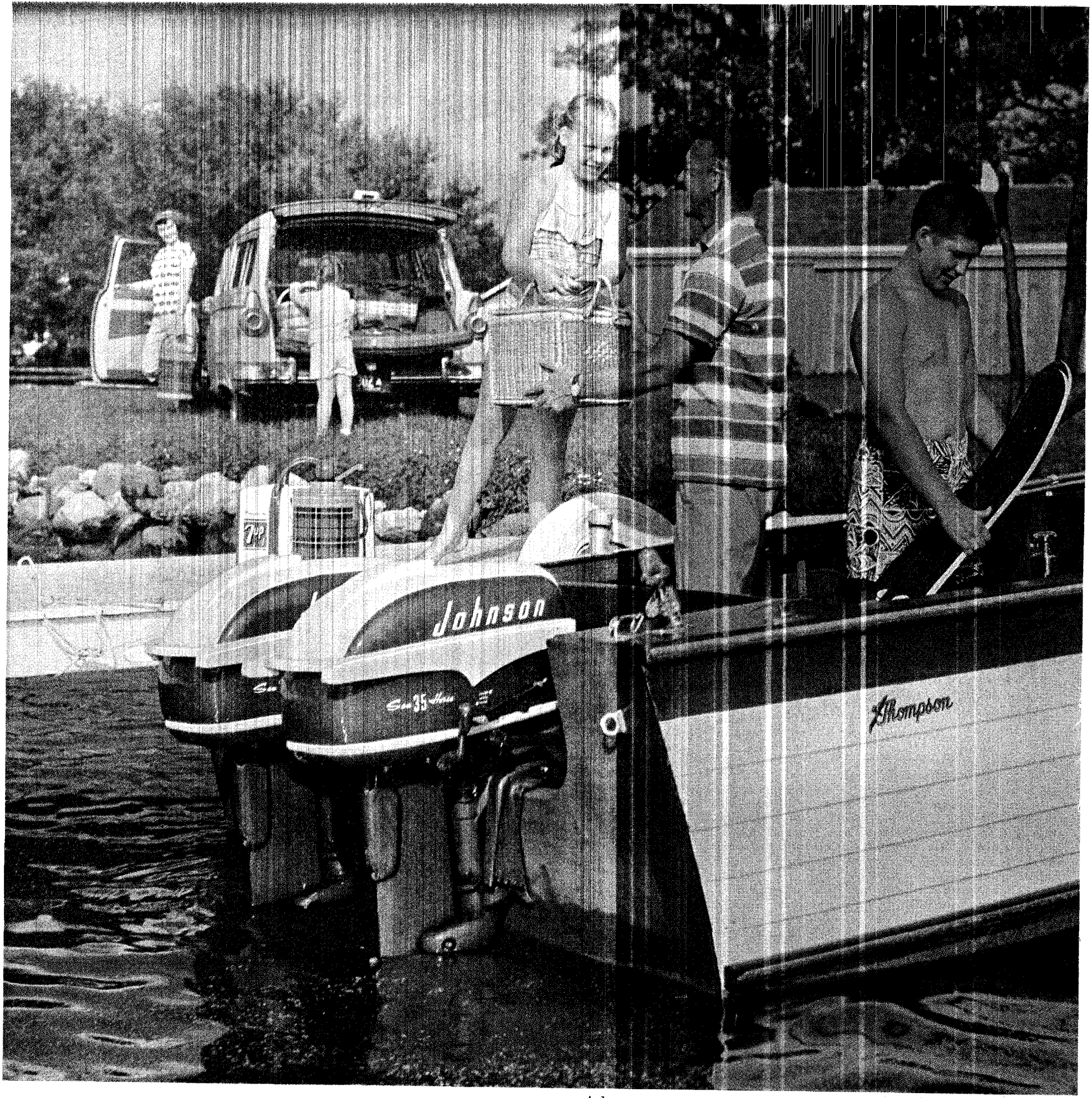


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(*Continued from Page 57*) "You underestimate Pirrie if you think he's just a killer."

"No. I don't care how wonderful he is. He is a killer, and I don't like him."

"I'm a killer too." He glanced at her. "A lot of people are who never thought they would be."

"I don't need reminding. Pirrie's different."

John shrugged. "We need him until we get to Blind Gill."

"Don't keep saying that!"

"It's true."

"John." Their eyes met. "It's the way he's changing you that's so dreadful. Making you into a kind of gangster boss; the children are beginning to be scared of you."

He said grimly, "If anything has changed me, it's been something more personal than Pirrie—the kind of life we have to lead. I'm going to get us to safety, all of us, and nothing is going to stop me. I wonder if you realize how well we've done to get as far as this? This afternoon, with the valley like a battlefield—that's only a skirmish compared to what's happening in the south. We've come so far, and we can see the rest of the way clear. But we can't relax until we're there."

"And when we get there?"

He said patiently, "I've told you, we can learn to live normally again. You don't imagine I like all this, do you?"

"I don't know." She looked away, staring out of the window. "Where's Roger?"

"Roger? I don't know."

"He and Olivia have had to carry Steve between them since you've been so busy leading. They dropped behind. The only place left for them to sleep, by the time they got to the house, was the scullery."

"Why didn't he come and see me?"

"He didn't want to bother you. When you called Davey up, Spooks stayed behind. He didn't think of coming with him and Davey didn't think of asking. That's what I meant about the children becoming scared of you."

John did not answer her. He went out of the room and called down from the landing, "Rodge! Come on up, old man. And Olivia and the kids, of course."

Ann said, "You're condescending now. I don't say you can help it."

He went to her and caught her arms fiercely. "Tomorrow evening all this will be over. I'll hand things over to Dave, and settle down to learning from him how to be a potato and beet farmer. You will see me turn into a dull, yawning, clay-fingered old man. Will that do?"

"If I could believe it will be like that ——"

He kissed her. "It will be."

Roger came in, with Steve and Spooks close behind him. He said, "Olivia's coming up, Johnny."

"What the hell were you doing settling in the scullery?" John asked. "There's plenty of room in here. We can put those beds together and get all the kids on them. For the rest of us, it's a nice soft floor. Fairly new carpets in the bedrooms—our hosts must have been on the luxurious side. There are blankets in that cupboard over there."

Even while he spoke, he recognized his tone as being too hearty, with the bluffness of a man putting inferiors at their ease. But there was no way of changing it. The relationship between himself and Roger had changed on both sides, and it was beyond the power of either of them to return to the old common ground.

Roger said, "That's very friendly of you, Johnny. The scullery was all very nice, but it had a smell of cockroaches. You two, you can cut along and line up for the bathroom."

From the window, Ann said, "There they go."

"They?" John asked. "Who?"

"Pirrie and Jane. Taking a stroll before dinner, I imagine."

Olivia had come into the room while Ann was talking. She started to say something, and then, glancing at John, stopped.

Roger said, "Pirrie the wooer. Very sprightly for his age."

Ann said to Olivia, "You're looking after the knives. See that Jane gets a sharp one when she comes in to supper, and tell her there's no hurry to return it."

"No!" The incisiveness had been involuntary; John moderated his voice. "We need Pirrie. The girl's lucky to get him. She's lucky to be alive at all."

"I thought we could see our way now," Ann said. "I thought tomorrow evening would see things back to normal. Do you really want Pirrie because he is essential to our safety or have you grown to like him for himself?"

"I told you," John said wearily. "I don't believe in taking any chances. Perhaps we won't need Pirrie tomorrow, but that doesn't mean that I take cheerfully to the idea of your egging the girl on to cut his throat during the night."

"She may try," Roger observed, "of her own accord."

"If she does," Ann asked, "what will you do, John? Have her executed for high treason?"

"No. Leave her behind."

Ann stared at him. "I think you would!"

Speaking for the first time, Olivia said, "He killed Millicent."

"And we didn't leave him behind?" With exasperation, John went on, "Can't you see that fair shares and justice don't work until you've got walls to keep the barbarians out? Pirrie is more use than any one of us. Jane is like the Blennitts—a passenger, a drag. She can stay as long as she's careful how she walks, but no longer."

Ann said, "He really is a leader. Note the sense of dedication, most striking in the conviction that what he thinks is right because he thinks it."

John said hotly, "It's right in itself. Can you find an argument to refute it?"

"No." She looked at him. "Not one that you would appreciate."

"Rodge!" He appealed to him. "You see the sense in it, don't you?"

"Yes, I see the sense." Almost apologetically, he added, "I see the sense in what Ann says too. I'm not blaming you for it, Johnny. You've taken on the job of getting us through, and you have to put that first. And it's Pirrie who's turned out to be the one you could rely on."

He was about to reply argumentatively when he caught sight of their three faces, and memory was evoked by the way they were grouped. Sometime in the past they had been in much the same positions—at the seaside, perhaps, or at a bridge evening. The recollection touched in him the realization of who he was and who they were—Ann, his wife, and Roger and Olivia, his closest friends.

He hesitated, then he said, "Yes, I think I see it too. Look. Pirrie doesn't matter a damn to me."

"I think he does," Roger said. "Getting through, matters to you, and so Pirrie does. It's not just his usefulness. Once again, Johnny, I'm not criticizing. I couldn't have handled the situation, because I wouldn't have had the stamina for it. But if I had been capable of handling it, I would have felt the same way about Pirrie."

There was a pause before John replied. "The sooner we get there the better," he said. "It will be nice to become normal again."

Ann said, "We've done beastly things. Some of us more so than others, perhaps, but all of us to some extent—if only by our accepting what Pirrie has given us. I wonder if we ever can turn our backs on them."

"We're over the worst," John said. "The going's plain and easy now."

Mary and Davey came running in from the bathroom. They were laughing and shouting; too noisily.

John said, "Quiet, you two."

He had not, he thought, spoken any differently from his custom. In the past, the admonition would have had little if any effect. Now both fell quiet and stood watching him. Ann and Roger and Olivia were watching him too.

He bent toward Davey. "Tomorrow night we should be at Uncle David's. Won't that be good, eh?"

Davey said, "Yes, daddy."

The tone was enthusiastic enough, but the enthusiasm was tempered by an undue dutifulness.

In the early hours of the morning, John was awakened by a rifle shot and, as he

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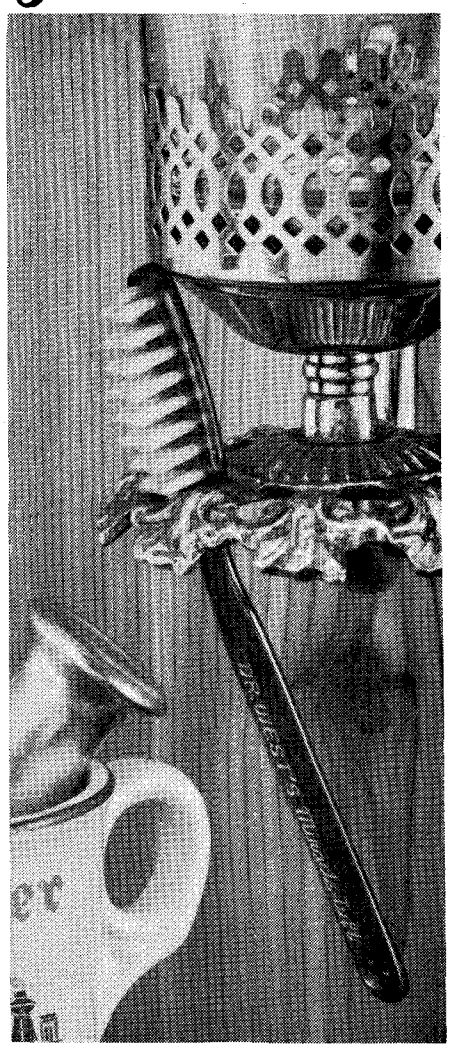

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sat up, he heard it replied to from somewhere outside. He got up, reaching for his revolver, and called to Roger, hearing him grunt something in reply.

Ann said, "What's that?"

"Nothing much, probably. A stroller, hoping for easy pickings, maybe. You and Olivia stay here and see to the children. We'll go and have a look."

The sentry's duty was to patrol outside the house, but he found Joe Harris, whose turn it was, staring out of a front-room window on the ground floor. He was a thin, dark man with a heavy stubble of beard. His eyes gleamed in the moonlight, which shone into the house here.

"What's happening?" John asked him.

"I seen 'em when I was outside," Harris said. "Comin' up the valley from Sedbergh way. I figured it might be best not to disturb 'em, in case they was goin' right on up the valley, so I came on back into the house, and kept a watch from here."

"Well?"

"They turned up towards the house. When I was certain they was coming this way, I had a crack at the bloke in front."

"Did you hit him?"

"No. I don't think so. Another one had a shot back, and then they went down among the shrubs. They're still out there, Mr. Custance."

"How many?"

"It's hard to say, in this light. Might have been a dozen, maybe more."

"As many as that?"

"That's why I was hoping they would go right through."

John called, "Rodge!"

"Yes." Roger was standing at the door of the room. There were others in the room as well, but they were keeping quiet.

"Are the others up?"

"Three or four out here in the hall."

Noah Blennitt's voice came from close beside John, "Me and Arthur's here, Mr. Custance."

John said to Roger, "Send one of them up to the back bedroom window to keep an eye open in case they try to work round that way. Then two each in the front bedrooms. . . . Noah, you can take up your place at the other ground-floor window. I'll give you time to get into position. Then, when I shout, we'll let them have a volley. It may impress them enough to make them clear off. If it doesn't, pick your own targets after that. We have the territorial advantage. Women and kids well away from the windows, of course."

He heard them moving away as Roger relayed the instructions to them.

To the women, he said, "You might as well all go to the back of the house. It won't be so noisy there."

He knelt beside Joe Harris. "Any sign of them moving yet?"

"I thought I saw summat. The shadows play you up."

John stared out into the moonlit garden. He thought a shadow moved, and then knew one did, not more than fifteen yards from the house. He cried very loudly, "Now!"

Although he did not rate his chances of hitting anything with a revolver as very high, he took aim on the shadow that had moved, and fired through the open window. The volley that accompanied his shot was ragged, but not unimpressive. He heard a cry of pain, and a figure spun round and fell awkwardly.

John ducked to the side of the window in anticipation of the reply. There was a single shot, which seemed to splinter against the brickwork. After that, he could hear only a mumble of voices, and groaning from the man who had been hit.

The weight of firepower must have come as an unpleasant surprise to them. They could not have expected an isolated house such as this to be held in force. Putting himself in the position of their leader, John reflected that his own concern, on stumbling on this kind of opposition, would have been to get his men out of the way with the least possible delay.

On the other hand, still retaining that viewpoint, he could see that there were snags. The moonlight certainly aided the defenders, and it was sufficiently bright to make good targets out of the attackers if they attempted any sudden disengagement.

A further consideration must be that if the defenders could be overcome, the attackers stood to make a neat haul of arms and possibly ammunition. Guns were worth taking risks for. And it was very probable that they had the advantage both in men and weapons.

It occurred to him that his show of force could have been tactically an error. Two or three rounds, instead of seven, might have been more likely to put them on the retreat. Pirrie might—Pirrie, he remembered, was somewhere outside, enjoying his nuptials.

The children must have all wakened by now, but they remained quiet. He heard someone coming downstairs. Roger called to him softly, "Johnny!"

He kept his eyes on the garden. "Yes."

"What next? There's one fellow standing out like a sore thumb from up there. Can we start knocking them off or do you want to give them a chance to blow?"

He was reluctant to be the one to open the firing again. They knew his strength now. Further firing would be an expenditure of valuable ammunition with no prospect of any practical benefits.

"Wait," he said. "Give it a little longer."

Roger said, "Do you think ——"

In the moonlight, a shout rose, "Gi'e it 'em!" John ducked automatically as a volley of shots slammed against the house.

He called to Roger, "All right. Get back upstairs and tell them to use their discretion. If that gang change their minds and decide to pull out, let them go."

While the new lull held, he called out into the garden, "We don't want any trouble! We'll hold our fire if you clear off!"

He had taken the precaution of first flattening himself against the wall beside the window. Two or three shots thumped against the far wall of the room in answer. A man laughed, and John fired the revolver in the direction of the laugh. There was a rattle of sporadic fire, either way.

Watching intently, he saw a figure heave up out of the shadows, and fired again. Something sailed through the air, hit the side of the house, and dropped, not far from the window at which he and Joe Harris stood.

He shouted, "Down, Joe!"

The explosion shattered what glass was left in the windowpanes, but did no other damage. A rattle of fire issued from the house.

Grenades, he thought sickly. Why had the possibility not occurred to him? A fair portion of the guns that were now scattered throughout the countryside had originated in army barracks, and grenades were obviously as useful. For that matter, the men themselves had very possibly been soldiers; their present unconcern had a professional air to it.

Without any doubt, grenades tipped the scales against the defenders. A few more might miss, as the first had done, but eventually they would get them into the house, silencing the rooms one by one. The situation had suddenly changed its aspect. With the valley so close, he was facing defeat, and death, almost certainly, for all of them.

He said urgently to Joe Harris, "Get upstairs and tell them to keep as continuous a fire on as they can. But aiming, not popping off wildly. As soon as they see someone lift his arm, slam everything at him. If we don't keep the grenades out, we've had it."

Joe said, "Right, Mr. Custance."

He did not seem particularly worried; either because he lacked the imagination to see what the grenades meant or possibly owing to his faith in John's leadership. Pirrie had done a good job in that respect, but John would have exchanged it for Pirrie beside him in the house. If any of the others scored a hit, under these conditions, it would be by a fluke; Pirrie would have picked off the vague moonlit shadows without much difficulty.

John fired again at a movement, and his shot was reinforced by shots from upstairs. Then from outside there was a swift, concentrated burst directed toward one of the bedroom windows. Simultaneously, from another part of the garden, an arm rose and a second grenade was lobbed through the air. It hit the side of the house again and went off harmlessly. John fired at the point from which it had been thrown. There was a scatter of shots in different directions. In their wake came a cry which cut off halfway. The cry was from the garden. Someone had claimed another of the attackers.

It was encouraging, but no more than that.

Even when, after a further interchange of shots, he saw a grenade arm rise again, and then saw it slump back with the grenade unthrown, he could only see the incident as a cause for grim satisfaction, not for hope. Two seconds later the grenade went off, and set off a riot of explosion that made it abundantly clear that whoever held it had been carrying other grenades as well. There were shouts from that part of the garden, and some cries of pain. John fired into the noise, and the others followed suit. This time there was no answer.

All the same, it was with both astonishment and relief that John saw figures detach themselves from the cover of the ground and run, keeping as low as possible, away down the slope toward the valley. He fired after them, as the others did.

Everyone came crowding into the room—the women and children along with the men. In the dim light, John could see their faces, relieved and happy. They were all chattering. He had to speak loudly to make himself heard.

"Joe! You've got another half hour on guard. We're doubling up for the rest of the night. . . . You're on with him now, Noah. Jess will go on with Roger afterwards, and Andy with Alf. I'll take a turn myself with Will. And from now on, raise the alarm first, and start wondering what it might be afterwards."

Joe Harris said, "You see, Mr. Custance, I was hoping they would go on past."

"Yes, I know," John said. "The rest of us might as well get back to bed."

Alf Parsons asked, "Any sign of Pirrie and his woman?"

He heard Olivia's voice, "Jane—out there?"

"They will turn up," he said. "Go on back to bed now."

"If that lot fell over them, they won't be turning up," Parsons said.

John went to the window. He called "Pirrie! Jane!"

They listened in silence. There was no sound from outside. The moonlight lay like a summer frost on the garden.

"Should we go and have a look for them?" Parsons asked.

"No." John spoke decisively. "Nobody's moving out of here tonight. For one thing, we don't know how far those boys with the grenades have gone or whether they have gone for good. Off to bed now. Let's get out of this room first, and give the Blennitts a chance. Come on. We need to rest ourselves ready for tomorrow." (*Continued on Page 62*)

## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The river looked so inviting that Buster stopped his car at a public bathhouse for a dip. When Buster dived in, however, a swirl of treacherous currents almost drowned him. He was gasping when rescued. After he recovered, Buster sued the bathhouse proprietor for damages.

"He knew the river was swollen and dangerous, but he let me go right into that deathtrap," Buster argued.

"God made the river, I didn't," the proprietor replied. "I have no control over its currents. All I do is maintain a bathhouse, and no harm befell Buster there."

If you were the judge, would you make the proprietor pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The proprietor had to pay. The court said that the owner of a public bathhouse or amusement place is duty bound to warn his patrons of any and all dangers.

*Based upon a 1954 Missouri decision.*

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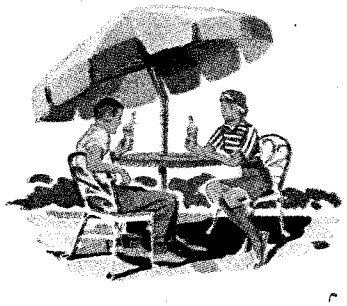

# Get 'em together often this summer for a cool SEVEN-UP "FLOAT"!

(*Continued from Page 60*) They dispersed quietly, though with some reluctance. John walked upstairs with Roger, following behind Ann and Olivia and the children. He went into the cloakroom, and Roger waited for him on the landing.

Roger said, "I thought we'd had it for a time."

"The grenades? Yes."

"In fact, I think we were a bit lucky."

"I don't quite understand it. We were certainly lucky dropping that bloke while he still had the grenades. That must have shaken them quite a bit. But I'm surprised that it shook them enough to make them pack things in. I didn't think they would."

Roger yawned. "Anyway, they did. What do you think about Pirrie and Jane?"

"Either they had gone far enough away to be out of earshot or else they were spotted and bought it. Those people weren't bad shots. Not being in the house, they wouldn't have had any protection."

"There is another possibility," Roger suggested. "Jane may have tucked a knife in her garter on her own account. These ideas probably do occur to women spontaneously."

"Where's Jane, then?"

"She still might have run across our friends. Or she might have tumbled to the fact that she would be less than popular here if she came back with a story of having mislaid her new husband on her bridal night."

"She's got enough sense to know a woman's helpless on her own now."

"Funny creatures, women," Roger said. "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, they do the sensible thing without hesitation. The hundredth time they do the other with the same enthusiasm."

John said curiously, "You seem cheerful tonight, Rodge."

"Who wouldn't be, after a reprieve like that? That second grenade came within a couple of feet of pitching in at my window."

"And you won't be sorry if Pirrie has bought it, either from Jane or the grenade merchants."

"Not particularly. Not at all, in fact. I think I'll be rather pleased. I told you—there's been no need for me to get myself fixated on Pirrie. I haven't had to run things."

"Is that what you would call it—fixated?"

"You don't find many Pirries about. The pearl in the oyster—hard and shining and, as far as the oyster is concerned, a disease."

"And the oyster?" John offered ironically. "The world as we know it?"

"The analogy's too complicated. I'm tired as well. But you know what I mean about Pirrie. In abnormal conditions, invaluable, but I hope to God we aren't going to live in those conditions forever."

"He was a peaceable enough citizen before. There's no reason to think he wouldn't have been one again."

"Isn't there? You can't put a pearl back inside the oyster. I wasn't looking forward to life in the valley with Pirrie standing just behind you, ready to jog your elbow."

"In the valley David's boss, if anyone has to be. Not me, not Pirrie. You know that."

"I've never met your brother," Roger said. "I know very little about him. But he hasn't had to bring his family and hangers-on through a world that breaks up as you touch it."

"That doesn't make any difference."

"No?" Roger yawned again. "I'm tired. You turn in. It's not worth my while for half an hour. I'll just look in and see that the kids have bedded down."

They stood together in the doorway of the room. Ann and Olivia were lying on blankets under the window; Ann looked up as she saw them standing there, but did not say anything. A shaft of moonlight extended to the double bed that had been created out of the two single ones. Mary lay curled up by the wall. Davey and Steve were snuggled in together, with one of Davey's arms thrown across Steve's shoulder. Spooks, his features strangely adult without his spectacles, was at the other side. He was awake, also, staring up at the ceiling.

"Don't think I'm not grateful for Pirrie," Roger said. "But I'm glad we've found we can manage without him."

In the new pattern of life, the hours of sleep were from nine to four, the children being packed off, when possible, an hour earlier, and sleeping on after the others until breakfast was ready. It began to be light during the last watch, which John shared with Will Secombe. He went out into the garden and examined the field of the skirmish. There was a man about twenty-five, shot through the side of the head, about fifteen yards from the house. He was wearing an army uniform and had a jeweled brooch pinned on his chest. If the stones were diamonds, as they appeared to be, it must have been worth several hundred pounds at one time.

There were tatters of army uniform on the other body in the garden. This one was a considerably more ugly sight; he had apparently been carrying grenades round his waist, and the first one had set them off. It was difficult to make out anything of what he had been like in life. John called Secombe, and they dragged both bodies well away from the house and shoved them out of sight under a clump of low-lying holly.

Secombe was a fair-haired, fair-skinned man; he was in his middle thirties, but looked a good deal younger. He kicked a protruding leg farther under the holly, and looked at his hands with disgust.

John said, "Go in and have a wash, if you like. I'll look after things. It will be time for reveille soon, anyway."

"Thanks, Mr. Custance. Nasty job, that. I didn't see anything as bad as that during the war."

When he had gone, John had another look round the environs of the house. He was looking for signs of Pirrie or Jane, but there was nothing. In the dawn light, the valley stretched away without sign of life. The sky was still clear. It looked like a good day lying ahead.

He thought of calling again, and then decided it would be useless. Secombe came back out of the house, and John looked at his watch.

"All right. You can get them up now."

Breakfast was almost ready and there were sounds of the children moving about when John heard Roger exclaim, "Good heaven!"

They were in the front room, from which John had directed operations during the night. John followed Roger's gaze out of the shattered window. Pirrie was coming up the garden path, his rifle over his shoulder; Jane walked just behind him.

John called to him.

Pirrie nodded toward the garden. "You cleared the mess up, then?"

"You heard it?"

"It would have been difficult not to. Did they land either of the grenades inside?" John shook his head. "I thought not."

"They cleared off when things were beginning to get hot," John said. "I'm still surprised about that."

"The side fire probably upset them," Pirrie said.

"Side fire?"

Pirrie gestured to where, on the right of the house, the ground rose fairly steep.

John said, "You were having a go at them—from there?"

Pirrie nodded. "Of course."

"Of course," John echoed. "That explains a few things. I was wondering who we had in the house who could hit that kind of target in that kind of light, and kill instead of just wounding."

TO BE CONCLUDED

**Fox Barking Late**

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By stars of light,
A soft ax falls against
The tree of night.

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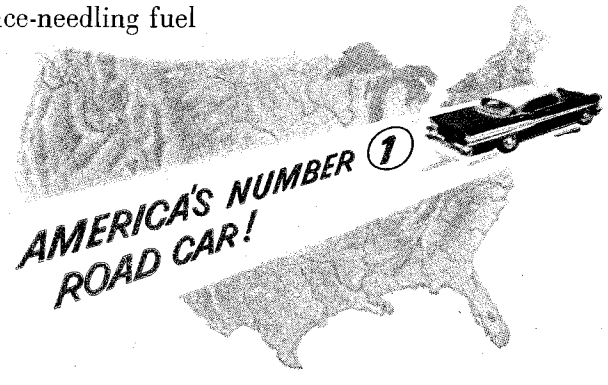


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# The Pilot's Downfall (Continued from Page 24)

that anything you could win on a pair of fives was suspect.

The car rolled to a steaming halt and he climbed out, swearing routinely as he lifted the hood—he was a lanky youth with sandy hair and a pleasantly homely face. The coupé's motor was dead as a dodo now and he was wondering how far it was to a garage when a van stopped just ahead and a roly-poly character popped out.

"Socko!" it yelled. "Good ole Socko Jones, the hero of Geisha Lane! Stop hiding under that hood! I can see you!"

Sock's mouth dropped open a little. That sounded like Mike Cranston—particularly that "Geisha Lane" fiction—but he hadn't seen or heard of Mike in four years now and, anyway, Mike had used to be a skinny half pint as elegant as a plush horse in expensive uniforms. The hooligan coming toward Sock right now looked as if he'd been picked off of some city dump. But it was Mike just the same.

"Oh-oh!" Sock groaned, grinning. "Mike! Where the devil did you come from, stupid? You look like a bum!"

They hammered each other on the back, exchanging profanely affectionate greetings. "I am a bum," Mike mentioned after a little. "But a rich bum. Where you headed, ole buddy-buddy?"

"McElligott," Sock told him gloomily, the sight of the defunct coupé recalling him to the realities of the moment. "I've got to report to the CG there by eleven hundred hours tomorrow."

"You've got lots of time," Mike said happily. "I'll round up some of the boys and we'll have a party tonight."

"We will not," Sock contradicted in a firm voice. "The last time I went on a party with you, 'ole buddy-buddy,' I landed in a Jap jail."

That had been the night in Tokyo when he'd got that "hero of Geisha Lane" tag hung on him, Sock reflected sourly. Well, it had served him right for ever listening to Mike in the first place.

Mike looked hurt now. "You don't trust me, pal?"

"You put it so well," Sock retorted grimly. "Just tell me where is the nearest garage. Then we will drink two short beers and reminisce while this heap is being wired together again."

Mike paid no attention—he was peeking beneath the hood now. "By the time anybody gets this can fixed we could of drunk a lake of beer," he said practically. "So we go to my place, instead."

"No," Sock said positively. "I told you no party!"

"The wife will persuade you," Mike said, unabashed. "If she can't, I bet Eloise, her sister, can. Eloise is a dish. Come on. I'll tow this scrap heap to a garage. Then we'll take off."

The mention of someone named Eloise bolstered Sock's resolution. "By eleven hundred hours tomorrow," he said patiently, "I have got to report to Brigadier General Beauregard Benning at McElligott Air Force Base. Understand? Either I'm there on time or else! No party!"

All of which was no lie, Sock reflected sourly. He'd served with the general before—like when he'd been master of ceremonies at that carnival the Old Man had sponsored on Okinawa. Sock had made a big hit as an MC and that had been a mistake around General Benning because carnivals and benefits and charity circuses were his hobby. That was the reason why Sock was heading for McElligott A.F.B. now.

"Ole Bulldozer Benny, huh?" Mike asked interestedly. "What's he up to now, pal?" Sock hauled out the message.

WELCOME HOME, JONES. REPORT IN PERSON WITHOUT FAIL BY 1100 WEDNESDAY TO ACT AS MC CHARITY CIRCUS SPONSORED BY MC ELLIGOTT AFB. SHOW STARTS WEDNESDAY PM AND MUST REPEAT MUST GO OVER WITH BANG REPEAT BANG. PUBLIC EXPECTS IT. I EXPECT IT.
BENNING.

"Bang!" Mike said briskly. "Do not worry about a thing, chum. I have a small safari leaving for points south tomorrow early. It will detour slightly and deposit you at McElligott safe and sound—which is more than this heap of yours can guarantee. Come on."

It was Peggy, Mike's blond wife, who explained about the safari later. They'd deposited the coupé at a garage where a disillusioned mechanic had promised nothing; then they'd climbed back into the van, which had CRANSTON ENTERPRISES, INC. plastered across its sides in gaudy colors, and—against Sock's protests—had taken off. Mike hadn't been kidding about that "rich-bum" business, Sock reflected presently as they turned off the highway to go through a gate and up a long drive to stop before a jalousied veranda. This place, ten miles out of town, was no hovel. That was for sure.

There was a three-car garage and a swimming pool big enough to dunk a bomb group; the sprawling ranch house, with its red-tile roof, looked as if it covered an acre. Farther away was a cluster of barns or sheds or some such, enclosed by a high wire fence. Closer at hand, a towheaded kid who looked like Mike rode a camel.

"The son and heir," Mike said proudly, flapping a hand at the two. "Kid, not the camel. Come on in and meet the missus. Did I mention she's got a sister?"

"You did, "Sock said unhappily. "What gives here anyway?"

He didn't get an answer, because Mike was bounding up the steps to the veranda now. A petite blonde, wearing a serene expression came to meet them.

"The *Frau*," Mike explained in an indulgent voice. "Don't be afraid of her, old pal. She's got a nice disposition."

"The hell I have," Peggy Cranston said. "You sit on my new slip covers in those filthy dungarees, Mike Cranston, and I'll tie a knot in your neck. . . . Hi, Sock. What'll you drink? So you're the one who taught Mike all those bad habits he learned in Japan, huh?"

Sock choked a little. "I never ——" he began.

"Now, now," Mike chided. "Mustn't fight, must we? I think I'll just give a few of the boys a ring, pet."

He disappeared and Peggy leered genially at Sock. "That means party," she said. "I hope your life insurance is in order, honey."

"Look, Mrs. Mike," Sock mumbled, "I've got to be at McElligott by eleven hundred tomorrow. If you'd just tell me about the bus schedules ——"

"Why don't you go with Mike?" Peggy asked. "He's taking the big van to L.A. and he goes right by McElligott."

Sock scowled. "Is that the safari he was talking about?"

"Oh, shore," Peggy drawled. "Didn't you know—Mike's the white *bwana* of the California veld these days. What he meant was that you could go along with him and the other animals."

"What other animals?" Sock asked.

"Just a few old lions and such," Peggy told him offhandedly. "For a zoo or a movie jungle set or something in L.A."

"Oh," Sock said, relief in his voice. "When he said a safari, I didn't know—— Hey! Did you say lions?"

"I was just kidding," Peggy said sweetly. "There's only one lion. . . .Here come the drinks and Eloise. Did Mike mention I had a sister? . . . This is Sock Jones, honey. Short for Socrates."

Sock started. If, he thought wildly, he ever got out of this, he'd run like a crook the next time he laid eyes on Mike Cranston. The fat bum! A camel and a lion and now a slim, blond gal wearing a skimpy swim suit and a green hat with a feather in it, yet. She gave Sock a drink and a speculative look that scared hell out of him.

"Eloise models hats," Peggy explained. "It's a hobby. She'll make some lucky man a fine wife. Won't you, darling?"

"Nuts!" Eloise said. She squinted critically at Sock. "My sister's trying to marry me off. Are you married?"

"Look," Sock said desperately now, "I've got to be at ——"

"McElligott Air Force Base by eleven hundred hours tomorrow," Eloise said. "I was eavesdropping out by the pool. Don't get fidgety. I won't eat you."

Sock felt his ears getting red as he tried to think of an answer. Mike came back, grinned happily and sat upon the new slip covers in his smeared dungarees. Peggy eyed him with an executioner's look.

"I will feed you to the apes for that," she mentioned calmly.

Mike paid no attention. "Everything is set," he announced. "The clan is gathering. There will be Willie Peters and Monk McGuire and Nosegay Brown. You remember ole Nosegay, no doubt, pappy?"

"I do," Sock said glumly. "I wish I didn't."

"A real old sockeroo of a reunion," Mike said, rubbing his hands together. "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder ——"

"Off you go into a tub of sheep dip," Peggy interrupted in a firm voice. "Leave these two to bill and coo a little, huh?"

She disappeared, taking Mike with her, and Sock looked embarrassedly across the top of his glass at Eloise. She looked demurely back. Being alone with her was starting to do things to Sock now. There ought, he decided miserably, to be a law against girls that pretty wearing so little in the way of swim suits. It upset a man.

He tried to flounder onto safe ground. "Uh," he said, "I don't get all this. A camel—and lions ——"

"Oh, that," Eloise said, looking at him with sultry eyes. "That's Cranston Enterprises, Inc. We import 'em. Train them, sell them, board them, rent them out—what have you? For zoos, movies, synthetic jungles, benefits, carnivals and what not."

"Oh," Sock mumbled. "I see. For what not. We?"

"Mike and I—we're partners." Eloise brought her drink and cigarette and sat beside Sock on the couch. "So you're the one who used to be known as the 'hero of Geisha Lane,' huh? Tell me about it."

Sock could feel his face getting redder—he'd like to knot some barbed wire about Mike's fat epiglottis! "It's not true," he said in a choked voice. "It was nothing but a lousy gag ——"

"Hah!" Eloise interrupted, looking skeptically at Sock out of the corners of her eyes. "Well, I wouldn't know about such things myself. I'm just a little country girl."

"I bet you wouldn't," Sock mumbled.

They got back to Cranston Enterprises, Inc., presently. Sock learned, among other things, that Mike had inherited this place, plus an almost defunct menagerie, from an eccentric uncle. Eloise had furnished cash and Mike Cranston the necessary nitwittedness, and together they'd developed the thing into a going concern.

"Of course," Eloise concluded, looking at Sock out of the corners of her eyes, "you could borrow one of the cars to ferry you to McElligott tomorrow, Jones. But it would be much more fun to ride with Bongo, the lion, yes?"

"It would be much more fun to ride with Bongo, the lion, no," Sock mumbled. "I'm heading for the bus depot right now."

"Don't be chicken, Jones," Eloise said sweetly. "Think of what the geishas in Geisha Lane would think."

"To hell with the geishas," Sock said violently. (*Continued on Page 66*)

"The prime coat dry yet?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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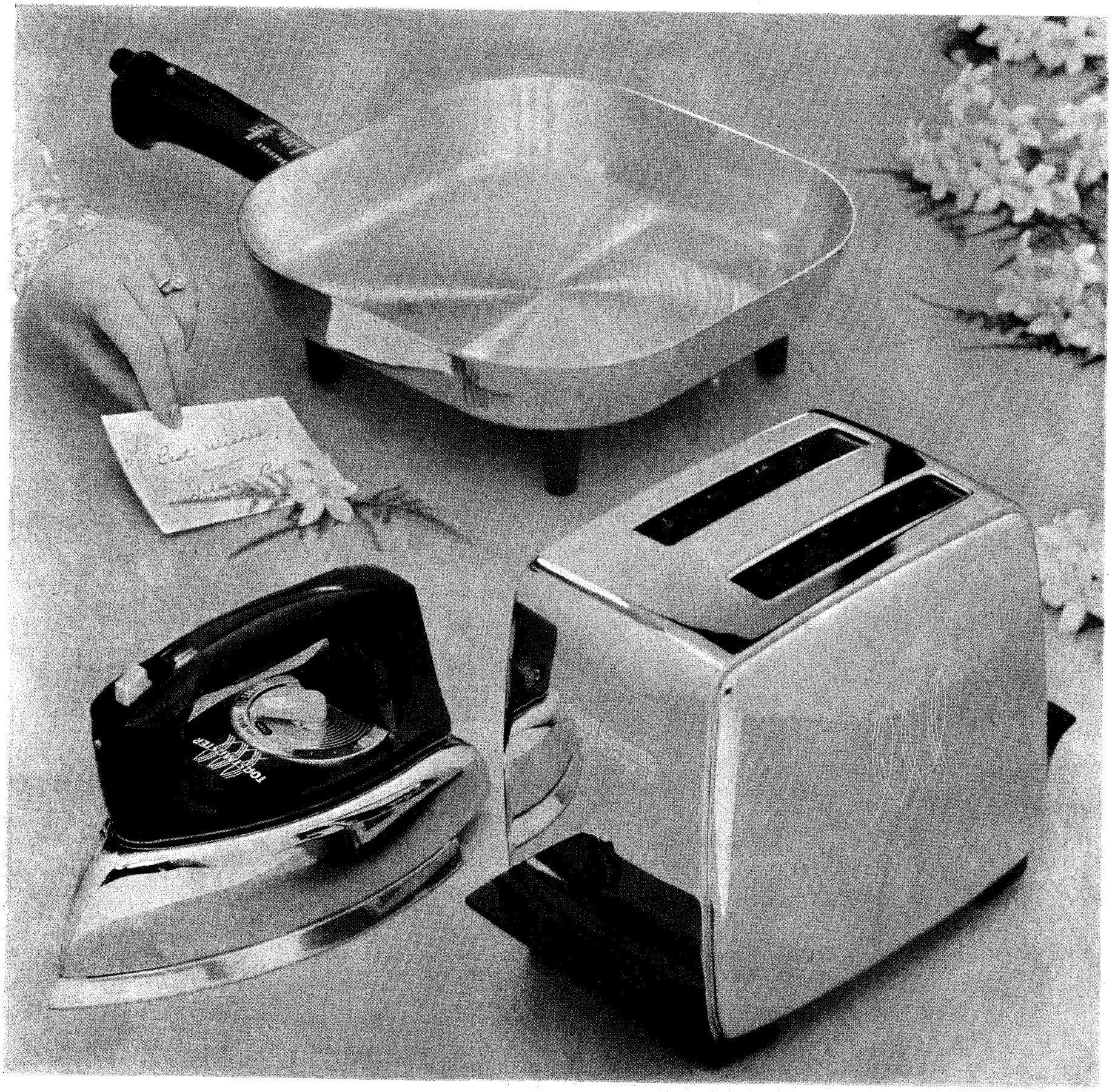

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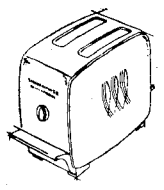

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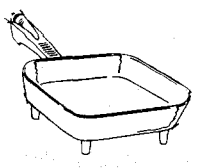

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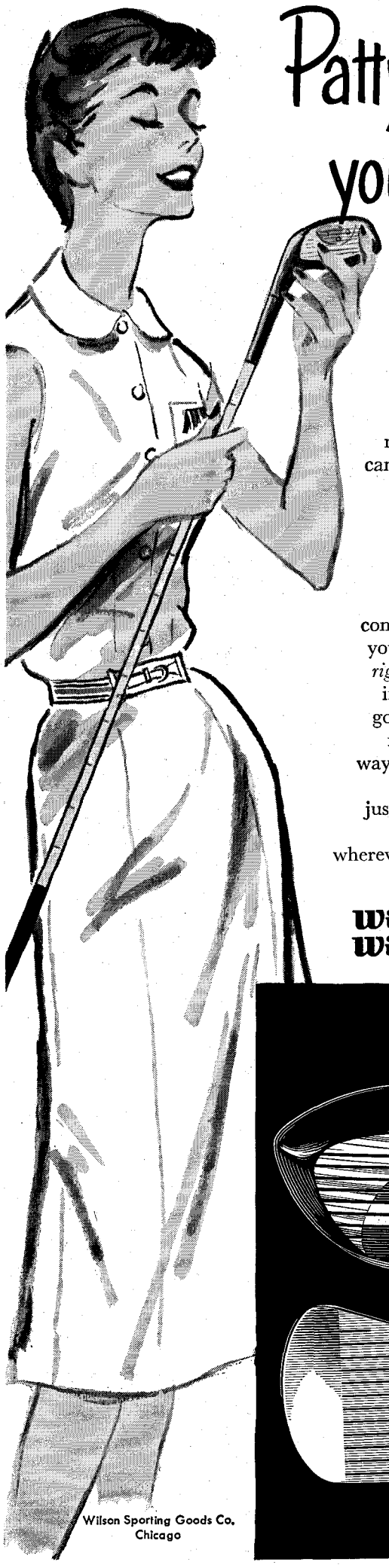
**PATTY BERG,** winner of 76 tournaments, holder of the Vare Trophy for lowest women's national scoring average, is a member of the Wilson Advisory Staff. Holder of the world record for women with a 64, Miss Berg certainly knows her way around a golf course.



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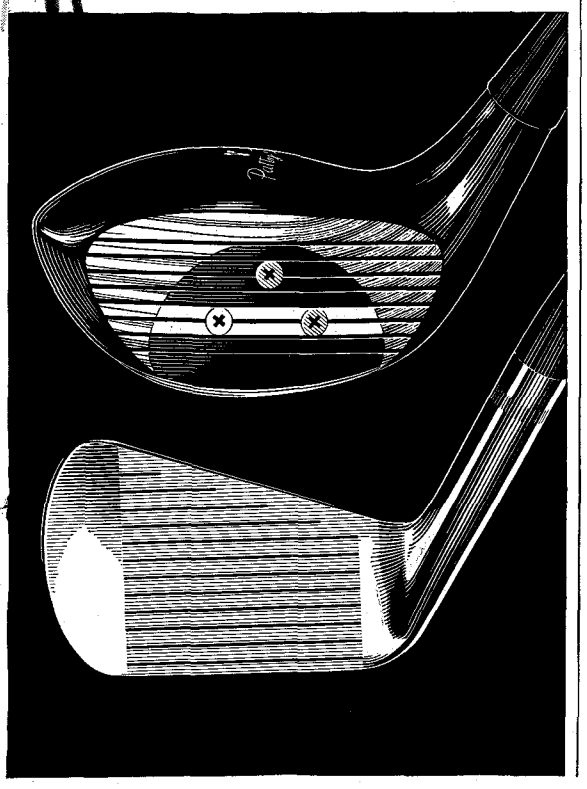

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. Chicago


(*Continued from Page 64*) The party was a whingding. Even Sock had to admit that as the evening wore on. Willie Peters was there; so was Monk McGuire and Fillmore Hendryx and Nosegay Brown, who—so the rest maintained—had used to fly a jet with the grace and verve of a plummeting anvil. All brought wives or girl friends along; also anybody else unattached that they had met on the way.

By 2200 the lights were on at the pool, as more people kept coming. A man served drinks at a portable bar—he mentioned to Sock that his regular job was taking care of the monkeys, but that this wasn't so much different.

"I see what you mean," Sock said. "I, myself, have to report to McElligott Air Force Base by eleven hundred hours tomorrow."

"You'll never make it," the man predicted.

"I shall go by safari," Sock said primly.

There were thirty-odd people milling around the pool now. Nosegay Brown, hurt by the slurs on his flying, was out at the gate on the highway now, flagging down cars and inviting more people to the party, on the theory that with strangers he had nothing to lose. Quite a few accepted and by 2300 the crowd had tripled. Sock was feeling better about things—a small beer, or possibly two spiked with gin, could make a difference. It was, he decided, nice to see old faces again.

Presently it occurred to him that Nosegay Brown might need help at the gate, and he wandered that way, taking care to pass through the veranda. Eloise, wearing white shorts and a shirt, was curled up on a couch with a book, aloof to the goings-on at the pool. She lifted her eyebrows as Sock, emboldened by the second small beer—or possibly the sixth, spiked with gin—paused.

"You," Eloise said thoughtfully, "look like the devil, Jones. I seem to remember that you are to report to McElligott Air Force Base at eleven hundred tomorrow? A General Benning is expecting you?"

"A Beauregard Benning, no less," Sock assured her owlishly. The short beers got in another lick and Sock failed to remember that this was precisely the way he'd got into trouble in Geisha Lane. "Beauregard Benning is strictly arsenic and old lace, dear. Do you care to accompany me to welcome new guests with Nosegay Brown?"

"I do not," Eloise said tartly. "I am quite happy here, thank you, reading the Letters of the younger Pliny."

Sock scowled and decided that he didn't like the younger Pliny, whoever the hell he was. "So he's writing letters to you now, is he?" he asked darkly.

"The younger Pliny was born A.D. Sixty-two," Eloise retorted.

Sock mumbled, "Old goat ought to be ashamed of himself—writing letters to young girls like you!" and wandered off.

Eloise called after him, "Jones, come back here! I think that I had better drive you to McElligott right now!"

Sock automatically went faster. Something ought to be done about that Pliny, he decided fuzzily. A nice gal with a shape like that shouldn't be pestered by some lecherous old coot aged enough to be her grandfather.

Traffic had thinned on the highway and Nosegay Brown wasn't to be found, and presently Sock wandered back toward the veranda once more. He noticed vaguely that something was going on down by the barns that he'd seen earlier—people moved around with flashlights there. Confounded safari probably making up, he decided.

Mike Cranston came out of a hall to greet Sock with an affectionate embrace. "Buddy!" he said tearfully. "I have got everything fixed up for you, ole pal. A teeny little phone call was all it took."

A horrid premonition began to seep through the ground fog which was beginning to surround Sock now. "A phone call?" he asked hollowly. "To whom a phone call?"

"To'm the general, who else?" Mike demanded, beaming. "Had to get old Bulldozer Benny out of bed, of course. Ole Benny was just his good ole self—mean as hell."

"Oh, no!" Sock yelled. "You didn't —— Oh, my sainted aunt!"

He had a stark picture of Brigadier General Beauregard Benning being routed out of his cozy nest by an insistent telephone, and the mere idea sent chills running up and down his back. The general was a tough cooky with ice water for blood, and he hadn't got the nickname of Bulldozer Benny for nothing.

Mike was burbling happily on, "'Benny,' I say to him, 'you have got not a thing to worry about. Your ace M.C. will roll into McElligott right on the dot, and all you will have to do is sit back and receive the plaudits of the crowd. Which you are good at.'

"'I am glad to hear that,' Benny says back to me. 'Naturally, I will have my Air Police waiting for said ace M.C.'

"'That is what I like about you, Benny,' I say. 'You are so consistent—once a louse, always a louse, I say.'"

The fog had cleared a little from Sock's brain now, as he peered back at Mike, goggle-eyed. Mike smiled serenely and propped himself against the wall with care. Sock's face began to get red.

"You fat bum!" he said hoarsely. "I'll deny I ever was here! I'll swear I haven't seen you since Japan—I wish to high heaven that I hadn't! If I had a knife I'd cut your ——"

"Now, dear," Mike said soothingly, "let's not get upset. Ole Benny didn't know it was me calling. Jus' relax."

Sock waved his arms. "What the hell do you mean—he didn't know it was you calling? Who'd he think was calling?"

"You, ole buddy-buddy," Mike said with a cherubic smile. He tapped his head with a forefinger. "Smart, huh? Told ole Benny it was ole Socko Jones calling. Reversed charges too. Yep, smart!"

Mike's knees relaxed and he slid gently down the wall and rolled over and went to sleep. For a moment Sock stared down at him in a state of partial shock; then went blindly back to the pool.

The monkey man sympathetically put a small beer in his hand as he passed. "You look like you see a ghost," the latter said. "I see one once, myself. It is in Wichita, Kansas, back in ——"

Sock went on, glassy-eyed. He passed Fillmore Hendryx, who was telling lies to a couple of blondes. "—— there I was at thirty thousand feet, on my back and burning like a haystack when ——" Farther on, Nosegay Brown led a mixed chorus in a refrain that went: "*Hoy es miércoles. ¿Cómo está usted?*" That, Nosegay Brown interrupted to explain every now and then, meant: "Today is Wednesday. How are you?" when translated from the Spanish. Sock didn't linger there.

He'd steal a car from the garage, he thought vaguely, only the ground fog was coming down again and he doubted that he could drive—or even find the garage. Besides, Eloise might be waiting for him there, and he found that his earlier courage had evaporated. Then he remembered the activity he'd seen by the barns a while ago and decided fuzzily that that was the solution. O.K.! He would ride south

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with Mike Cranston's damned safari! What did he have to lose now, anyway?

He turned and stumbled in the direction of the barns and, after a little, came to an open gate in the wire fence. He went through it, mumbling profanely, and hauled up in front of the vague bulk of a huge van. Its lights came on suddenly to flood over him.

A crisp voice said from the cab, "I had a hunch you'd show up here sooner or later, Jones. If you hadn't, I'd have sent a keeper after you. Get in!"

It was Eloise's voice, Sock realized with a nasty shock. He muttered, "I got to see a man ——" and started off, but he was too late.

Arms grabbed him and Eloise was speaking crisply again, "Boost him in here, Emil! We've got to get going!"

A voice with a Swedish accent said soothingly in Sock's ear, "Yoost you take it easy, meester," and Sock felt himself propelled into the cab. The door slammed after him.

"I have got to get ——" he began.

"To McElligott Air Force Base!" Eloise snapped as the motor started. "By eleven hundred hours! I know all about it. You're darn lucky, Jones, that you've got me to look after you, instead of that nitwitted brother-in-law of mine."

Trapped, Sock thought wildly; snared like a rabbit in a noose. "Why don't we take a car?" he asked craftily. Maybe he could get away in the darkness and confusion.

The van passed through the gate and began to roll faster toward the highway. "Just say that I like vans better," Eloise told him shortly. "Or say that I'm interested in seeing that this cargo gets to where it's going. I own a half interest in this animal factory. Remember? Now shut up while I drive. Go to sleep."

He would not go to sleep, Sock decided indignantly. It took all of two minutes. As the fog closed down on him again, he was vaguely aware that Eloise was wearing the green hat—he could see the feather.

Imps with pitchforks were prying at Sock's head as he struggled back to the land of the living. He knew hazily that sun was shining on his face, but he kept his eyelids squeezed tight as he tried to remember where he was. On a rough mission somewhere. Korea, maybe. Finally he cracked one eye open; then sat up abruptly as things began to come back to him with the nasty shock of exploding grenades.

He was in the cab of a van that was crawling to the top of a long grade above brown hills. Eloise, still wearing the white shorts and white shirt, but no hat now, was behind the wheel. She turned her head a little to look at him.

"Let me out of here!" Sock demanded hoarsely.

"What's the matter, Jones?" Eloise asked, unmoved. "A slight headache this morning, perhaps? A bad taste in the mouth?"

Memory of that telephone call last night hit Sock now with a delayed-fuse action. He groaned. The thing to do was get out at the next town, he decided morosely; then head for the South Pole or somewhere. He'd better not show up at McElligott; that was for sure.

He said that as the van topped the grade and began to roll faster down the other side. Here there was a winding, downhill run to where the main highway turned sharply south some ten miles farther on. The road to McElligott continued straight on there.

"Keep your shirt on, Jones," Eloise said calmly. "I intend to get you to McElligott on time."

Sock squirmed as something kept shoving at his shoulder from behind. Things were coming back more plainly now. "So I was potted last night," he said morosely. "So it serves me right. That still doesn't explain what I'm doing here."

"I'm taking you to McElligott."

"In a moving van?"

"What did you expect? A ricksha, Jones?"

That was like a woman, Sock thought, his discomfort growing. Something was shoving at his shoulder again, and he put a hand back to push it away. His fingers touched what felt like a face badly in need of a shave, and Sock turned his head to look. A lion was looking back at him through a small window in the back of the cab. Sock turned his head slowly until he was looking at the road again.

"Uh," he muttered finally, "I guess I really hung one on last night. Could of swore I saw a lion back there."

"Bongo," Eloise told him matter-of-factly. "If you'd looked closer you'd have seen a hyena in a cage and a yak named ——"

"Let me out of here!" Sock yelled, his nerves beginning to snap like firecrackers.

"Take it easy, Jones," Eloise counseled as the van began to pick up speed on the downgrade. "Bongo's a lamb—besides, Emil's back

(*Continued on Page 70*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Is this where they're holding the father and son banquet?"


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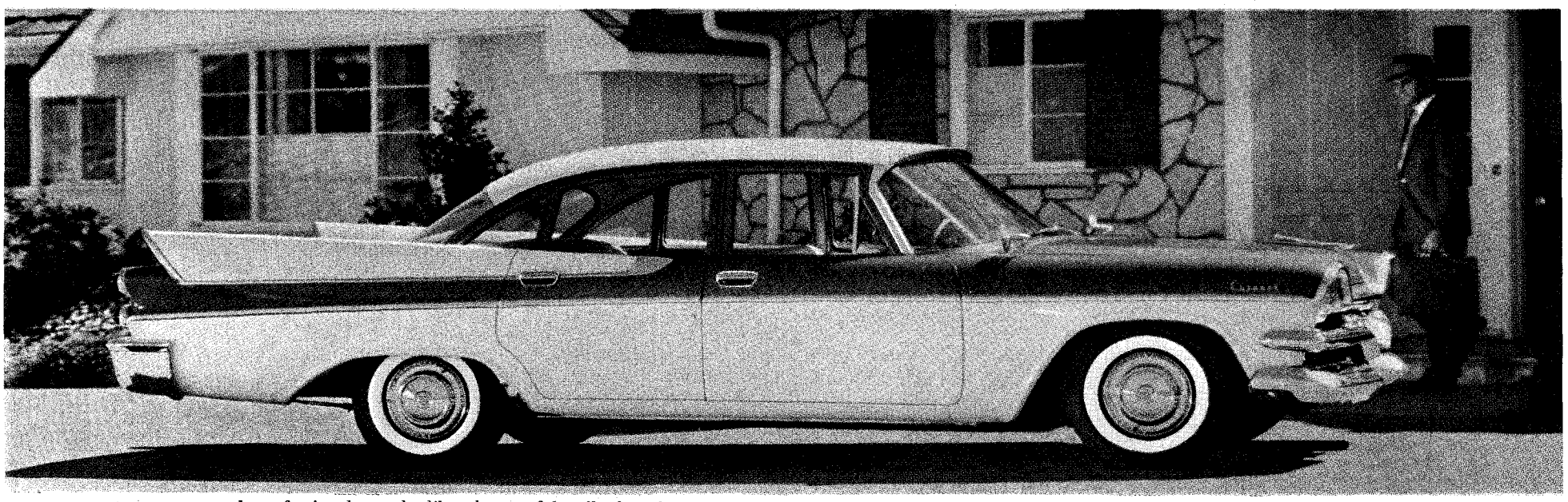
# AMERICA'S STYLING LEADERS



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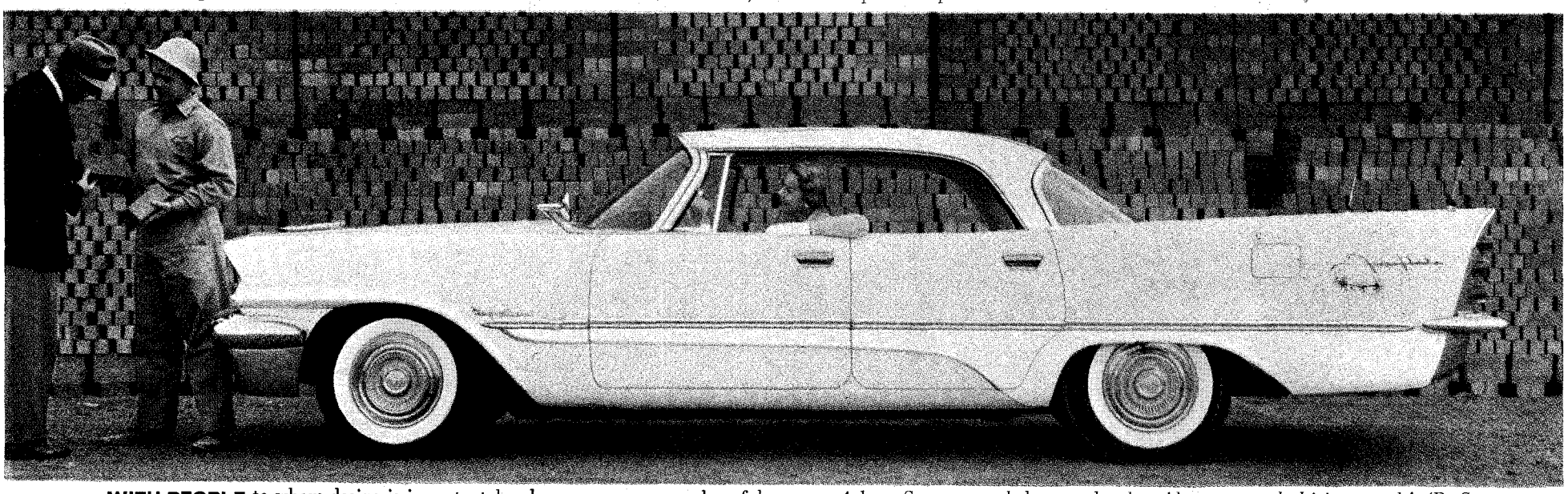

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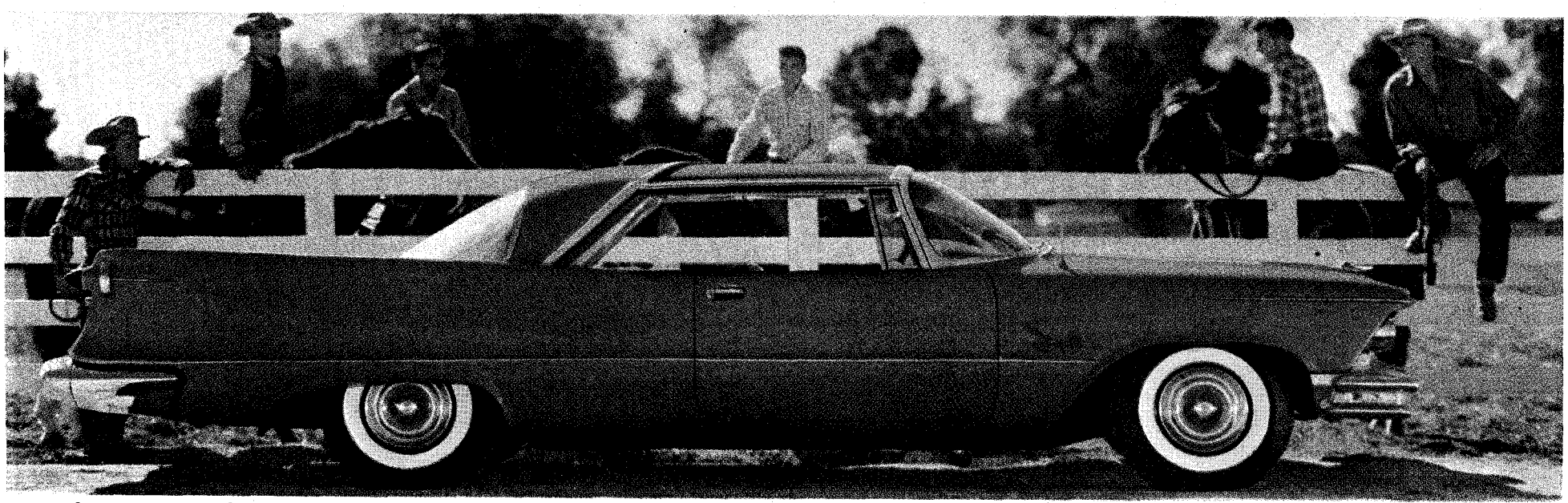

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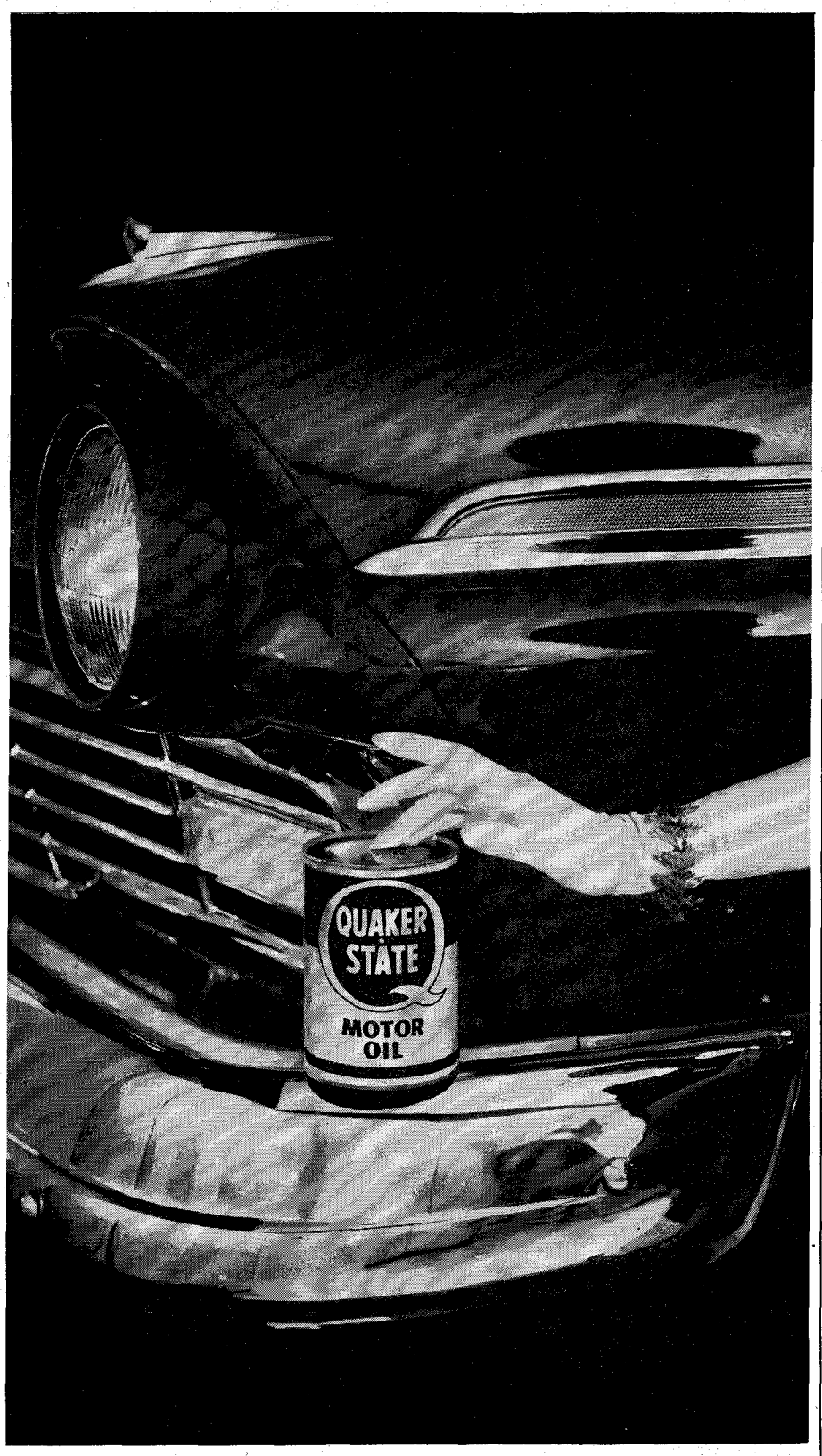


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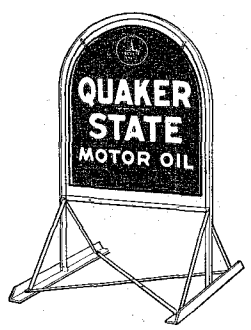


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(*Continued from Page 67*) there with him. Emil's his trainer. Bongo's teeth are bad; they ache, so Emil has to feed him his gruel every hour."

"Bongo's teeth can ache someplace else than around me," Sock said grimly. "Just let me out of here!"

Eloise didn't answer; she was squinting into the rear-view mirror now. "I think," she mentioned after a little, "that we have got cops, Jones. Hang on. I haven't brought you this far just to have us hauled away to the pokey with McElligott practically in sight."

She shoved her foot down hard and the van jumped forward down the steep grade. They rocketed around a curve, tires screaming, and Sock caught a glimpse of the canyon below. Eloise was tugging at the wheel, and a small wrinkle had come into her forehead all at once.

"Take it easy!" Sock yelled. "You want to go off the road and into the——" Then he stopped abruptly as he saw that Eloise's foot was riding the brake pedal hard. With no effect. The highway was rushing toward them faster and faster.

"Jones," Eloise said then in a small voice, "it seems that we no longer have any brakes."

It took an instant for that to register on Sock; then he had it and it chilled his stomach. No brakes! And heading down a ten-mile grade accelerating by the second as the van's tons ran wild. He grabbed for the wheel, vaguely aware that a siren was wailing behind them as the speedometer needle reached for sixty.

"Slide under me!" he ordered curtly. Eloise did, so that he was squarely behind the wheel now. "Get the door open and get ready to jump when I give you the word!"

"I can't jump, Sock," Eloise said in a sober voice. "Emil's locked in back there. He can't get out; I've got to stay with him."

"Dandy," Sock grunted, one hand on the wheel and the other on the emergency brake. "We'll all go to glory with Bongo."

The emergency brake gave him a little drag, but not enough because the speedometer needle just hesitated at seventy and went on. The siren blasted at his ears again and, out of the corner of his eye, Sock saw the police cruiser come abreast.

"Pull over!" one of the cops was yelling, his face red.

"I got news for you, bud!" Sock shouted. "I haven't got any brakes! Get out in front and clear the road for me!"

A shocked look spread across the cop's face, and then the patrol car shot ahead, red light flashing and siren lifting in a banshee wail. They rounded another curve at seventy-plus and there was a small town ahead. They went through it, scattering cars like chickens; roared through a red light like a projectile on the loose. Then the town was behind. Sock sighed and abandoned the emergency brake to devote his whole attention to steering. Eloise was pressed tightly against his shoulder now, and he liked that somehow.

"I'd prefer your letters to Pliny's, Sock," she was saying in that small voice. "If I had any of your letters."

A half mile ahead was an intersection with a truck-trailer job, long as a freight train, approaching from the right as the cops tried to flag it down. It didn't flag. Sock shut his eyes momentarily and wrenched at the wheel, and they missed the trailer by the width of a cigarette paper. Sock sighed again—more deeply.

"I'll write, dear," he said—it helped to keep his mind off humdrum things like the van. "I promise I'll write."

Ahead, an ancient jalopy with no top was ambling sedately along with a white-whiskered old gentleman at the wheel. The cops went by him, yelling and waving; the old gentleman waved cordially back. Then he turned his head to look. The jalopy leaped like a deer and began to climb the bank as the van hurtled by.

"You're much more interesting than Pliny, Sock."

"You haven't seen anything yet," Sock said.

A sharp curve came into view at the foot of the grade; he'd never make it, Sock knew. He'd have to keep on straight ahead. Then he realized, with a sudden shock, that McElligott Air Force Base was that way. He could see the gate now with its wooden barrier primly down across the road and an Air Policeman standing stiffly on either side. Nothing he could do about it, Sock decided grimly, and aimed the van straight at the gate. One of the Air Police had stalked majestically into the middle of the road.

"Get out of the way!" Sock yelled.

The Air Policeman bounded with gazellelike grace, his face contorted, and there was a splintering crash as the barrier disintegrated. Then, presently, the ground began to rise and the van slowed; Sock got it stopped finally in the middle of the parade ground. When the Air Police, reinforced by the civilian cops, arrived a few minutes later, they found Sock kissing Eloise with a single-minded concentration. She was enthusiastically kissing him back.

---

Any man who comes out of retirement is really off his rocker.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

"You're under arrest, captain," one of the Air Police began.

He was interrupted by a frantic voice from the back of the van, "Holy Moses! There's a lion in here! Run for your lives, boys! Here he comes!"

Brigadier General Beauregard Benning was very nice about the whole matter, after it had been explained. Eloise did most of the explaining while they had coffee on the general's veranda. Sock sat listening with a vaguely puzzled look on his homely face.

"We just thought that a lion would be a nice addition to your circus, general," Eloise was saying—when it came to quick thinking Eloise was no slouch. "So, as long as Bongo had to go to L.A. anyway, Sock persuaded me to bring him here first."

"Damned good idea, by gad!" the general said, taking a peek at Eloise's curves. "And a hyena, too, did you say?"

Eloise dimpled. "And a yak, sir."

"Well, by gad! It will practically make our little circus!" The general took another peek at Eloise. "M'm-m-m. You don't intend to let this little lady get away from the Air Force, do you, Jones? You must bring her right here to McElligott, my boy!"

Sock looked sideways at Eloise, and she made an "O" with her thumb and forefinger. The thing that had been eluding Sock hit him then. Why, by gad, if he married Eloise he wouldn't have to be afraid of girls any more. Eloise would keep 'em away!

"Yes, sir, general!" he said loudly, and looked at Eloise again. "That's the very reason I brought her along!"

THE END

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# The Artless Heiress (Continued from Page 17)

avidly—"if I could think of something outrageous I think I should do it. Just for the hell of it."

"Awk!" Miss Cordwainer exclaimed, and collapsed in a chair.

In the morning, promptly at nine o'clock, Columbine sallied forth to beard Mr. Hoopenlooper in his den. Her aunt insisted upon accompanying her, impelled, first, by curiosity, and, second, by solicitude lest something untoward befall her niece on such a foray into the great, mysterious world.

They were wafted to the thirtieth floor of a great office building and found at last a door upon which the firm name of Postlewhaite, Hoopenlooper, Postlewhaite and Dodd was emblazoned. In a lower corner of the door was the word ENTRANCE. They entered. A businesslike receptionist looked up inquiringly.

"Mr. Hoopenlooper wants to see me," said Columbine.

"Your name, please."

"Columbine Pepper Drugget," Columbine said.

The receptionist stared, but recovered herself. There was, surprisingly, a twinkle in Columbine's eye.

"Right on the button," Columbine said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"My name. It does that to people. But you're up on the count of eight."

"Columbine!" exclaimed Miss Cordwainer.

Miss Drugget was close to a grin. "You pick up strange and useful phrases from nine-year-old girls," she explained.

"I'm sorry," said the receptionist, "but Mr. Hoopenlooper is occupied."

Columbine shook her head. "Mr. Hoopenlooper sent for me," she said. "He asked me to call promptly, and I have been prompt. Mr. Hoopenlooper wants to see me. I do not know whether I want to see him or not. Will you inform him that I am here and don't propose to be stood up? I will not be given the heave-ho by any lawyer."

"Oh, my goodness gracious," murmured Miss Cordwainer.

"Yes, ma'am!" said the receptionist meekly. She was impressed. This girl must be someone important to talk that way. She spoke into the telephone. "Mr. Hoopenlooper," she said, "Miss Columbine Pepper Drugget is here and insists upon seeing you at once." There was a slight pause. "But, Mr. Hoopenlooper, she won't wait. She—she says she doesn't propose to be stood up." There was another pause while the telephone made noises. The receptionist looked up. "I am to show you right in," she said.

Mr. Hoopenlooper, wide and dignified, stood up as the ladies entered.

"Miss Drugget?" he inquired.

"And my aunt, Miss Cordwainer."

"Of whose admirable school," he said, "I have heard." He peered in a mildly humorous way at Columbine. "You frightened our receptionist half to death," he said. "If you had phoned for an appointment ——"

"You requested me to come promptly."

"Do sit down," he invited, and they occupied comfortable chairs. "You are Miss Columbine Pepper Drugget?" he asked.

"I am," she replied.

"What was your father's name?"

"Tecumseh Harrison Drugget," she said.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one," she answered.

"When did you last see your father?"

"When I was about three years old."

"You have not seen nor heard of him since?"

"No," Columbine said.

"Your father prospered," said Mr. Hoopenlooper.

Columbine said nothing.

"At the time of his death," Mr. Hoopenlooper said, "he was seized of a valuable piece of property."

"Seized?" asked Columbine. "How did he seize it?"

"It is a legal term," Mr. Hoopenlooper said, "meaning he owned it."

Columbine let that pass.

"He died testate," the lawyer continued, "making you his sole legatee."

"I suppose," she said, "you'll translate that."

"It means that he left to you by will all the property he owned."

"Me!" she exclaimed, pointing to herself.

"You," he answered. "The property," he continued, "consists of a motor court in the city of Phoenix, Arizona, appraised at a considerable sum. And sufficient cash to pay the inheritance tax."

"What," asked Columbine, "is a motor court?"

"It is a species of inn," said Mr. Hoopenlooper. "Motorists drive up to it, park their cars and occupy rooms or apartments or cottages."

"And this—this species of hotel is mine?"

"Upon," said the lawyer, "the fulfillment of certain conditions precedent."

"So," she said tartly, "there's a catch in it."

"The proviso," said Mr. Hoopenlooper, "is that you take possession and operate the project for one year at a profit, you yourself acting as sole manager. If you succeed in doing so, the real estate and contents become your property inalienably. Am I clear?"

"Mr. Hoopenlooper," said Columbine gravely, "you send me. I'm hep."

Mr. Hoopenlooper and Miss Cordwainer said, "Awk!" in chorus.

"That," Columbine explained, "is an expression I picked up from Eloise D'Anjou, aged ten, a pupil in our school."

Mr. Hoopenlooper recovered himself and bowed to Miss Cordwainer. "Madam," he said in his most courtly manner, "your institution must have a most remarkable curriculum."

"Sir," responded Miss Cordwainer, "I am commencing to believe that what you say is true."

"Miss Drugget," he asked, "is it your intention to endeavor to carry out the conditions of the testator?"

"Sir," responded Columbine, "as Guinevere Hamilton, also aged ten, would phrase it when not cramped by the presence of instructors, 'I'll give it the old college try.'"

"But a motor court!" exclaimed Egeria Cordwainer. "It sounds common. After all, Columbine, remember that you are a gentlewoman of culture."

"After all," Columbine replied, "up to now, I never have been anything but a gentlewoman of culture. There might be other social classifications that I would enjoy more keenly. Aunt, I must aver that being a gentlewoman of culture has not been precisely enchanting."

"You," said Egeria, "have been sheltered and secure."

Columbine bent her brows and was thoughtful. "I read a book some time ago, smuggled into school by Gertrude Vanderpelt. It was a fanciful volume—not factual, but imaginative. It dealt with the vicissitudes of a young man and woman

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who definitely were not sheltered and secure, but, on the contrary, exposed and insecure. Certainly not stagnant. I have deduced that one encounters no ecstasy in stagnation."

"Ecstasy!" It is not easy to snort the word "ecstasy," but Egeria Cordwainer accomplished it. "A word with immoral connotation."

"The young people in this novel," Columbine said pensively, "seemed to enjoy it."

"Your father," Miss Cordwainer said in her most censorious voice, "would naturally choose some crude and *déclassé* occupation."

Columbine turned to Mr. Hoopenlooper. "What," she asked, "is the value of this—ah—motor court?"

"For inheritance-tax purposes," the lawyer said, "it has been appraised at five hundred thousand dollars."

Columbine arched her brows. "From what I have observed," she said, "half a million dollars is seldom either crude or *déclassé*." She paused and removed her steel-rimmed spectacles, which altered her face considerably. "If this experience has no other merit," she said, "it will afford an opportunity for sociological research."

"It will, indeed!" agreed Mr. Hoopenlooper. He cleared his throat. "I am instructed by our Phoenix correspondent to supply you with transportation to that city and with ample funds for the journey. When would you care to start, Miss Drugget?"

"Forthwith," said Columbine firmly.

"Shall we say on Monday?" he asked.

"Not alone and unchaperoned!" protested her aunt.

"I understand from the papers," Columbine replied, "that it is only beautiful girls who are molested." She replaced her steel-rimmed glasses. "What I saw in my mirror this morning assures me that I am not an eligible victim."

Mr. Hoopenlooper peered at her in appraisal, but could make nothing of it—not so long as she wore that quasi-uniform, and disfiguring glasses and flat-heeled shoes and a hat that would have revolted Queen Mary. He wondered what a hairdresser and the expert ministrations of a beauty shop and the services of a first-class *modiste* could do for her. He could not imagine. His judgment was that these purveyors of loveliness would find themselves frustrated.

Miss Cordwainer found protests vain. Columbine Pepper Drugget developed of a sudden a stubbornness of unsuspected proportions. And so it was that on the following Monday she boarded the Twentieth Century for her first train journey of more than fifty miles. Accompanying her was a new suitcase, a handbag and an overnight bag. She occupied a roomette and was more frightened than she admitted. Fright came near to panic as the train moved away from Grand Central and she realized that she was alone—alone and traveling at a tremendous rate of speed into a world with which she had no acquaintance and with which she was ill equipped to cope.

What little Columbine knew of travel she had learned from the prattle of girls under ten years of age or by adroitly questioning them about such an adventurous thing. Most of her informants took it for granted that human beings always went from place to place by air, but some of them had found it necessary from time to time to utilize so antiquated a mode of transportation as a train. Such facts as they imparted were of slight use to Columbine, because they took it for granted that anyone must know such elementary facts as the habits and uses of Pullman porters; and that no lady ever assumed any responsibility, but assumed that railroad people would pamper her; and that meals were served in drawing rooms, where one ate in privacy, and not in public diners. And, naturally, none of the select young ladies ever exhibited herself in the club car. So Columbine knew nothing about ordinary run-of-mine railroad travel.

She sat now in the cramped space of a roomette and was alarmed by its various gadgets. The bed, when lowered, would occupy all the space, which presented problems. The porter had taken her new piece of airplane luggage with the red stripes around it and had hidden it away someplace, leaving her only her handbag and overnight bag, in which were all the necessaries for the night. Presently, when the train came up for air and was scudding along the many-bridged Bronx River, a waiter moved along the corridor making musical noises and announcing dinner. The porter thrust a solicitous nose through the door and asked if she understood the business of lowering the bed. Being ashamed to admit that she did not, she told him sharply that she did, and then repented.

"Archimedes," she said.

"Yas'm," the porter said, eyes enlarging. "That simple to work too."

"I mean," Columbine said severely, "the great mathematician. He said he could lift the world with a lever if he could find a place to stand."

"Yas'm. Yas, indeedy."

"Where do I stand when I lower the bed? There is no place."

"Miss," the porter explained, "fust you zip this curtain. Yas'm. Then you kind of stand in the do' and push the back of you into the corridor. Nobuddy kin see you; only a kind of a lump bulgin' the curtain. Thass how you undress 'n' git into bed 'n' slide the do' shet."

Columbine considered the situation. "I think," she decided, "I would prefer to stand on the bed."

"No'm. No, indeedy. The car it lurch, you get whammed down 'n' sue the railroad fo' damages. You stand in the corridor like I tell you, miss. It's—it's de law."

He moved away, but remembered something and came back. "Some folks," he said, "gits clusterhydrophobia in these roomettes. Do you git to feelin' that way, the's a club car next the diner where you is welcome to set. With a bar, miss." He bobbed his head. "Why'n't yo' go git dinner 'fo' the diner gits crowded?"

She passed through three cars, and then a fourth, which she correctly deduced was the club car. It was comfortably filled with cheerful men and women having cocktails before dinner. To her it was a worldly and sophisticated scene. On certain important occasions Columbine had partaken of sherry, but never of such beverages as cocktails and highballs. She hesitated a moment and then seated herself in a vacant chair. Why not? She was out in the world, no longer circumscribed by the Cordwainer School. If she were to make her way in this world she must not avoid experiences. In short, when in Rome she must do as the Romans did. A waiter paused before her.

The name of a certain beverage intrigued her. Miss Queeny Meldrum, aged nine, had mentioned it as a favorite of her father's. Columbine gave her order distinctly.

"Scotch on the stones," she said.

"Says what?" asked the waiter.

"I spoke clearly," Columbine said. "Scotch on the stones."

"Perhaps," suggested a voice from the next chair, "the lady means Scotch on the rocks."

"What matter," she said with hostility, not looking at her neighbor. "What matter, rocks, stones, pebbles?"

"What matter, indeed!" agreed the gentleman.

In moments the glass arrived. Columbine eyed it with misgiving, but with what she considered the nonchalance of a veteran drinker she raised it to her lips and took a generous swallow. Nothing but iron self-control prevented catastrophe. Not only was the taste of the liquid abhorrent but it burned like fire; it gagged her; it choked her. She managed to suppress a whooping cough which would have sprayed the vicinity with alcohol. Her eyes watered. She gasped.

"Your favorite drink, I presume?" said the gentleman in the next chair.

Columbine struggled for breath. She could not have spoken had her life depended upon it. Gradually the spasm subsided and the discomfort abated. She eyed her glass with grim determination, sure that the eyes of everyone in the club car were fastened upon her to see if she finished her drink. Again she raised it to her lips, but with caution. This time she sipped with no tragic results, but still detesting the taste of it.

"That," said the gentleman in the next chair, "is what I call heroism."

"Sir," she said icily, quoting from a Victorian novel, "were you addressing me?"

"Why," he said, "come to think of it, I believe I was."

"How dare you?" she said, still quoting the Victorian novel. And then, in part, quoting a member of Miss Cordwainer's student body, "I do not permit myself to be raised up by strangers on a train."

"That one escapes me," said the young man gravely. "'Raised up'! Why, of course. A much more elite phrase than the one in common use. 'Picked up' is definitely less eligible."

Grimly Columbine emptied her glass. She did not steal a glance at the gentleman who had spoken to her. She knew she should resent his advances, and though her ideas of decorum compelled her to pretend to be outraged, she found she rather enjoyed what undoubtedly was a dangerous adventure. Besides, she was aware of a pleasant and unaccustomed warmth and of a desire to giggle. Never before had she felt that giggling would be a pleasant diversion. She gave rein to the impulse and giggled, then found it impossible to quell a hiccup. She got up suddenly to remove herself from the dangerous presence, and found it difficult to balance herself, for the train was making speed and the car swayed. The man in the next chair arose and cupped her elbow in his palm.

"Can you make it?" he asked with jocular solicitude.

"Cer'nly," Columbine responded with dignity, and made her way toward the diner.

It seemed there was but one vacant seat, and that at a table for four midway down the car. The seat next the window was occupied by a woman clinging to middle age precariously. Hers was a noble bosom and above it an equally noble series of chins. Her neck-long hair was of a shade of which nature never had dreamed, though it made one think of withered carrots. From her ears dangled diamond pendants. Her massive wrists were circled by a series of jeweled bracelets, and there was a profusion of rings set with assorted gems of astonishing size. With big blue eyes she took stock of Columbine, and then took a second look, as if she could not believe what she had seen at first.

Across the table from this bejeweled amazon sat a mousy youngish man with thick-lensed glasses and a meek expression like that of a pet white rabbit. He was, thought Columbine in her elated state, utterly negligible.

Directly across from her sat a round-faced gentleman of the cloth, either a priest of the Roman Catholic Church or an Episcopalian clergyman. He smiled at Columbine in a vague, kindly, paternal manner.

Columbine studied the menu and wrote her order for soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, mixed green salad, bread, apple pie and coffee.

"Whoops, dearie!" exclaimed the glittering woman at her left. You keep on stuffing like that and they'll be calling you Two-Ton Tessie."

"My name," said Columbine, "is not Tessie."

"A gobbler by any other name can get just as fat," the bosomy woman rejoined. "Now take him," she piped, indicating the young man with the glasses. "He's got ulcers. You can tell it by his sourpuss even if he hadn't ordered pap. . . . You got ulcers, haven't you, mister?"

"I have ulcers!" snapped the young man.

"And a bad disposition," said the lady. She fixed her (*Continued on Page 74*)

## LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

### 10. Of the Wife and the Haute Cuisine

And, son, 'tis probable thy wife will hoard
Uncounted epicurean recipes
And books thereof! Well-sauced, well-thermidored
She is, with rules for herbs, rare wines, rare cheese
Enough to make the purest gourmet sore
With envy! Yet—yet does her table show
Each day the rich results of all her lore?
It grieves me that the answer, lad, is no.

But think: one's aim transcends one's wonted way,
Else what's a marriage for? And think, thyself,
Of thine own bravely fitted basement shop
And what's come out of it. Regard, I say,
That one small solitary whatnot shelf,
Then let her broil, in peace, the simple chop.

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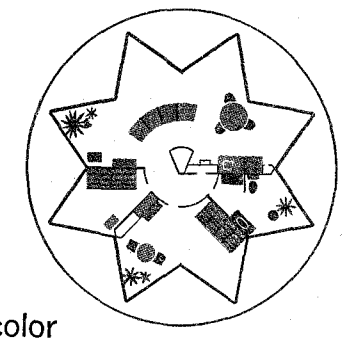

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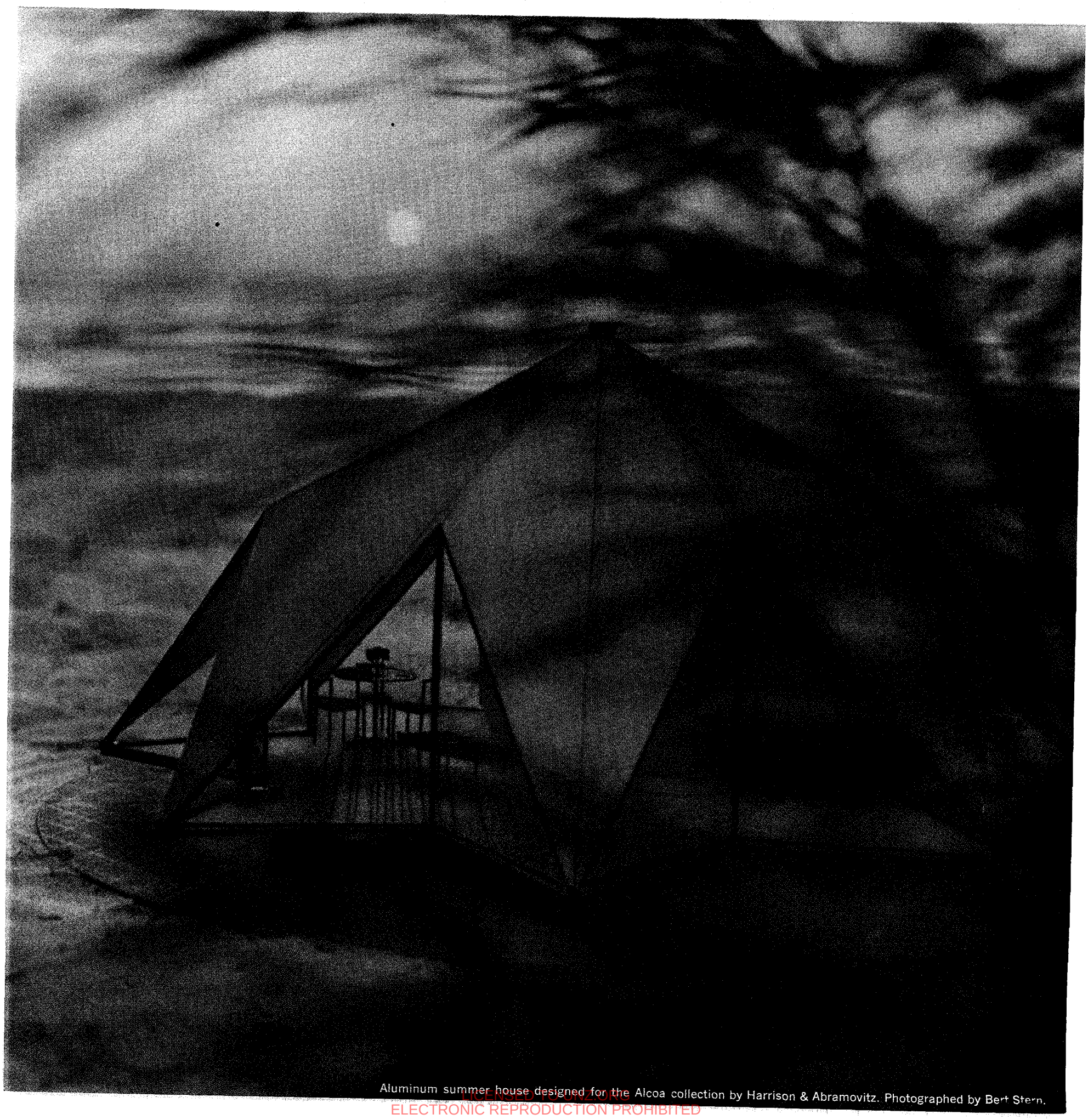

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(*Continued from Page 72*) bulging blue eyes on the clergyman. "Now take you," she said, "you got nothing but a clear conscience and a good appetite, and you don't care how fat you get. Who ever see a preacher with ulcers?" she snorted. "Virtue must be darned monotonous."

The rector smiled with gentle amiability, but made no retort.

"My name," the lady with the carroty hair said sociably, "is Roxy Thistlebun. Most folks call me Madame Roxy. . . . What's your name?" she demanded of the young man opposite.

"Artemus Thumb," he answered testily.

"What's your racket?"

"Racket!" He peered through his slabs of lenses owlishly. "Ah, yes, racket. I am a member of the faculty of Columbia, at present devoting my sabbatical to preparing a thesis for my master's degree."

"Well, butter my parsnips!" Madame exclaimed. "I'm breakin' into the upper brackets. . . . And what," she demanded, turning to Columbine, "is your name and station? If I eat with folks, I like to be acquainted with 'em."

"My name is Columbine Pepper Drugget," said Columbine.

"Schoolteacher?" Madame asked.

"I own and operate," Columbine said sturdily, "a motor hotel."

"Now," squeaked Madame incredulously, "I've heard everything! You run a motor hotel! In that hat? In that dress? What kind of guests you have, eh? Fugitives from a bargain basement?" She shook her head. "No chance. It's got to be homemade."

Until that moment, Columbine never had given special thought to the clothes she wore. Her life had been inside Miss Cordwainer's school, and its pupils had been uniformed. Being Miss Cordwainer's man of all work, she had accepted her place in the world. Of course she had seen elegantly dressed parents, but they had been, in effect, visitors from Mars. Now this woman—this Madame Roxy—had spoken as if her hat and dress were something to be sneered at. Suddenly she was self-conscious, but also resentful. She swung toward Madame and scrutinized her.

"And I suppose," she said cuttingly, "it's—it's pretty snazzy to go parading around like a Christmas tree with a bonfire on top of it?"

The rector could not restrain a chuckle. The professor looked blank. Madame seemed for an instant to be on the point of bursting like a boiler. But then she gasped and released a bubbling series of chuckles.

"Darned if I didn't get my comeuppance!" she said delightedly. "What I get for opening my big mouth. Maybe, girlie, you look like what the cat dragged in, but, by golly, you got what it takes."

Artemus Thumb, patently annoyed by the bootless conversation, and desiring to call attention to himself, said, "Ahem" in a peremptory manner. The three others paused and looked at him.

"My thesis," he said, "is to be entitled The Place of Primitive Magic in the Development of Agricultural Practices Among Pastoral Peoples."

"The devil you shout!" said Madame.

"I journey," he went on, "to gather data among the Hopis, the Navajos, the Pimas and the Apaches of Arizona."

"It will doubtless be a fascinating research," said the parson politely.

Columbine, greatly interested by these three so widely assorted individuals, studied them surreptitiously. The food she consumed had abated the feeling of elation that followed the consumption of her Scotch on the rocks. She felt acute and unusually intelligent and observing.

"Nobody," interjected Madame Roxy firmly, "asked me what I do to earn these gewgaws." She shook bracelets and rings at them. "Well, I started in burleycue when I was slim and had a shape to do a striptease. Then I marry me a Texas oil man, name of Thistlebun, and he lasted ten years and left me enough oil wells to buy me a jewelery store every Monday morning." She nodded her head positively. "Marrying Texas oil men is as good a trade as any girl can learn."

To this, Artemus Thumb paid no attention. It was as if he had not heard it because he was so engrossed in his own thoughts.

"Are you aware," he asked in his dry-as-dust voice, "that in time of drought certain Serbians strip a maiden to the skin and dress her from top to toe in grasses and herbs? Attended by a troop of girls, she parades the village, whirling and dancing, and pausing before every house, whose housewife pours over her a pail of water. This is believed to bring rain. Arizona is an arid country. I hope to find similar magic among its aborigines."

Columbine was not listening. She had become sure in her mind that the rector and the professor were acquaintances, though they took infinite pains to create the impression that they never had met before. She was not certain about Madame Roxy and reserved her opinion. She wondered why so erudite a man as Artemus Thumb and so gentle and unworldly a man as the rector would carry on such a pretense.

She searched her purse for the exact amount of her check and then added an inadequate tip. Curtly she said good night to her companions and walked back through the club car toward her own reservation. She could not refrain from lifting her eyes as she passed the chair where she had had her first drink of whisky. A young man sat next to it, an adequately large and definitely homely young man, not too meticulously tailored. He met her eyes quizzically.

"Got your sea legs back, sister?" he asked.

She elevated her chin and marched past him and on until she reached the narrow confines of her roomette. Resolutely she coped with its difficulties, and at last retired for the night, reading herself to sleep with a book on hotel management which had been the parting gift of her aunt, Miss Cordwainer, who believed you could learn everything from books and needed no actual experience. Columbine was to discover that this was far from the fact.

Columbine was more comfortable on the Golden State, for Mr. Hoopenlooper had been able to reserve for her a compartment on that train with none of the mechanical puzzles or disadvantages of a roomette. On the Phoenix car in which her compartment was located she saw, of the people she had met on the Century, only Prof. Artemus Thumb, who either did not remember her or pretended not to do so. She deduced that Madame Roxy Thistlebun and the minister had remained in Chicago. Nor did she see the nameless young man who had accosted her in the club car.

On the trip from Chicago to Phoenix she divided her time between looking out the window at unaccustomed scenery, studying assiduously the book on hotel management, and daydreaming in a not especially efficient manner. Columbine was not well equipped to dream. After all, dreams must be based on some sort of data, and such data as she had acquired was not of the sort to provide a founda-

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tion for golden reveries. Mostly, when young ladies let their thoughts rove, the meanderings are not done alone. On these roamings through romantic kingdoms there must inevitably be a prince charming and dalliance and romantic delights. Nature arranges it that way for the normal girl. But Columbine was not a normal girl; she, if she ever thought of it at all, took it for granted that hers was a future of spinsterhood. Until the moment when Mr. Hoopenlooper had informed her of her inheritance, she had meekly accepted it for fact that she would live out her life as Miss Cordwainer's secretary or assistant.

The pupils in the school had been too young to impart to her anything of the great mysterious outside world except some of its vocabulary. Now, as she was whirled through the country, she had leisure for the first time to think about her inheritance and to try to imagine what changes it would bring in her life. The first point her reasoning reached was that she would not be pent within the walls of Miss Cordwainer's school, with set duties and set hours and endless routine.

For the first time the word "free" took on some personal meaning. She reflected upon it. She would be free. What would it mean to be free? She did not know exactly, but found the general idea attractive. There would be no bells. She would not be commanded by bells ringing for this or for that class or dismissal from class. She did not yet go so far as to envision herself as her own mistress with freedom of will. That was too great a step to take all at once. But the bells became a sort of symbol. There would be no bells. She compared herself with Miss Cordwainer. Miss Cordwainer was in command of a school. She, Columbine Pepper Drugget, would be in command of some kind of hotel. She would be able to issue commands as Miss Cordwainer issued commands. This, as she considered it, was not particularly attractive. She could perceive no delight in ordering people around.

And then, as every intelligent human being must do sooner or later, she made a shaking discovery. She discovered her own identity. And having discovered it, she pondered upon it. "I am myself," she said for the first time. "I am Columbine Pepper Drugget, and I'm the only one there is. There is no other in all the world. I'm me!" Having been trained in logic, she went further: "I'm separate. I'm isolated. I'm the only living person I can know. I'm walled inside myself and nobody ever can know me, and by the same token, I never can know anybody else. I'm an island, and everybody else is an island. I am Columbine!" She repeated it. "I am Columbine! I own myself. Nobody can own any part of me unless I consent."

She dined. She breakfasted. She lunched and dined again. Young, healthy and vital, she became impatient to arrive not only at a physical but at a mental destination.

The last lap of the journey, from Tucson to Phoenix, seemed interminable, but finally near midnight, she was there and the porter was carrying her luggage out of the car, where, according to Mr. Hoopenlooper, she would be met by a representative of the law firm which was handling her father's estate.

She stepped down upon the platform, worrying a little about her baggage. A large young man whose clothes had not been fashioned by a first-class tailor and whose features did not qualify him for Hollywood walked up to her confidently.

"You are Miss Drugget?" he said.

She looked up at him and was astonished, for he was the young man of the club car who had been jocular.

"I am Miss Drugget," she admitted.

"I," he said, "am Mr. Jones—Sam Jones. The firm sent me to meet you."

"You," she said accusingly, "did not mention it on the train."

"I didn't know it on the train. I flew here from Chicago. That's how I arrived first and was told to meet you."

"You are a coincidence."

"If you will identify your baggage," he said, and she pointed out to him her new airplane case and overnight bag. He picked them up and motioned her to follow to his parked car, which turned out to be not a long, low, several-colored late model, but a sort of vintage number which never had excited "oh's" and "ah's." He helped her in, stowed the baggage in the rear and got in beside her.

"I'm directed," he said sedately, "to drive you to The Grove of Daphne." He paused and quoted classically, "'Better to be a worm and dine on the mulberries of Daphne than to be a king's guest.'"

She made no reply to this, but settled back grimly to observe the midnight streets of the city that was to be her home.

"It's quite a drive," he informed her. "Would you care for some refreshment before we start? Perhaps," he said with grave face, "a glass of your favorite tipple."

"You," she said coldly, "are presuming and impertinent."

"To that," he responded, "I owe my lack of success in life."

Presently she asked, "Do I understand that the name of my motor hotel is The Grove of Daphne?"

"Better," he said, "than the Kozy Korner Motorium or the Park Your Carkus Inn."

"Was there no other member of your firm who could have met me?"

"Why, no," he said placidly. "I'm so junior I get all the disagreeable jobs."

He drove rapidly but carefully; he swung into a broad street and after twenty minutes turned into the driveway and brilliantly lighted parking space of a longish, low building identified by a sign proclaiming it to be The Grove of Daphne. It was larger than Columbine had anticipated, and well painted and a bit imposing. Mr. Jones stopped his car in front of a door labeled OFFICE, alighted and came around to help his passenger to the walk. He deposited her baggage beside her and peered down at her without expression.

"Could you," he asked, "imagine a more charming commencement of a delightful relationship of lawyer and client? I'm sure your guests will find your agreeable manner quite irresistible."

Columbine could think of no retort to this irony. She was tired. She was awed by the unexpected magnitude of this property which was hers and of which she must assume the management. For the first time since childhood she was close to tears. Mr. Jones thrust open the door for her, picked up her bags and followed her into a pleasantly decorated office that also was comfortably furnished as a lounge. The desk was at the left. Straight ahead was a wall of glass through which she could see a large court, or patio, lush with palms and beds of brilliant flowers and with a large swimming pool in its middle. All around this little park were structures, a number of them—pleasant, comfortable detached cottages to accommodate the guests of the hotel. Her impulse was to hurry to the patio and inspect it, but she restrained herself. If she had been awed by the size of the building containing the office, she was quite flabbergasted by the magnitude of the rest of the establishment.

A young man came from behind the desk and presented himself as a Mr. Simpkins, the clerk. A young woman came forward from a desk at the rear of the room and was presented as Miss Green, hostess and publicity. The young man was negligible. Miss Green, in becoming sport clothes, was not lovely, but had a bright, friendly face. She did not betray the surprise she must have felt at Columbine's austere appearance.

"You'll be exhausted, Miss Drugget," she said. "I'll show you to your apartment. . . . George, have Miss Drugget's bags sent up at once. . . . Your trunks will be along in the morning, no doubt?"

"I have no trunks," Columbine said.

"This way," said Miss Green, taking this announcement in her stride.

Columbine meekly followed until she was stopped by Mr. Jones' voice saying tartly, "Clients usually say good night."

"Good-by!" Columbine said, with significant emphasis on the last syllable.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She was led to a stairway behind the desk and up one flight to an apartment consisting of cheerful living room, ample bedroom and bath.

"It was very masculine when your father occupied it," Miss Green said. "I've done my best to soften it up. You'll want to make changes." But as she studied Columbine covertly, she feared that any changes made by the new proprietor would not be feminine, but rather in the direction of more austerity.

"Would you care for a snack?" Miss Green asked.

"Nothing," Columbine said, standing in the middle of the room, stiff, frightened, severe.

Her impulse was to make some friendly advance to Miss Green, but she did not know how to go about it. She felt her complete inadequacy. Inwardly she was in panic, and her terror of the strange new responsibility that was hers made her even more gauche than was normal. She wanted to tell this girl how frightened she was and ask for reassurance and friendship. She felt for the first time in her cramped life craving for a confidante. But all she could do was to say good night abruptly and coldly.

Miss Green, hurt by Columbine's manner, said good night a bit tremulously and left the apartment. *My goodness*, she said to herself. *How are we going to get along with that?*

When the door closed behind Miss Green, Columbine lifted her new piece of airplane luggage to the bed and opened it. She had not needed to open it since she had packed it in New York. Now she threw back its cover and uttered a startled exclamation as she saw its interior. It was not her bag. It was no woman's bag, but a man's. Almost automatically she lifted the garment that was spread over the top, concealing the contents of the case.

Now it was disclosed to her why the bag had seemed so heavy when she lifted it from the floor. Its contents were not clothing. There were a dozen packs of cards. There was a .32-caliber pistol in a shoulder holster. There was a worn leather case, which, when opened, disclosed a dozen instruments of polished steel whose use she did not know, but which any rookie policeman would have recognized as a remarkably complete burglar's kit. But, more astonishingly, more terrifying, was a mummified, black, leathery human hand or ape's hand; a doll dressed in black evening clothes with several great pins thrust through it in the region of the heart. There was a tight roll of some sort of parchment, old and discolored, upon which was printed, in beautiful old lettering, a dozen lines in what seemed to be gibberish.

Columbine could make no sense of it until, by chance, she read from right to left instead of left to right, and found it to be The Lord's Prayer printed backward. She had no idea what this signified, but somehow it made her shudder. And lastly, of all the strange objects the least strange, but perhaps the most amazing was a chamois bag with a drawstring. When opened and upended on the bed, there spilled out a glittering heap of colored stones that shimmered in the electric light.

Columbine replaced these objects in the case and closed it, and stood regarding it with puzzled eyes. Her immediate reaction was not what one would have anticipated. It was a reaction impossible to any girl with normal experience or acquaintance with what went on in the world.

*Heavenly day*, she said to herself ruefully, *what'll I do for a change of clothes?*

TO BE CONTINUED

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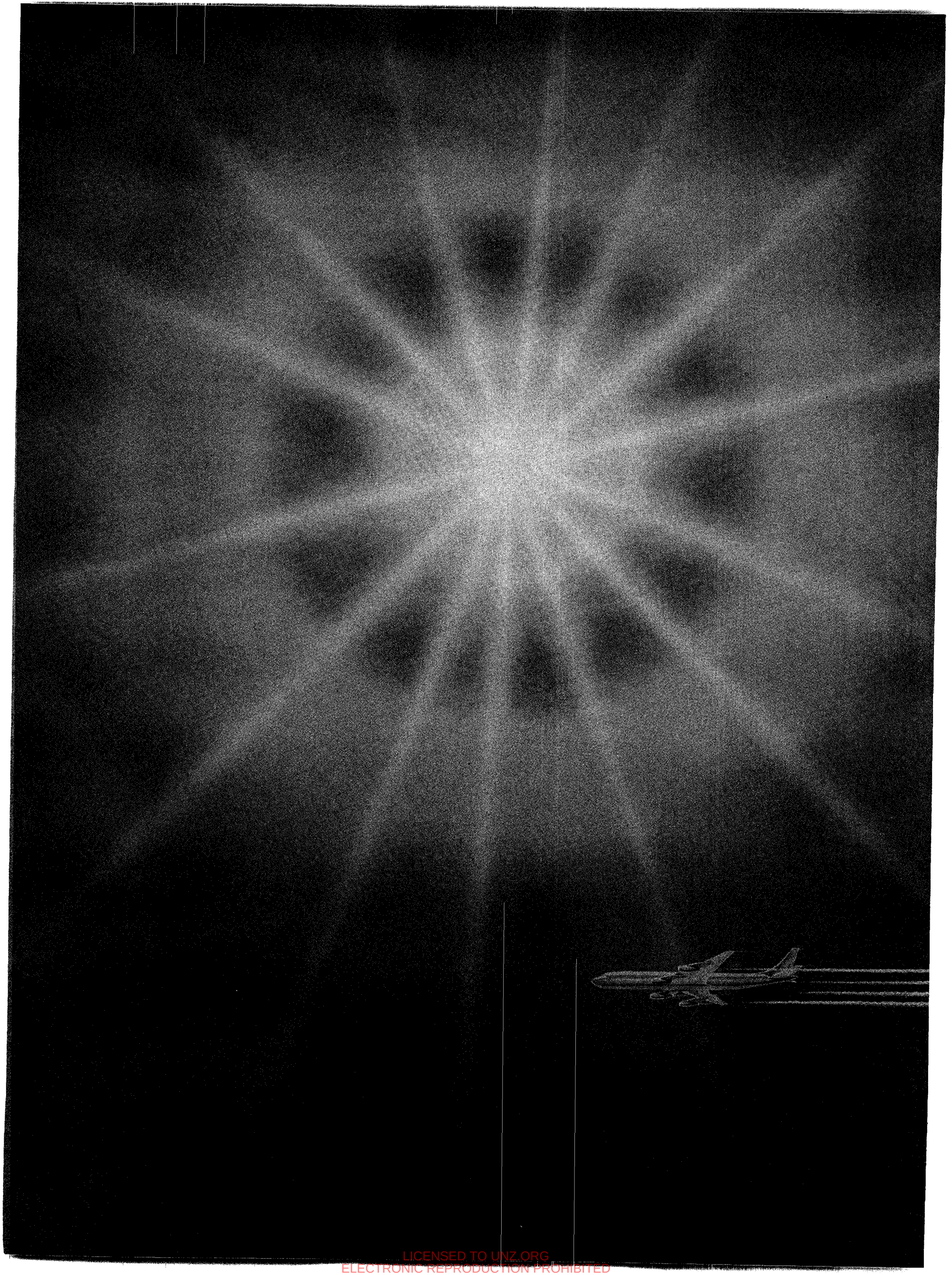

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# Will East Germany Blow Again?

(Continued from Page 29)

fleeing as much toward simple sanity as toward freedom. It is the Communist Keepers of the Keys who are truly mad, political pathologics driven crazy by an insane idea. The idea will not work, the evidence piles up every day that they cannot make it work, and yet frantic fury drives them on to prescribing more of the same.

In economics above all, the very field in which the Communists proposed to prove their theories in action, the result has been a dismal catastrophe. Here they had to perform before a curious and objective double mirror, the mirror of all Germany—and none of those dreary apologetics about how worse things were under the Czar. In 1945, all of industrial Germany lay in flat ruins; it was the Year Zero. The mirror of West Germany today reflects the amazing results of an experiment in liberal capitalism, the free-market economy. But hold this mirror up to the East Zone and it looks like a sly masquerade, an economic morality play on the virtues of capitalism.

But it is a masquerade that is true to life, and the Germans are today living it. While the booming Ruhr has become once again an industrial dynamo for all Europe, production at 213 per cent of 1936, making West Germany today the third largest exporter in the world, industrial Saxony in the East Zone has not reached 90 per cent of the 1936 consumer-goods index. And yet Saxony was the second-largest factory complex in Europe, was much less bombed because farther away from the bomber bases in England, and, with its great and modern synthetics industry, could and should have roared back into the world market.

Even food in East Germany has become a problem, and that took real planning. Once the normal granary for all the Reich, today it is a food-deficit area and still has wartime rationing. While West Germany has managed to absorb the staggering number of 10,000,000 refugees, finding food, jobs and homes for almost all of them, East Germany goes on producing the refugees. And the majority of such fugitives today are industrial workers (60 per cent), farmers (15 per cent) and youths (15 per cent), the very three groups the German Democratic Republic set out to woo.

Meanwhile the citizens of East Germany, living in a gray misery, sullen and restless, have to listen every day to such utterly insane statements as that of the chairman of the State Planning Commission, Bruno Leuschner, trying to explain before the People's Chamber why the most recent Five-Year Plan, due January 2, 1957, has not yet been published: "The reason our socialist production has sagged is that we have been forced to work with antiquated capitalist machinery." Letting advanced German industry fall into the hands of German commissars was like giving a Swiss watch to a group of curious monkeys. They had just enough brains to know how to take it apart, but they do not have a clue about how to put it together again.

The real boss of the zone, although he still lurks behind the modest title of Deputy Prime Minister, is party chief Walter Ulbricht. Today, with the possible exception of Kadar, in Hungary, Ulbricht is the most hated man in Eastern Europe; he is certainly the most loathed German in all Germany. When I first interviewed Ulbricht in Berlin in 1945, I was repelled by the obvious odor of a fake proletarianism, a dirty shirt on a dirty neck, dirty tie and socks, dirty language. Ulbricht's one skill seemed to be his ability to keep a steel toothpick in his mouth as he quaffed a stein of beer. This German Communist's vaunted likeness to Lenin did not extend beyond the surface aspects of baldness, flat features, the imitative goatee and an absurd Russian accent overlaid on his native dialectical Saxon. I had expected to meet a fire-eating revolutionary. But the man across the table was a bore and a boor, a not-very-devious liar, a plodding careerist who had spent his whole life as a man of the apparatus.

This is the real secret of his success in obtaining and clinging to power. It is the clue to his evil influence, and his genius for survival in a party that has been laced with heresy and schism, betrayals and purges, since the mid-1930's. The long Moscow exile of the German Communist Party began in 1933, and by one of history's freakish twists it was in Moscow that Marxism, a doctrine of German parentage, got its weird Muscovite overlay.

In Moscow, Ulbricht went native. He discovered that the best way to escape the next purge is to be the fellow who conducts it. He became the Kremlin's most slavish stooge. Beginning in 1936, there is a long and ugly record of the murder of German Communists, scores of comrades turned over to the O.G.P.U., shot in the back in Spain or betrayed to the Gestapo inside Germany. Walter Ulbricht became Stalin's favorite in a working alliance sealed in blood, and mutual knowledge of who shed it. He is kept in power in Germany today because he is probably the sole German Communist the Soviets completely trust.

Among his own German people, however, he has no prestige whatever. This was clearly demonstrated on the day of the East German uprising, June 17, 1953, the first of the great Iron-Curtain-raising rebellions that have since been rocking Eastern Europe. In the early morning hours of that bright June day, in the thirty-seven major industrial cities of the Soviet Zone, the complete apparatus of a Communist state was swept away. By noontime, revolutionary action committees in Leipzig, Halle, Jena, Bitterfeld and Dresden controlled the public squares. By midafternoon, democratically elected works-councils had taken over in the large factories and were negotiating directly with Soviet officers. The vanishing act done by the local Communist satraps, the state, the party, the secret police, was complete. Had they shown themselves openly they would have been skewered in the public squares.


NEXT WEEK

THE WORST SWINDLE
How Gullible Women Lose Their Life Savings

City of Silence
Telephone Blackout in Portsmouth, Ohio

America's Oldest Spectacular
Ancient Ritual of a Harvard Commencement

HOW TO HIRE A MAID
Imported Replacements for Vanishing Domestics

Gamest Fish in the Pond
Black Bass: Fresh-Water Scrapper

In Color:

Luxurious Wilderness
Canada's "Zoo Without Bars"

•

Face of America:
GRADUATION


But by nightfall all was over; the wild hope of total liberation sank with the late evening sun. Soviet tanks rolled into the market places, ringed off the factories, blasted down the barricades. The known leaders of the revolt who did not escape were shot on sight. Now the craven leaders of the East German state, Ulbricht, Wilhelm Pieck, Otto Grotewohl, who had been holed up in Goering's old Air Ministry in East Berlin, emerged to organize the revenge. But the mask had been ripped off. The true seat of the East German Government was no longer in the old Air Ministry. It was now in the tank turrets of the Red Army, and has been ever since.

Some of the leaders of the 1953 revolt managed to slip through the dragnet and surface in West Berlin. I asked them what they had hoped to achieve, how they thought they could outflank the Red Army. The unanimous answer was that the whole zone wanted to show the Soviets how utterly unpopular the Ulbricht regime was. Hence the leaders were careful to proclaim "Loyalty and Legality" toward the Red Army, in the outside hope that this army might not move against German workers, but negotiate with them instead. This hope was as romantic as it was pitiful. When the Hungarians took the same road in October, 1956, there was very little true optimism in East Germany about their chances of ultimate success.

For this presence of the Red Army is a tremendous reality. During the October Hungarian days, East Germany was seething with suppressed discontent, simmering close to the boiling point. But this time overt rebellion was quashed inside the pressure cooker of the East German Republic. Twenty-two alerted Soviet divisions—4000 tanks—were sitting on the lid. This Red Army under Marshal Grichko consists of five elite Guard Armies, three of them mechanized, plus one Infantry Shock Army. It holds the Germans down by sheer weight of armor. Remove it and the Communist regime would disintegrate in five minutes.

This Red Army, indeed, is the only effective suppressor of popular revolt. From this, two important conclusions follow. A second isolated revolt, similar to June seventeenth, remains possible—all things are possible when a people are desperate—but most unlikely. All Eastern Europeans are getting a bit tired of throwing themselves at brick walls, while the rest of the world stands around to see if they made a dent. But a spontaneous uprising becomes almost a sure thing the very moment this Red Army leaves or is forced to leave.

And there is one obvious occasion, which could arise very soon—this summer, for example—when the Red Army in Germany could be forced to move. The immediate neighbor of East Germany is Gomulka's new Polish Poland. One good look at the map will show Gomulka and his loyal Polish National Army sitting atop Red Army supply lines, which run east to west in a direct line out of the Soviet Union, across Poland and into East Germany. In trying to shake Poland free from satellite status, Gomulka is also isolating, emasculating the potent Red Army in Eastern Germany.

The question is: Can he get away with it? From sheer military necessity, Moscow may soon decide to "crush the Poles like flies," in Marshal Zhukov's humane phrase. The valiant Poles do not crush easily. But one way of crushing them would be to release this crack combat army in Eastern Germany, moving it east into Poland as the second jaw in a giant Operation Nutcracker. Yet at that moment—and surely this is one of the few

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present restraints on Soviet malevolence—the lid would be off in East Germany. There could be a double revolt from the German Elbe to the Polish Vistula.

In a very testy and sullen meanwhile, the dominant mood of all East Germany is one of nervous attention, of listening to the tick of the time bomb in Poland just over the Oder River. Along the highways of East Germany, the sullen citizens watch every movement of the Red Army like chained hawks, and they watch mainly the roads pointing east. Everybody is waiting for something to happen soon.

Refugees streaming every day out of the purgatory of East Germany tell the story. The staggering figure of 3,000,000 who have fled the Soviet Zone since 1945—present population, about 17,000,000—makes all typewriter oratory superfluous. Voting with their feet, escaping a form of tyranny as old as the Pyramids, many arrive in West Berlin by subway. For the three days I spent in West Berlin's well-run refugee camps, the monotonous clocking-in statistic showed 470 (a sunny day), 349 (a rainy day), and 401 (just an ordinary Thursday).

Every day, as these refugees tumble into West Berlin, they are soon "debriefed" by many skilled political analysts and intelligence spooks, whose job it is to keep a pulse on the zone. The unique geography of this international city—three of four sectors free, but all surrounded by the Red Army and the encircling Soviet Zone—makes it an ideal and most sensitive cockpit. Berlin records every tremor in the zone, because Berlin would rock with any real earthquake. Without Berlin, the East Zone would be headless, and it is from Berlin that any true revolt would have to be directed. This gives the Western Powers a leverage and a control they do not have anywhere else in Eastern Europe.

And it is from free Berlin, surrounded as it is by the Red Army, that one can quietly take a reading on that army's obvious strength, yet peculiar weaknesses. One of the favorite pitches of certain Nice Nellies of Neutralism, mesmerized by the alleged omnipotence of the Red Army, is to portray Berlin as a frail Western outpost that could be overrun in an hour by Soviet tanks.

All things are possible, of course, but the simile of Berlin as a powder keg waiting for its match has been overworked. For twelve years now, Berlin has carried on in a very tense atmosphere, and there have been scores of serious incidents here—political murders, kidnapings, bomb throwings, agent gun duels, dog fights in the air corridor, one blockade, one airlift, one open anti-Communist revolt (1953). As everyone knows, the ludicrous Western military position is less defensible than the Alamo. And yet the Soviets have never dared sponsor a Berlin *Putsch*. Why? Because the puny American garrison here—less than a regiment—has some winged friends at S.A.C. bases in Morocco and elsewhere. That is the true power reality in Berlin. Our position here is delicate, but in no sense hopeless.

Western failure to appreciate this reality has led to some weird spectacles. Reconstructing the strange events of last October in Berlin, during the Hungarian days, one sees the Communists bending every effort toward thwarting a possible anti-Communist revolution in East Germany, which makes sense from their point of view; and of Western officials organizing bucket brigades to help them, which makes a good deal less sense.

The Soviets and their German lackeys knew exactly what the problem was. The news from Hungary was rocking the East German Republic toward another June 17, 1953. The German Communists, Ulbricht and Company, took most rigorous measures, establishing a state of siege. The Red Army was alerted, and moved into antihedgehog positions around the great industrial centers of Berlin, Magdeburg, Halle, Chemnitz, Leipzig and Dresden. Despite the news from Hungary, and the need for Soviet armor there, none dared rumble out of Germany.

Meanwhile, strong orders were coming from Washington, London and Bonn to prevent any false signals going out to the East Germans or any rash promises of support on which the West could not deliver. This was eminently sensible. But the officials here on the spot spent most of their time frantically trying to clamp the lid down on the sentiments of West Berliners, who wanted to hold a giant rally for Hungary. Such a rally was banned on the ground that there might be a spillover into the East Sector.

This was a blunder which revealed a painful lack of knowledge of the spirit of West Berlin, the political maturity that kept it alive through a year of airlift and under a blockade that still exists. Moreover, the ban almost produced the very kind of unruly incident everyone feared. Berliners were now lashed into a double fury—at Russian actions in Hungary and at Western clamping down on their democratic right to hold a peaceful rally.

With this pressure building up, on October twenty-eighth, the Berlin Senate finally wrung permission to hold a meeting. This rally was hastily improvised, in itself a danger; it was addressed by party political hacks and laid a terrible egg. The disgruntled crowd, spurred on by students who set up the chant, "To the Brandenburg Gate!" started marching east. It was only the quick thinking of Willy Brandt, the young protégé of the late and lamented Mayor Ernst Reuter, that saved the day. He commandeered a sound truck, gave twenty impromptu speeches and deflected the marchers away from the sensitive sector line.

In this same critical period—the last week in October, when the Nagy government was still in power in Budapest—an even more dangerous blunder was most narrowly averted at RIAS—Radio in the American Sector—a transmitter operated by the United States Information Agency. Ernst Scharnowski, the Berlin trade-union leader who had given a cool and effective speech on June 17, 1953, now strode in with a real hotspur one, ending with a flaming appeal for a general strike in the East Zone. Zorden Ewing, the quietly competent American director who had built up RIAS's high reputation for horse sense, pointed out to Scharnowski that to incite such a strike without the full support of the Western Powers, and without certain knowledge they were prepared to back it to the hilt, was foolhardy and even criminal.

Scharnowski, unconvinced, left RIAS and hustled over to Radio Free Berlin, a powerful microphone owned by the city of Berlin (West). Here he had a copy of his speech cleared by a new and inexperienced German program director. Ewing, knowing the bee Scharnowski had in his bonnet, made a quick telephone call to City Hall across town. The mayor of Berlin, Dr. Otto Suhr, put the kibosh on the speech—eleven minutes before Scharnowski was scheduled to step before a live microphone.

By such photo-finish margins did decisions of great pith and moment quiver in the balance. Yet even what might have happened at the Brandenburg Gate, the sector-divider line where East Berlin authorities had drawn up two antiriot fire trucks, was mild stuff compared to things percolating behind the gate, in the Avenue Unter den Linden, in the East Sector. Here, face to face with the mammoth new Soviet Embassy, are the major buildings of Berlin's Humboldt University. Elements of all the armed forces of the East German Republic—Vopos (alert police), troops of the People's Army, and the Sport and Technics Society (armed Communist activists)—were ringing off lecture halls. Here, for a whole simmering week, courageous students had been giving their Communist masters the business—silence strikes, cutting of Commie profs' lectures, black ties in mourning for Hungary, and the clever tactic of turning meetings of the Free German Youth (Communist) into open question periods about events in Hungary and Poland—"Tell us all about those reactionary workers!"

These students had been quick to exploit a patent blunder of the Ulbricht regime. Baffled and fear-driven by the news coming in from Budapest and Warsaw, afraid to be caught tocking when they should be ticking, the East press published nothing except short items from Pravda. This left the news field wide open for RIAS, the B.B.C. and West German senders, which most of the students listen to anyway.

Some of the sharper students, as happy as Jesuits debating theology with simple parish priests, and making marvelous use of the *Diamat*—dialectical materialism—that had been braincrammed into them for hundreds of dreary hours, began shafting such barbed questions as: "Don't you think Karl Marx would have favored the revolt of the proletariat against the dictatorship of the proletariat?"

This student rebellion reached a marathon seven-hour climax the afternoon and evening of October thirty-first, when several hundred students of the medical faculty, gathered in the lecture hall of the great Charité Hospital, tongue-lashed several frantic Free German Youth speakers to the wall. They began by throwing rocks wrapped in honey: "Why don't we make the compulsory Russian-language course elective, so we can honor our Russian friends by choosing it freely?" "Why not drop Marxist-Leninism, since we now all know it by heart?" From student demands they shifted to outright political demands—"the truth about Hungary," "print the speeches of Gomulka," Pamphlets floated down from the rafters: "Please give us People's Training with rifles and machine pistols. The example of Hungary shows us we may need them."

Toward the middle of this now openly treasonous assembly, three top speakers of the German Politburo moved in to read the riot act. Alfred Neumann, Berlin party leader, got off to a bad start by calling the students "subsidized scholars squandering workers' money," and was forced to apologize. A second speaker, Karl Schirdewan, tried to brazen it out, "I'll tell you about Poland. They are Fascist provocateurs!"

A student: "I was a P.O.W. in Poland for three years, and I have news for you. If you ever call a Pole a Fascist to his face, he'll knock your teeth into your groin!"

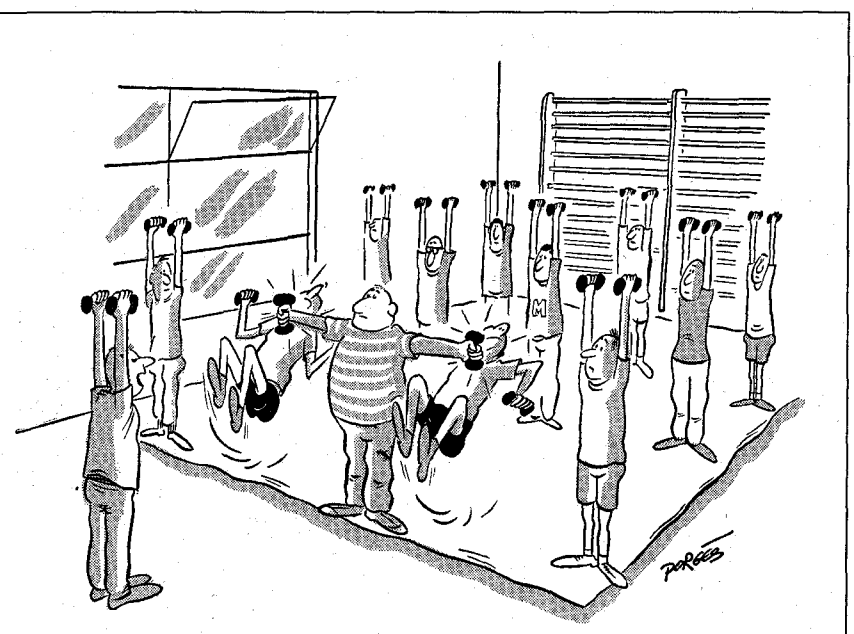
Things were really hotting up. The third speaker, Minister Willi Stoph, tried to meet menace with menace: "Damn Berlin University. We Communists know you medical students would like to hang us, and the rest of you eggheads would stand around and applaud."

Great applause, and a voice above the applause, "That's the first truth that has escaped through your Communist lips in twelve years."

These are Budapest echoes, but the reason the German workers did not imitate the Hungarians and follow the students into the streets was that they had been down that road before. One of the bitter lessons of June 17, 1953, was that workers who marched in street demonstrations exposed themselves to murderous tank cross fire. But at the Buna plant near Leipzig, Leuna in Merseburg, Zeiss in Jena, organized workers evolved another tactic. They holed up in the factories themselves, establishing "works-councils." In some areas they held the plants for days, and although the exposed leaders were arrested, the regime found it wise to grant several of the workers' demands.

The dreadful mistake in 1953 was in exposing the natural leaders. In East Germany today this problem has been solved by making the works-councils "black," or secret. Every trusted worker in the plant knows who the true leaders are, and if there is one betrayal somebody finds himself at the bottom of a very deep shaft. The Communists long ago recognized the danger in the works-councils, an old German trade-union tradition with syndicalist overtones. In 1948 they banned them, putting all trade-union power in the hands of the Free German Trade-Union, an arm of state. Today the councils are back in business, and in the ultimate showdown, the factories will literally be in the hands of the workers.

Needless to say, and skipping the delicate details, the men who are running these works-councils and building liaison know where (*Continued on Page 82*)



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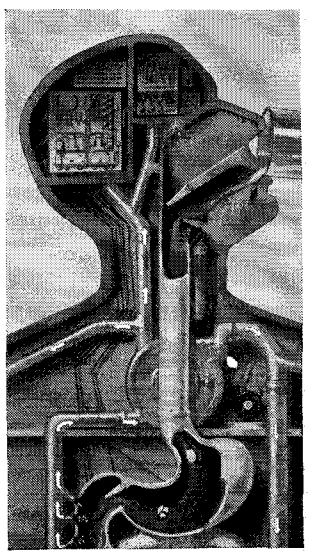

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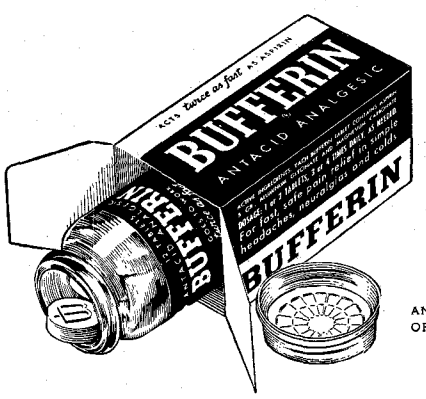


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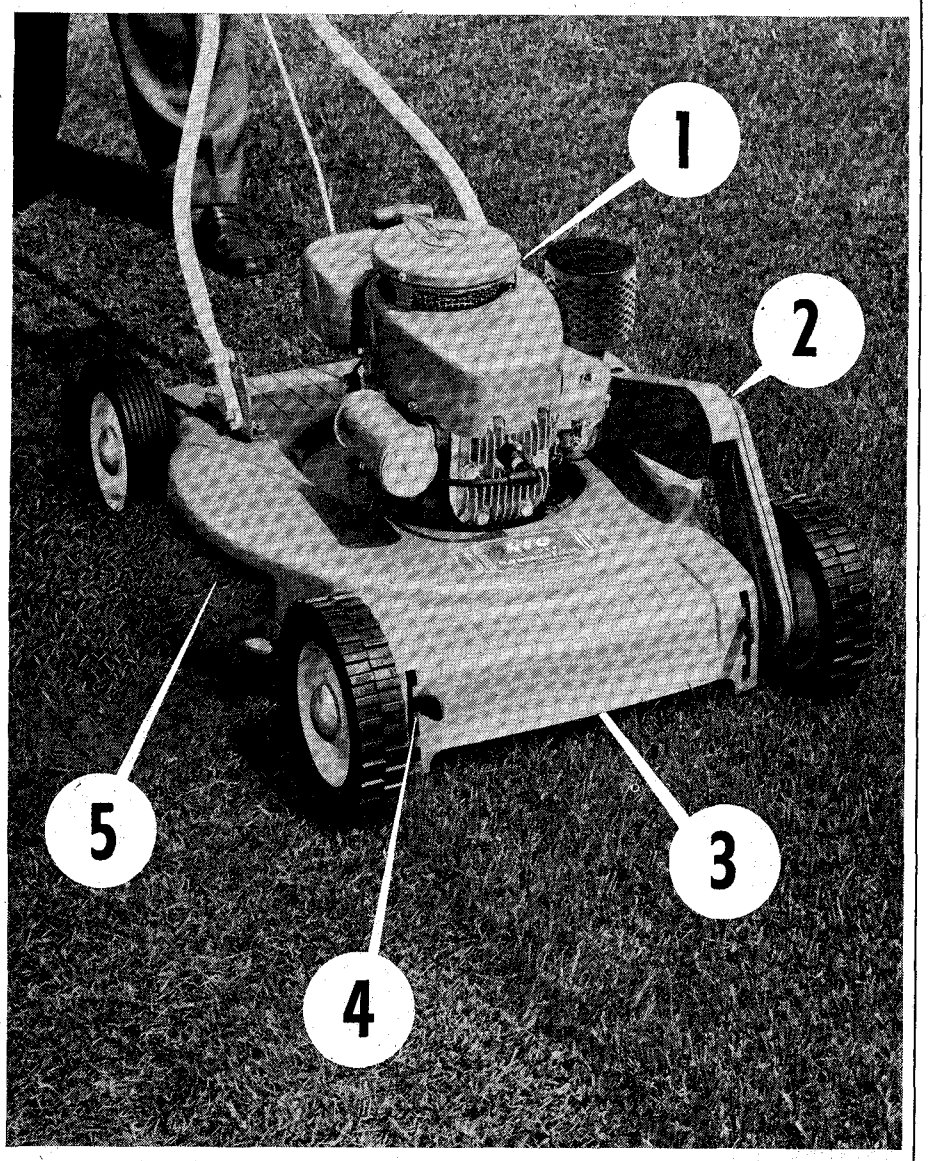


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(*Continued from Page 80*) Berlin is. Thus they have ways and means of finding out what Western thinking and policy are, how much we can help, and whether we can help at all. The reverse is also true. We know the people who know the people who might press the button, and this time it won't be a panic button. The danger of spontaneous combustion in the Soviet Zone, despite the charged atmosphere, is to this extent lessened, although it remains possible.

And yet something is bound to happen, and that's for sure. In Walter Ulbricht's morbid Marxist madhouse, the inmates sit about and listen to one another groan. The prosperous have long since been done in, the managerial brains have fled West, the middle class has been uprooted and proletarianized, the workers enslaved, the farmers milked, and even the coddled students use Marxist jargon in their revolt against Communism.

This madness cannot last forever. In the capitals of the Western world, in Bonn, Paris, London and Washington "position papers" already exist on just what to do, and what not to do, when the explosion in East Germany comes. Viewed from close up, talking to the people who come in and out of the East Zone every day, this reporter was struck by the serious difference in what the West expects and what the people of East Germany are convinced will happen.

In the Western capitals, worried diplomats and editorial writers paint a lurid picture of the danger of another German "spontaneous revolt." Some spark ignites the zone, an uprising begins, East German and West German troops rush to meet each other on the Elbe River. Somewhere along the line American and Soviet troops clash and the balloon goes up on World War III.

This scenario is at least a bit premature. For one thing, there still are no West German divisions, there will not be any really effective ones for many months, and they will be rigorously controlled by the West German Government in Bonn, which intends to station them as far west of the Elbe as possible.

There is a real danger much closer, in time, in space and in reality. As always in Europe, it comes from the East, and every East German is today aware of it. It is the truly momentous drama in next-door-neighbor Poland, where Gomulka appears more and more like a tragic hero in an ancient Greek tragedy, or a modern Polish one. He is faced with the wrath of his own people if he does not make good on his promise of national freedom, and with the wrath of the Russians if he does. The showdown between Gomulka and Moscow may rock all Eastern Europe this summer. The East Germans will have a front seat in this spectacle, and they know it.

They also know that there is one possible way the Soviets can do away with Gomulka and brutally resatellize Poland without using their army in East Germany—or at least without risking a German uprising if this army does move.

One of the best ways to "wipe Poland from the map of Europe"—Gomulka's own words in describing the danger Poland today faces—is the traditional way of partition. The Russians and Germans can carve up Poland, as they have already done four times in history, as Hitler and Stalin did in 1939. What is to prevent the Soviets, when and if they decide to move against Poland, from ceding or "returning" the present provinces of Western Poland to East Germany?

These provinces were German until 1945, and to every German alive their return represents a legitimate national aim. Recovery of this historically German soil between the Oder and Neisse rivers, even if it came as a gift on a poisoned Soviet platter, would suddenly give to the Ulbricht regime the one thing it today lacks utterly—national prestige. A speech by Walter Ulbricht in "liberated" Breslau would be regarded by millions of Germans as a most interesting chapter in their history, Ulbricht the last of the Teutonic Knights.

What is rattling here is the terrible last skeleton in the fetid closet of Yalta, that appalling decision to "transplant Poland," to give a huge chunk of Poland to her "ally," Russia, and to compensate martyred Poland with 40,000 square miles of Eastern Germany. Winston Churchill had delayed qualms about this almost as soon as the deal was made—"We have stuffed the Polish goose with too much German food." This Yalta decision was not only morally barbarous; even in terms of cynical political realism it was sheer folly. The Western Powers gave to Russia a blackmail weapon with which to terrify the Poles and tease the Germans. Which is exactly the game they are playing today.

Our best Western diplomats know this; it hangs about their necks like an albatross. This is why they are so frantically advising both the Poles and the East Germans to go easy, to refrain at almost any cost from provoking popular revolts that could set the Red Army in motion. For there can be no happy ending to this terrible story until, by some hopeful miracle of history, the Red Army is out of Germany, out of Poland and out of Europe. And that still seems a very distant day. The present danger is that desperate people may take desperate measures, preferring a horrible end to a horror with no end. THE END

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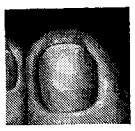

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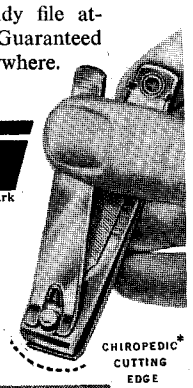

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# Toughest Decision in Baseball

(Continued from Page 25)

course of a ball game, the key one is replacing pitchers.

Birdie Tebbetts, whose power-hitting Cincinnati Redlegs almost muscled him into the 1956 National League pennant, spent much of last winter before microphones as a result of the unexpected climb of his club. In a TV interview shortly before spring training, Birdie was asked what was the most important decision a manager has to make.

"Changing pitchers," answers Tebbetts unhesitatingly. "Almost every time you change a pitcher you hold the result of the game in your hands. Your decision to remove the pitcher, and your selection of a relief pitcher, can win or lose for you at the instant you make your choice."

"Would you consider yourself a successful manager if you guessed right seventy-five per cent of the time?" pursued the interviewer.

"In almost any other sport, that would be an excellent percentage," replied Birdie, "but in baseball, if your team is going to be in contention, you've got to make the right guess ninety per cent of the time."

Changing pitchers now is as much an accepted part of the game as white uniforms for the home club. The day long since has passed when a starter considered it a sign of weakness to get help from the bull pen in nailing down a game. Pitchers like Philadelphia's Robin Roberts, who consider nine innings an ordinary day's work, have become rare indeed.

There was a time when a manager had no serious problem in making a change on the mound. If he had a lead to protect, he simply called on one of his starters—preferably one he wasn't going to start tomorrow and who hadn't started yesterday. If his team was behind, he called upon some second- or third-string nonentity to finish out the game. It was as simple as that.

Now that the nine-inning pitcher has gone the way of the nickel cup of coffee, and the era of the relief specialist has set in, the situation is more complex. A manager replacing pitchers has many things to consider, only one of which is choosing between the two or more relief men who are warming up in his bull pen.

"You have to play a lot of mental checkers when you change pitchers today," declares Paul Richards, Baltimore's analytical manager. "Every club, even ours, has players on the bench who are as good, or almost as good, as those in the game. You must try to figure out what countermeasures the other club will take after you make your move. For instance, my pitcher—call him Flanagan—is in trouble. Klotsmeyer is the opposing hitter. I can bring in McGurk from the bull pen, who is effective against Klotsmeyer. But what if the other manager substitutes Donnybrook to pinch-hit for Klotsmeyer, and Donnybrook is a guy who murders McGurk? Should I stick with the pitcher I have in there, or risk a series of shifts? If this sounds complicated, it's only because it is. And remember, when a manager puts in a pitcher, that pitcher must face one batter, whereas a pinch hitter can be announced and then taken out for another pinch hitter without ever going to the plate."

Richards, it may be observed, more than once found a way to bring in a relief pitcher to face a particular hitter without removing the previous pitcher from the game. For that one time at bat, he would shift the other pitcher to an infield or outfield position where he was unlikely to have a ball hit near him. When the reliever had finished his chore, the regular pitcher would return to the mound, and a new player would be sent in to replace the one he had moved to the bench. It was felt by many outraged purists that a manager capable of thinking up such added complications should be brainwashed immediately.

The usual purpose in changing pitchers, obviously, is to protect a lead or to prevent a rout. But other motives exist. A manager facing a foe who two-platoons at one or more spots may call on a reliever early to pitch against a certain batter, knowing that the other club will then pinch-hit and the original batter will not be around to plague him later in the game.

Bucky Harris employed this ruse back in 1924 in winning the World Series for Washington. He sent out Curly Ogden, a right-hander, against the Giants in the seventh game. So John McGraw played young first baseman Bill Terry, who was being started only against right-handers at that time. After one third of an inning, Harris replaced Ogden with George Mogridge, a southpaw. When Terry subsequently was lifted from the line-up, Harris finished with two right-handed pitchers, Firpo Marberry and Walter Johnson.

Starting pitchers are more expendable today than they ever were. Last year's pennant winners, the Yankees and Dodgers, each had less than one third of their 154 starters survive. The Yankees got fifty complete games, the Dodgers only forty-six. And of those forty-six complete Brooklyn games, a dozen were shutouts, and two of the shutouts were no-hitters!

What makes a manager decide to take out a pitcher? The prime reason, of course, is that the incumbent is losing his stuff. You don't have to be a genius to figure this out when line drives are whistling a merry symphony and the outfielders are being pinned against the fences like butterflies in an entomological display. The trick is to get the pitcher out before the storm breaks.

A pilot worth his salt, or his pay check, watches his catcher as well as his pitcher. He also, believe it or not, watches foul balls. If the batters are fouling the ball straight back into the screen, or even into the stands, it is a sign that the fast ball is "live"—that it's rising and the batters are hitting under it. If the fast ball is pulled for long fouls, however, it means that it's losing its zip. It will be only a matter of moments before the batters adjust their timing and the long fouls become home runs.

Joe McCarthy, who will be inducted into the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown in July, used to watch Bill Dickey's actions behind the plate as a barometer on the curve balls of the Yankee pitchers. By the position of Dickey's glove when he received the ball, Joe could tell whether a

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curve was breaking sharply or "hanging." Also, if Bill repeatedly called for fast ones in what should have been curve-ball situations, Joe knew that his catcher had lost faith in the curve. The next step was a call to the bull pen.

The frequency with which a manager changes pitchers depends to a great extent upon how much talent he has at his command. The Detroit Tigers under Bucky Harris in 1955 had more complete games than any other team in the majors, yet finished down in fifth place. "Purely a matter of personnel," explained Bucky. "When I had the Yankees and Joe Page, I was quick with the hook because I knew what Joe could do. But there are times when your starter, even if working at only fifty per cent of his effectiveness, still is a better bet than anybody in the bull pen."

The irony of the whole situation is that most managers know nothing about the intricacies of pitching until they become managers. This doesn't hold for men who were pitchers or catchers in their own major-league careers, but in 1956 only five of the sixteen skippers had battery backgrounds—Fred Hutchinson, the ex-pitcher with St. Louis; and former catchers Al Lopez (Cleveland), Paul Richards (Baltimore), Birdie Tebbetts (Cincinnati) and Bobby Bragan (Pittsburgh). This season two more catchers have joined the managerial ranks—Jack Tighe with Detroit and Bob Scheffing with the Chicago Cubs.

As every manager soon learns, pitchers are a breed apart. Many people in baseball say that they aren't really athletes at all, but physical freaks, such as the early basketball goons. Few pitchers—there are notable exceptions, of course—can run, slide, bat or field as a professional ballplayer should. They are in baseball only because of their specialized skill at throwing a ball with great velocity or curving it with control over a distance of sixty feet, six inches.

The average pitcher is awkward, ungainly and unco-ordinated. How often have you seen a pitcher going from first to third pull up huffing and puffing, as thoroughly spent as though he had run not 180 feet, but from Marathon to Athens?

Yet pitching is an art itself. Only the pitchers and the catchers get to appreciate the niceties of the art during their active playing days. The infielders and outfielders are too busy applying themselves to their own trades. They study the pitchers only to learn how to harm them, not to make them more effective.

Consequently, when the infielder or outfielder becomes a manager, he had no counsel to give his pitchers other than that most ambiguous of all baseball admonitions: "Don't give him nothin' good, but don't walk him." A pitcher capable always of following those instructions wouldn't need a manager.

As the sub-specialty of relief pitching developed, it brought still another type of specialist into the majors—the bull-pen coach or pitching instructor. Bull-pen coach once was a pensioner's job, a sinecure for some broken-down catcher or old beer-drinking crony of the manager's. Now the position calls for a man who is not only a student of pitching but a teacher as well. And in baseball, as in other professions, personal proficiency is no guarantee of instructional talent.

The pitching coach may be a veteran of some stature, such as Cleveland's Mel Harder, who won 223 games for the Indians during his active years. Or it may be someone as relatively obscure as Brooklyn's Joe Becker, who played a total of forty major-league games in a professional career that began in 1930 in Des Moines, Iowa, and ended in 1946 at Seaford, Delaware.

Even the managers with battery experience, the Hutchinsons and the Tebbettses, have pitching coaches on their staffs. With all the multitudinous details of their managerial posts, they haven't enough time to spend on the pitchers. In the old days some fire-balling rookie would peg his fast ball all through spring training, only to be told when camp broke, "Kid, you need a curve ball. We're sending you to Jersey City"—or maybe Keokuk—"to see if you can't develop one." Now the pitching coach works in spring training to round out the equipment of the rookie.

Some of the pitching coaches, such as the Yankees' Jim Turner, remain on the bench during the game. But whether at the manager's elbow or out in the bull pen—which, in most parks is only a phone call away—the influence of these expert advisers is well established. Casey Stengel, with the tolerance born of seven American League pennants in eight years, credits Turner with setting up his pitching rotation for the Yankees. While sharing the glory with Jim, Casey doesn't ask Turner to share the blame. "Turner suggests who I should start," says Casey, "but I'm the guy who decides the changes."

Managers usually assume full responsibility for what happens thereafter, as a true commander in chief should. However, when reliever Ralph Branca was tagged for a home run by Bobby Thomson with one out in the ninth inning of the third play-off game to give the Giants the 1951 pennant over the Dodgers, manager Charley Dressen mumbled, "Sukie told me Branca was the man."

"Sukie" was Clyde Sukeforth, the Brooklyn bull-pen coach. Many thought Dressen had hung a bum rap on Sukeforth, and wondered out loud whether Chuck even would have mentioned Sukie if Branca had retired Thomson and gone on to save the pennant for the Dodgers. My impression is that Dressen was not deliberately trying to make Sukeforth the goat, but merely seeking an explanation in a moment of shock. Apparently Sukeforth felt differently, for the next season he moved his bull-pen talents to Pittsburgh, where he now is working under his third Pirate manager.

Dressen, who recently gave way to Cookie Lavagetto as the skipper at Washington, has some advice for the brotherhood of managers. "If you have your mind made up to make a change, don't let the pitcher talk you out of it," counsels Chuck. "That leads to jumping out of windows. 'Lemme pitch to one more hitter,' they all say. Listen and you're dead. Somehow the next batter never just singles—it's always for extra bases."

There is general agreement that Dressen's point is well taken. The late Walter Johnson, perhaps the greatest pitcher of this century, once told me that he believed he had failed as a manager at Washington and Cleveland because, as an ex-pitcher, he sympathized with their plea of "Just one more." This is as dangerous with pitchers as it is with drinkers.

Another Hall of Famer, Rogers Hornsby, took no chances in his several managerial posts of allowing his pitchers to play on his sympathy, if any. Rogers simply stood in front of the bench and waved one pitcher out and another one in.

Joe McCarthy was another manager who never went out to the mound. He delegated the pallbearing duties to a coach. "I already had made up my mind and there was no point in going out," said Joe. "What more could I say to the pitcher—that it was very warm for this time of the year?"

Fred Hutchinson, the only pitcher currently managing in the majors, has his own hard-and-fast rule on mound conversations. "When I go out to talk to a pitcher," said Fred, "I make up my mind between the dugout and the foul line. When I cross the foul line, the pitcher is either in or out, and no amount of pleading is going to make me change."

When Jimmy Dykes, now a Cincinnati coach, was managing the Hollywood Stars a decade back, the club had as many members on the board of directors as it had fans. The board's opinion was that Dykes was leaving his pitchers in too long, a complaint against losing managers that no doubt existed in Abner Doubleday's time. Owner Bob Cobb tipped Jimmy off to the sentiments of the directors.

In the next game the Hollywood starting pitcher walked the first four men to face him. More in sorrow than in anger, Dykes advanced to the hill to dispatch the hurler to the showers. "Gee, Skip," protested the pitcher, holding up his thumb and forefinger to indicate a distance of perhaps a half an inch, "I've only been missing the plate by that much."

"I know," sympathized Jimmy, also holding his thumb and forefinger a half inch apart, "but you missed it by that much sixteen straight times."

When Milwaukee's Fred Haney had the Pirates, he wasn't overburdened with talent on the mound or anywhere else. One afternoon the opposition was scoring frequently without getting a well-hit ball. Grounders were dribbling past the outstretched gloves of infielders, and looping pop flies were falling just between the infielders and the outfielders.

Haney finally had enough. He went to the mound to make a change, and the pitcher pleaded his case. "They aren't hitting me hard at all," he said. "They're just getting a lot of freak breaks."

"I can see it, son," sighed Haney. "I have no complaint with your stuff. I just want to see if I can't replace you with a pitcher who isn't as unlucky as you are."

A common mistake in changing pitchers is to hold off because the incumbent is due to hit first or second in the next turn at bat. This usually occurs in a threatening situation with two out. The manager's reasoning is that if his pitcher can get the third out, then he can have a pinch hitter without losing a relief pitcher. This is the old fallacy of wanting to have your cake and eat it à la mode as well. It probably contributes to six to ten losses a year on first-division teams, and on second-division ones an incalculable number more.

Most managers try to relieve by contrast, as by replacing a pitcher who throws slow stuff and tricky curves with a fast baller who burns 'em in like vitamin pills. Stengel had a great deal of success with this when he used to relieve Eddie Lopat with Allie Reynolds. After looking at Lopat's junk offerings, batters called on to face Reynolds thought they were encountering the reincarnation of Walter Johnson.

The contrast works both ways, of course. Follow a pitcher who has been fogging 'em in with a man who relies on change-ups and who pulls the string, and it can upset the opposition's timing to the extent that it will take an entire turn of the batting order for the hitters to readjust.

The principles of replacing pitchers vary with the talents of the individuals involved. Take Robin Roberts, the perennial—well, almost perennial—twenty-game winner of the Phillies. Joe Garagiola, the former catcher who has turned radio announcer, believes Roberts is the toughest pitcher in the majors for a manager to lift.

"Roberts can look like a bum one inning," declares Garagiola, "but he may come back the next inning and pitch at top form. He will have his manager up a tree trying to decide whether he is having a bad inning or a bad day. You hesitate to lift such a pitcher, because you know if he gets back on the beam he's better than anybody you could call from the bull pen. There are few pitchers who have this rallying ability, though. Once they start going, they're gone."

What does a manager do when a pitcher flatly refuses to leave the game? Casey Stengel found himself in this situation one afternoon with Toledo in 1927. His hurler that day was a truly reluctant dragon. Everything had been hit except the pitcher's self-confidence.

"I'm not agonna get offin this mound," he told Stengel defiantly.

Casey waved to the bull pen. "You can suit yourself about that," he said, "but it's going to be awfully crowded out here when that other fella arrives."

THE END

"She's waiting for Eddie to call so she can hang up on him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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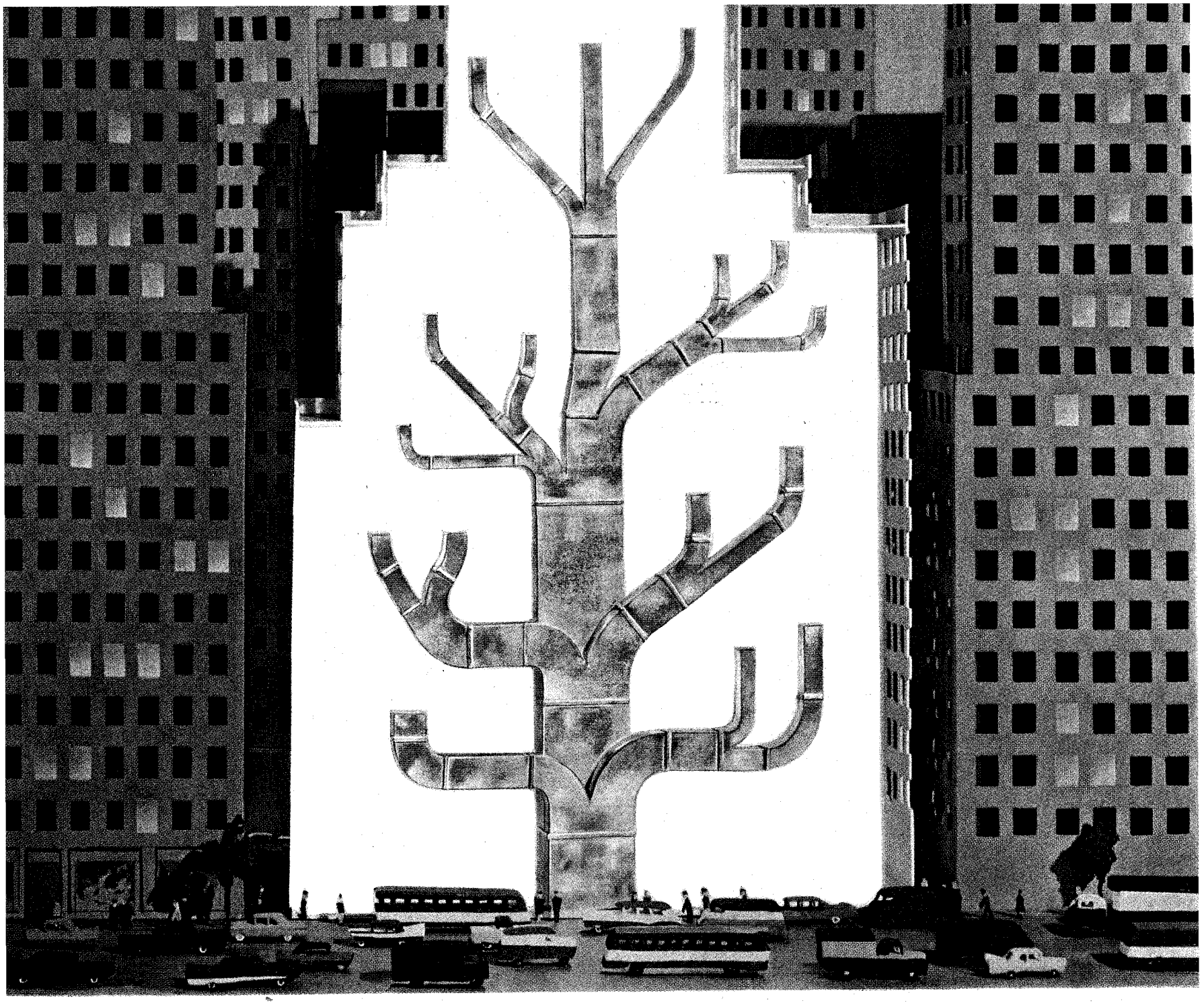

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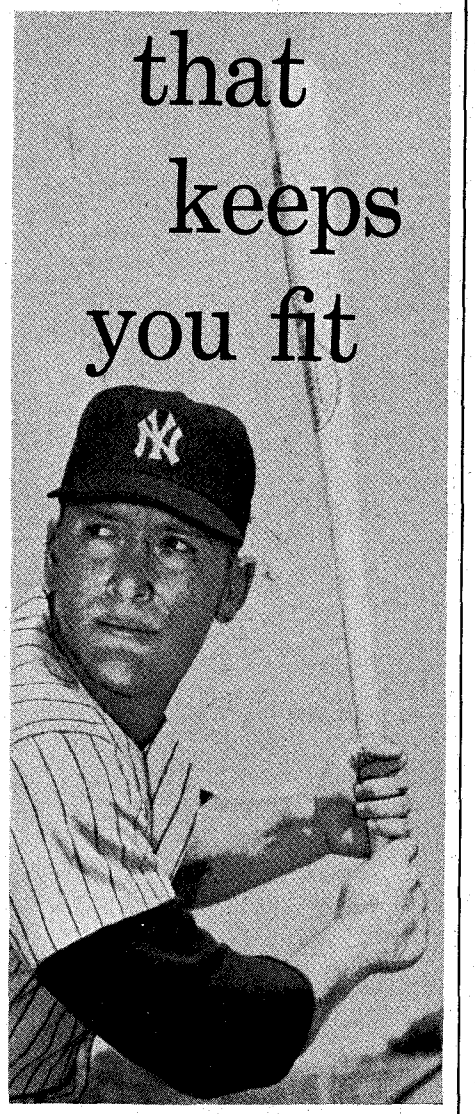
the orange hit that keeps you fit



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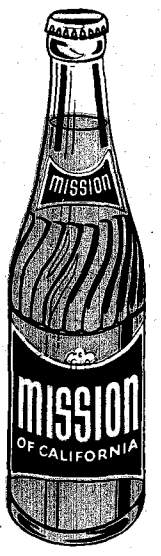



MISSION
OF CALIFORNIA

# Our Lovable Little Bandits

(Continued from Page 19)

us, and would turn to see two brown rubber balls bouncing along to join us. Whereupon we'd have to retrace our steps, with them riding on our shoulders, give them some of the peppermints they dearly loved, wait until they fell asleep, and then steal away again. I found myself sympathizing with mother raccoons, who must also have shopping problems.

It was Hansel who finally led the way away from us, first up into the towering maple just in front of our house, where he and Gretel spent many hours playing among the leaves and climbing about like monkeys, then up the brook and off into the woods. At first they would come home from these excursions almost immediately, calling, "Chir-r-r! H'm? H'm? H'm?" to make sure we were there to welcome them. But gradually the absences lengthened until a new routine was established. They would leave after breakfast in the morning, spend the day in the woods, return at sundown just in time for supper, then play about the house and at last retire to their bed.

Again it was Hansel who first came to the conclusion that this was no proper life for a raccoon, who is, after all, supposed to be nocturnal. One night after supper he went back out through the little swinging door. Gretel hesitated, then followed. I followed her. For a while they played just in front of the house, chasing each other and tumbling and rolling like a couple of kittens. Then, noiselessly, like a shadow, Hansel slipped into the dark under the trees and vanished. Gretel came to where I was sitting on the steps, put her hands up on my knees and softly trilled some sort of message to me. I stroked her head for a moment, then she slipped away too. And I thought: *Now our promise to the game warden has been kept.*

They had no more need of us. I knew they were already supplementing the food we gave them with grubs and fruit they found in the woods. They were old enough to take care of themselves. And I said to Eric, "No doubt we have seen the last of them." But I was wrong.

At twelve o'clock that night the little swinging door slammed, and slammed again. There they were, both of them, back again. I was so glad to see them that I gave them a midnight snack—a bowlful of milk, which they had finally learned to drink and loved, some peanuts and, for dessert, one marshmallow each. When they had finished, Hansel prowled around restlessly for a while, put his hands on the sill of the little door, poked his head out, stayed there for a few moments, looking at the night and smelling its odors and, finally having made his decision, departed. Gretel started to follow, changed her mind and turned toward me. That night, for the first time, she slept on my bed.

The next day, Gretel puttered around the house, not knowing what to do with herself without Hansel to guide her, until I took pity on her and suggested a walk. With bright-eyed alacrity, she agreed. She paddled happily through the brook and climbed this tree and that, frequently pursued by and sometimes pursuing the cats.

The rest of the day she napped and played quietly with her toys—a collection of buttons, spools, bright bits of metal and, most cherished of all, a long, hollow bone. Her favorite game was to put a button in one end of the bone and retrieve it at the other end.

This occupied her for hours, but toward dusk she put all the toys away, in what we called her "treasure chest"—the farthest corner underneath my bed—and began to pace up and down restlessly, going frequently to the little door to look out, then turning back again.

We tried to distract her. With heavy glove on his hand to protect it, Eric played a game of roughhouse with her, allowing her to spring at him and fending her off, rolling her over on her back and letting her bite and tear at the glove with mock savagery. Watching, I could understand why an angered, cornered raccoon is a formidable foe.

It was in the midst of this game that suddenly we were all transfixed, then galvanized into action by a sound just outside the open window: "Chir-r-r-r! Chir-r-r-r!"

Yes, it was Hansel. He had climbed up the trunk of a tree growing close by the house to look through the window and make sure everything was as it should be inside this former home of his. Now he descended, walked around to the front of the house and accepted Gretel's invitation to enter. A bowl of milk was immediately put down for him, and some peanuts and a marshmallow, which he devoured quickly while Gretel hovered over him, fondly watching. For a few moments after that they played with each other. Then Hansel went through the swinging door, and Gretel followed.

A satisfactory routine had finally been established. The days Gretel spent with us, taking walks in the woods, playing with her toys, and always, at the appointed hour, having her game of roughhouse. Her nights belonged to Hansel. Without fail, each evening as soon as darkness made his trip to the house safe, he would climb the tree at the side of it, make sure nothing had changed within it, come in to get his supper and then take Gretel away with him. He always brought her back again at midnight.

From then until morning, she slept on my bed, starting at the lower corner and gradually working her way up, until with a nudging nose she asked me to lift the covers. When I did, she crawled under, put her head on the pillow beside mine and slipped her amazingly soft little hand into mine. So quietly did we sleep this way that sometimes in the morning I would awaken to find we had held hands the whole night through.

So time passed. The days grew shorter. The leaves of the trees blazed and fell to the ground. The air grew cold. There was frost on the ground in the morning, and a hint of snow at night.

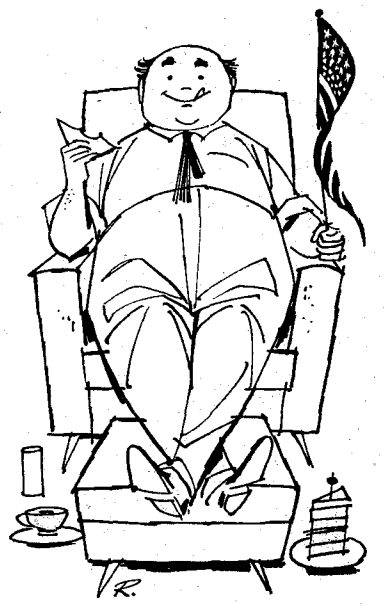
Authorities disagree on whether the raccoon's hibernation is "true" or not, but in this section of the country high up in the Catskills, where winters are severe, I believe it is. Here we see no tracks or other evidence of raccoons after the first heavy snowfall, usually toward the end of October, until around the middle of March, although an earlier warm spell, with little snow on the ground, may bring them out somewhat earlier to breed.

Now I wondered about Hansel and Gretel. Would he sleep in the woods and she in the house? Or would she, at the last moment, go to join him in his den? She was not given this choice. The first day of the hunting season gunshots echoed throughout the woods. That evening Hansel did not come to the house to take Gretel for her walk, and we never saw him again.

Our lives went on much as before, except for Gretel's periods of restlessness each day just at dusk, when she went from window to door and back again, pacing and pacing, waiting and, I believe, grieving for Hansel.

She showed no signs of hibernating. Anticipating this event in her life, we had put a box on a high shelf for her, lined with an old sweater of mine. She loved it, and each day after we had taken our walk together, she would climb up to it and spend the long afternoon in it, washing and grooming herself and singing softly. She had a lovely voice, and her little song—a combination of humming and crooning and the gentle chuckling sound of water flowing among rocks—was one of the most soothing I have ever heard.

She kept her bed meticulously clean. About once a week she would take the sweater out and shake it, then put it back again. This was a difficult operation, for her long, nonretractible claws would get caught in the loose weave. One time she became so involved, with the sweater



## People are Like That

Most of us would agree heartily that the United States is among the best-fed nations in the world. Do you believe, then, that you as an average American consume more calories daily than the inhabitants of, say, the following countries: Norway, United Kingdom, New Zealand, Ireland, Denmark?

Surprisingly, you consume fewer calories a day than the average person in each of those countries. Ireland is today the best-fed land in the world, with an average daily menu of 3485 calories. Next in order in calories are Denmark, 3300; New Zealand, 3290; United Kingdom, 3230, and Norway, 3140. The United States ranks ninth with 3090 calories per person.

Arthur Larsen

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somehow having slipped over her head and shoulders, making her resemble a rather agitated ectoplasm, that I had to go to her rescue.

In the evening, after her game of roughhouse, there would be this period of restlessness, after which she would settle down to puttering happily around the house, getting into mischief.

And what mischief! She now had two great ambitions, the one to own the most opulent treasure chest of any raccoon in the world, the other to launder everything Eric possessed.

The first thing we did when the raccoons came to live with us—because every book we'd read on the subject had solemnly stated that raccoons always wash their food—was give them a pail of water. They never washed any food in it, but both of them used it to wash their hands after eating, and Gretel especially loved to paddle and splash in it.

One night when she had spent a particularly long time hunched over the pail, we discovered she had a pair of Eric's socks in it and was giving them a thorough scrubbing, imitating the movements of an experienced washerwoman to perfection. After that, she made it a nightly chore to gather up everything of his she could find, to wash them in her pail. When she considered them sufficiently clean, she would put them, in a sodden heap, on the floor to dry.

We could never understand why she made this distinction and laundered only his things, never anything of mine. It was not that she had any greater respect for my belongings, certainly, but only that, in her odd little brain, they were made to serve another purpose. Everything of mine that she could surreptitiously filch was carted off and hidden in her treasure chest. Since I am an absent-minded person, I actually found this a great convenience. No more wondering where I had put my slippers, gloves, pocketbook, fountain pen; I was sure to find whatever was missed and needed in Gretel's treasure chest.

Since I save everything I come upon, from rusty nails and bolts to bits of metal and wood that might come in handy someday, and since all of this that will fit goes into my pockets, I also rather appreciated having my pockets picked. Gretel picked them regularly, inserting her little hand so delicately and withdrawing object after object so deftly that I was hardly aware of it. Of course, everything thus acquired went into her treasure chest. And, again, I found it convenient to know where a length of string might be found when I needed it. But some of her other thievery was not so felicitous. We didn't enjoy having the silverware swiped from the table or the coffeepot removed and spirited away before we had had a chance to sample its contents.

When it came time for Quagga, our old female cat, to have her kittens, I was dubious about Gretel's accepting them in good grace. It was possible she might kill them. So Quagga was given a box in another room, and we tried to keep the door closed. Only on the crucial day it was somehow left open.

This I discovered when the first kitten squalled. Hurrying in, I was horrified to find the bulky Gretel in the box with Quagga, but a second glance assured me that she was merely trying to help the mother wash the kitten dry.

This kitten, a blue tiger later named Huckleberry, became from then on Gretel's favorite toy, and Quagga was amazingly complacent about letting her play with it. Time after time it was stolen from the box and tucked away in the treasure chest. As Huckleberry grew older the game became much more fun. Instead of crawling out of the treasure chest, he would run, and Gretel would follow in good-natured pursuit. He was not so swift as she, but always he outwitted her by turning, just when he was about to be caught, to jump over her head. The bigger he grew the wilder the chase became, until all the other cats ran for cover.

They played like this, and were almost inseparable companions until the very end. The end came in May, the last part of May—the twenty-fourth, to be exact, when Gretel was, to the very day, just one year old.

All winter long she had willingly accompanied us out of doors, no matter what low the thermometer registered, climbing a tree to watch while we shoveled paths through the snow, playing games of hide-and-seek with Huckleberry in the maze of paths once they were finished. Finally she wandered off to the hole chopped in the thick ice of the brook, where she spent some time paddling, apparently without discomfort, in the burning cold water, returning to the house at last prettily decorated with bangles of icicles on each ankle.

But in May, just when the air softened and buds began to appear on the trees, she refused to leave the house. Whenever I tried to pick her up and carry her out, she would slip away and run swiftly, almost fearfully, to climb into her box on the high shelf. Perhaps there was a sickness in her. I don't know. But, convinced that the fresh air of spring and a bit of exercise would be good for her, on this day, the twenty-fourth of May, I tricked her. When she came to me trustingly to take some peanuts I offered her and sat near me, holding one of them in her hands and cracking its shell with her strong teeth, I seized her and lifted her to my shoulder and carried her out.

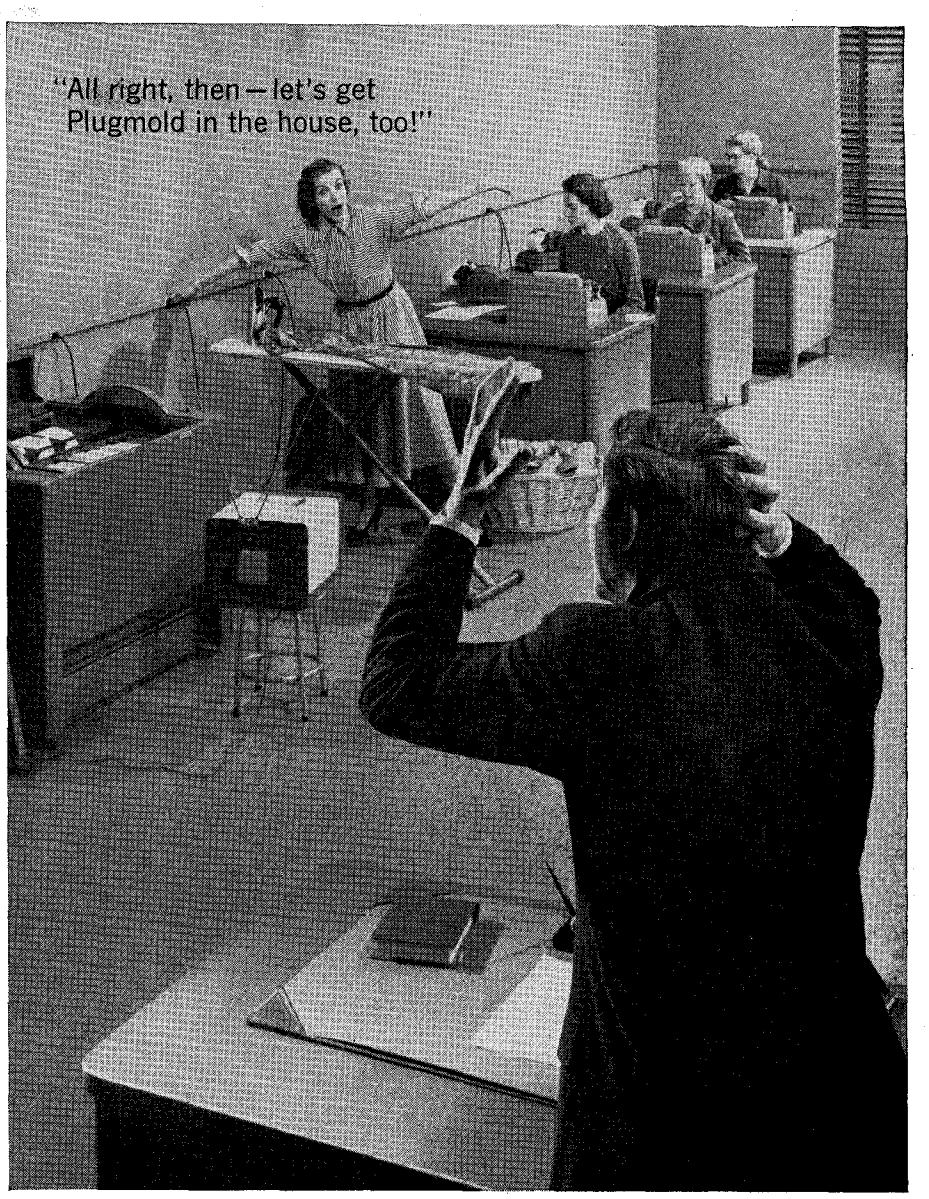
Near the house there is a tall tree that we used to call her "mad tree." Whenever she was angry with us she would climb this tree, to sit and sulk on one of its branches until our shouted apologies softened her mood and brought her down again. Now, her eyes blazing, she made straight for it and climbed it all the way up to the tip of its feathery top, indicating that she was very angry indeed.

I left her for a while, then came back and called out my apologies. She turned her back on me to make it perfectly clear that she did not care to hear me. I had a dentist's appointment that afternoon, which, of course, had to be kept. However, from the set of her body it looked as though she would stay in the tree until I returned, so I left without too much misgiving, and while I was away I did not worry about her.

That was the day I stopped on my way home and bought some cashew nuts for her. When I returned, she was no longer in her mad tree. I went into the house and found she was not there, either.

Putting some of the nuts in her box, where she would be sure to find them when she came home, I summoned Eric and we went into the woods, the two of us, to search and call, at first quite confidently, then with growing uneasiness and diminishing hope. When the circles we inscribed grew too wide, Eric said dubiously, "She may have gone back by herself."

So we went back, only to find an echoing emptiness in the house that should, at this hour, have been filled with the sweetness of her contented evening song. Her dinnertime came and passed. After the last light had faded from the sky, some hunting dogs began baying in the valley down below the house. I went out to try (*Continued on Page 89*)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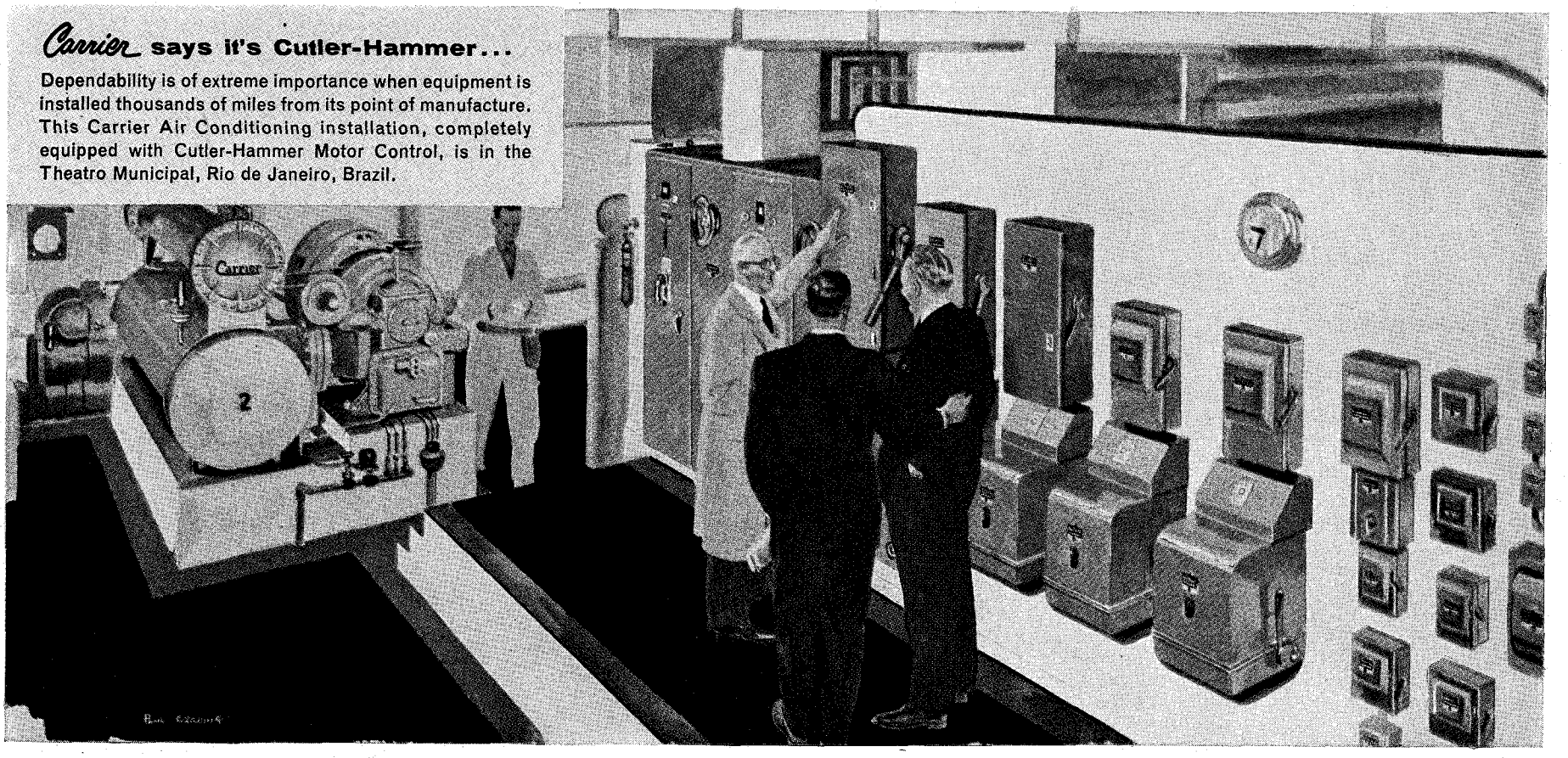


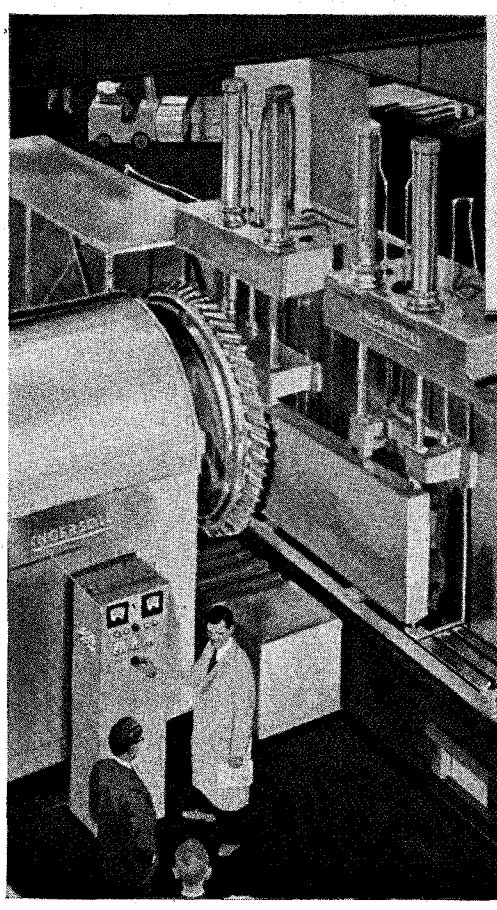

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(*Continued from Page 87*) to locate them, but the echoes were confusing. It is difficult going through the woods at night, even with the aid of a flashlight, and my haste made me all the more clumsy. I had just tripped over a root and lay sprawling on the ground when the baying of the dogs reached a peak of frenzy, and then was suddenly silenced. I knew they had made their kill.

I put away all her treasures then, packed in a box. Once in a while I take them out to look at them, holding in my hands for a moment the buttons and spools, the bits of bright metal with her teeth marks in them, and the beloved hollow bone. Her bed on the high shelf I left. It is still there. Sometimes the cats like to sleep in it.

We have often wondered whether Joey came to us because the forest was aware of our grief and our need.

One night shortly after Gretel had gone, a sound of something moving in the box where we put food for the birds attracted my attention. I looked, and there was Gretel! No, it was not Gretel, of course, but the resemblance was striking. I spoke, and the raccoon did not run away. I approached to offer a piece of bread, and it was accepted.

The next evening he was not in the box, but on our back doorstep, waiting for us to give him bread. And so it was each evening from then on, until it was the other way around and we were sitting on the back steps waiting for him, our pockets full of peanuts.

He was a clever fellow, and soon discovered that the upper part of our back door had a pane of glass in it. When we left him and went indoors and he felt we had not given him a sufficient quantity of bread and peanuts to keep hunger at bay until the following evening, he would climb up the door and stare through the windowpane at us, so accusingly that we finally had to go out and give him more.

Then we discovered what a mistake it had been to name him Joey. One night when he came he had a baby with him. And the following night he had five babies. So, with some chagrin, we changed the pronoun to "she," but the name remained Joey, primarily because by this time she had got used to it and refused to answer to anything else. Soon the babies were named, also, and more accurately: Teddy Bear, Snatcher, the Littlest One, Miss Dainty and Handholder.

Now, in the evening, they would all be on the back steps, waiting for us to feed them. After a certain amount of peanuts and bread had been passed out, we resorted to filling up the remaining crevices in their stomachs with plebeian oatmeal.

They were not too fond of it, and several of the babies learned to protest by climbing up the door, just as Joey did, to stare at us through the pane of glass. The rest of them made so much noise that we had no peace at all until we turned out the lights. This worked like a charm. Because the house was dark, the raccoons forthwith concluded that we were no longer at home, and after cleaning up the previously scorned oatmeal they would depart.

After a while I began to notice another raccoon, an older one, hovering each night in the background among the shadows of the trees. When Joey and her family had departed and I had returned to the house, this raccoon would come and snuffle around, looking for crumbs. Of course I felt sorry for her and took to putting a slice of bread down for her to find. Then one night I saw she had babies, also, four of them, and I put out still more bread.

The mother raccoons seemed to respect each other's schedules. The second one never came while Joey was there, and Joey never returned after the other had arrived. But the babies began to get mixed up. Sometimes I counted six or seven of them clustered around Joey, and sometimes there would be seven or eight in the second shift. No doubt there was some overlapping.

Then one night the four second-shift babies came alone. The next night Joey had seven babies. Two of the others arrived later, again without their mother. The third night Joey had all the babies, nine of them. I suppose something had happened to the other mother raccoon, for I never saw her again.

Joey was not pleased. Keeping track of five babies is a hard enough job. Taking care of nine is enough to drive any mother to distraction. Nevertheless she accepted the orphans. They, in turn, obeyed her implicitly, just as they had their own mother. When a dog barked too near or something unidentifiable rustled under the surrounding trees, Joey would stand on her hind legs, sniffing, then give an almost inaudible grunt.

And at once the babies would slip away, soundlessly, some in one direction, some in another, and a moment later I would hear their claws scrabbling on the bark of various trees. Joey would wait a moment, standing guard, then follow. And there they would stay, all of them, until she was sure the danger, whatever it had been, was past. Head first, she would descend the trunk of the tree, and, one by one, the babies would follow, until they were all gathered around the food again.

The four orphans were named also: Big Fellow, Dancer, the Timid One and the last, simply, the Cripple. When she was still quite young this one had had a foreleg broken somehow, and from then on walked with a bad limp. Under our perhaps too generous care they grew fast, and in the early fall were almost as big as Joey.

So many big animals gathered on one's doorstep can present quite a problem. We began to have difficulty getting in and out of the door. We had to step over raccoons, wade through them and sometimes even, if they were too ardently friendly and tried to climb our legs, carry one or more along with us. Finally I discovered the only way to get around outside comfortably and at a reasonable rate was to clear a path by tossing peanuts ahead all along the way. While the raccoons were busy picking up the peanuts, we would scuttle off to our destination, hurrying so that the expenditure of nuts would not be too great.

Around the middle of October, when the nights began to grow cold, Joey, now very fat, disappeared. No doubt to hibernate somewhat earlier than usual. The babies still made their nightly visits, but did not linger. There is something indescribably sad in the appearance of an animal drawing close to its period of hibernation. The joy of living is gone. The movements are slow, listless, indifferent. Even though the food is still taken from your hand, somehow there seems to be a barrier that you cannot break through. But saddest of all is the look in the eyes—a haunted, inward-turning look like that seen in the eyes of one close to death. That is why I have come to call hibernation the "little death."

In the eyes of one after the other of the babies this look came, and each night fewer raccoons gathered on the doorstep, until at last there were only three left, the smallest ones. We knew that a neighbor of ours was trapping raccoons, and we worried about these three, so we gave them all they wanted to eat—which was a very great deal—to prevent their being lured into the traps and to hasten their retirement.

On the last day of October it snowed. By nightfall there was almost an inch on the ground. The three raccoons did not come until quite late. They had that look in their eyes, and we knew it was their last visit. We gave them a slice of bread each, and held more in readiness for them, but as soon as they had finished the initial offering they gathered together, gave us a farewell look over their shoulders, and went whispering away through the snow. I like to think this visit was made because they wanted to say good-by.

Some time after they had left, when I knew it would no longer disturb them, I followed their tracks in the snow. They went straight through the woods, far, far into the woods, to the base of a great old dead tree. There, in its hollow, they were no doubt sleeping now curled up in tight balls, heads tucked under tails, or perhaps with their arms around each other, as Hansel and Gretel had once slept together in their bed in our house.

From the end of October to the end of May is seven months, and this is a long time in the life of an animal. You would not blame it for forgetting you—indeed, you would expect it to. But one night just at the end of May in the following year, when, for some reason or other, I went outside, I heard a sudden rustling in the old leaves carpeting the ground and saw a large animal come lunging toward me. I caught my breath in momentary terror, then called out a welcome. It was Joey. She had been awake since March, but only now, after breeding and getting a family started (the gestation period is approximately two months) was she resuming her old way of life.

A few nights later, the rest of the big family put in its appearance. They had all survived, even the Cripple. And now everything was as it had been, giving us no peace and much pleasure, and no end of worry over the mounting grocery bill.

In June, Joey brought five new babies to add to the worry and pleasure, and our family now numbered fifteen. By this time news of the raccoon family had gone abroad, and quite a few people came to catch a glimpse of it. The reaction of the raccoons to these visitors was odd. Toward some they showed no sign of mistrust. But other people would stay for hours and hours and finally have to go away disappointed; as soon as they had left, the raccoons would all come swooping in.

Sometimes I did not know why these people were unacceptable, sometimes I did. I am happy to report that the woman who brought along her raccoon coat to show me, expecting me to be delighted with it, was one of them. So was another who tried to press upon me a raccoon cap as a gift.

Fortunately, most of the visitors brought food for the raccoons—otherwise I doubt that we could have kept on feeding them all, for the raccoon stomach seems to be bottomless.

And, we wondered, what of the future? Of the fifteen raccoons we now had dependent upon us, seven were females. If each of these seven had babies the following spring, say four apiece, and Joey had another four ——

The total we arrived at overwhelmed us, and set us to racking our brains for additional ways to make money to feed all these mouths.

We needn't have. There was nothing wrong with our mathematics except that we had left Nature out of our calculations. She took note of a surplus, which she cannot abide, and acted at once, with her customary efficiency.

We found the first of them a little way back in the woods, lying at the edge of the brook. It was the Littlest One. A few nights later, Teddy Bear came to us and would not dance for his food, as had been his custom, and that was the last we saw of him.

And, one by one, the others came to us and did not eat, and vanished. We wrote to the Conservation Department for advice. A disease called leptospirosis, they wrote back, epidemic and swiftly deadly. So now they are all gone—all, ironically, but the Cripple.

One of Nature's rules, which she herself violates only occasionally, seems to be that a species should continue, and so the Cripple was allowed to survive, to keep a lonely vigil at our back door and finally go limping away through the first snow to her little death in some hollow tree or cave in the rocks.

Now it is spring again. The air has softened and buds are appearing on the trees. Soon, God willing, she will return to us, bringing some new babies for us to feed. And in time perhaps they will have babies, and then again we shall have a crowd waiting for us on the back doorstep, with all the old pleasures and worries attendant upon it. THE END

"Best round I ever shot . . . eighteen holes without snapping a shoulder strap."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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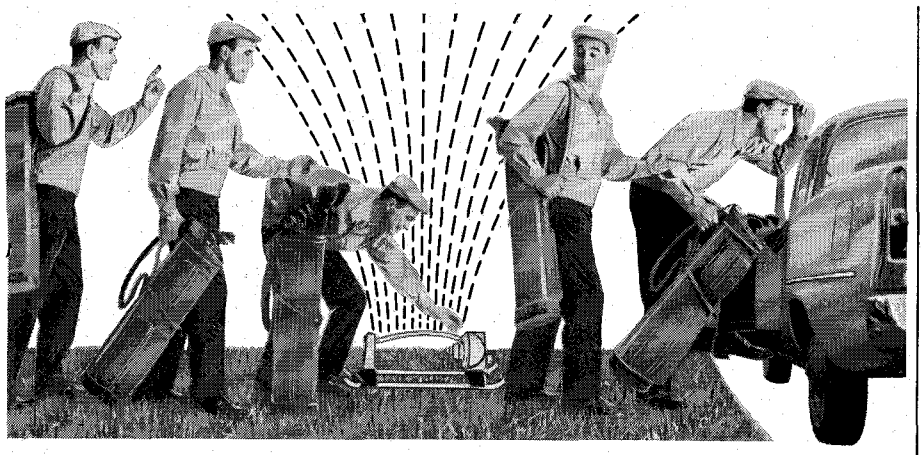

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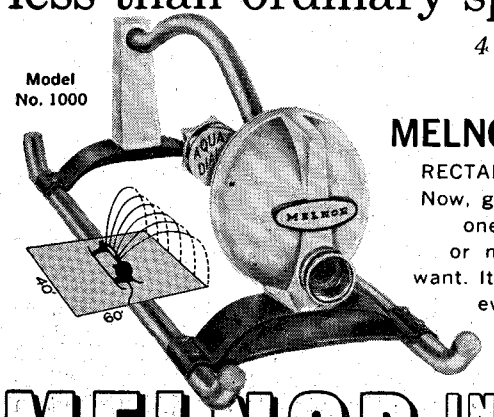

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# The Lady and the Landlord

(Continued from Page 20)

"Are you still with me?" Sally asked him.

"I think so."

"I am quoting my father. Now I'll quote my mother. 'Dear, you'll settle into a routine that will be good for you. You'll eat regularly, sleep regularly, live a simple life that in the end will be so rewarding you'll wonder why you ever let yourself become bemused by the circle of friends you now have.'"

Huntley began to wonder whether this girl had been sent down here because she had started to lose some of her marbles. "Yeah," he said vaguely.

"See that little case?"

Huntley looked at the little leather case on the floor.

"Know what's in it?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Vitamins," she said. "Also nerve medicine, blood builder, some stuff to increase my appetite, and some other stuff to tranquilize me so I'll sleep a good, solid ten hours a night."

"Oh."

"See that other bag?"

Huntley looked at the other bag. It was rather large, and he knew it to be very heavy.

"Books," she said. "Good books. Tolstoy, Proust, Goethe, Dostoevski, Dickens, Wolfe, with a little Hemingway and Faulkner thrown in for light reading."

"The utilities won't run very high," Huntley said, trying to get the conversation back on a more even keel. "Lights, around six dollars; heat, around ——"

"It isn't that I was doing anything particularly wild," she said, "but when you've spent four years in a girls' school, you sort of try to make up for lost time."

"You do?"

"You have no idea what the sight of a man, the ringing of a telephone, a convertible driving up to the house, does to a girl. Aunt Martha said that I acted like a hummingbird around an acre of honeysuckle. Just last week there was the Junior Club dance, the Friars' picnic, Edith Gentry's wedding and, of course, a reception at Broad Hills Country Club. Then there was Mitzie Rath's cocktail party for the tennis players, and the Water Festival at Lake Oswego."

"The heat will run about twenty dollars a month," Huntley said desperately.

"So father sandbagged Jim Draper into giving me a job in his office over at St. John Pulp and Paper. Father says I'll be mad about this coast in six months. I'll be mad, all right."

"Well, it isn't bad. The weather's a bit damp on occasion, but the people are nice ——"

"What people?"

"Surf Pines," Huntley said stiffly, "has a winter population of around five hundred and a summer population of over four thousand."

"Wow! Crowded, isn't it?"

"Miss Bridges," Huntley said, "do you want to rent this house or not?"

"I guess I'm stuck with it," she said. "Father says that if I stay six months, he'll relent and let me return to the land of the living. You know, I bet if I let him think that I was mad about this place, and really having myself a fine time, instead of rusticating, as he fully expects, I might get a reprieve."

"Maybe. This is May. I'll bet by September you wouldn't go back to the city if they gave you a license to double-park."

"That, Mr. McPherson," she said, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished. William Shakespeare. Do I pay the rent in advance?"

"That, too," Huntley said, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Hamlet."

She smiled at him, went to the desk, wrote out a check and handed it to him.

"Thanks," he said. "Now, my phone number is one-oh-four-three in case you need me for any reason."

"Any reason at all?"

"Any reason at all," he said.

"I see. What do you do besides collect rent?"

"I have a fuel-oil business, I give golf lessons in the summer, I dig clams sometimes, and have an interest in a motel."

"My, my," she said. "No wonder Jennifer Raymond gave me that iceberg look. She sees in every woman alive a potential threat to her social security, no doubt."

"I said we weren't engaged," Huntley said. "When I decide that the time is ripe, I'll get married, raise a family."

"Just like that, eh?"

"Just like that."

"I got news for you. Some girl will decide, and along about your tenth anniversary you'll find that it wasn't your own idea at all."

"Oh, I've heard of that," Huntley said. "It's an agreeable fiction that has been fostered by women to give them a sense of power. But there's no truth to it. After all, the man does the proposing."

She looked at him sadly. "Oh, you poor man."

"I may look stupid, Miss Bridges," he said, louder than he intended, "but ——"

"That's all right," she said kindly; "you're tall and manly looking."

"Thank you for the check," he said. "I'll help you in with the rest of your things."

They went out to her station wagon. Huntley introduced Miss Sally Bridges to Miss Jennifer Raymond. They both said hello. It was apparent that theirs would not be a beautiful friendship. Huntley carried in a rather large trunk. On a rack running across her station wagon hung what looked to Huntley like enough clothes to go around the world. He carried those in. He brought in a portable radio, a typewriter, a hatbox, and last of all, a stuffed Teddy bear.

"Isn't he cute?" she said, of the bear.

"Fine," Huntley said.

"He's to keep me company. I got him when I was ten. His name is Herman."

"Good-by," Huntley said.

He went out and got into his car. Jennifer looked straight ahead as he backed out of the driveway. He glanced at her out of the corner of an eye. Jennifer was a blonde, with eyes as blue as ink on a handkerchief. In the summer she became a sleek golden creature who spent her days on the beach and with the young men who came down for the summer season. In the winter, she returned to Huntley, as surely as the geese headed south.

"So she rented the house," Jennifer said finally.

"Uh-huh."

"How nice for you."

"What do you mean, how nice for me? She's just a tenant. She's down here for her health."

"She didn't look sick to me."

"She's run down. She takes vitamins and nerve medicine and blood builder, and stuff like that."

"Which she needs," Jennifer said, "the way I need pneumonia."

Huntley peered at Jennifer. "Holy cats! The house is for rent, and she rented it. What are you sore about?"

"Sore? Me? I'm not sore. Actually, I couldn't care less."

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"Well, you act jealous or something. I don't even know the girl."

"Jealous? Me?" Jennifer laughed shortly, "Of that little snip?"

"O.K.," Huntley said. "O.K."

He dropped Jennifer off at home and drove over to Surf Pines Oil Company. His driver, Silas, was filling the truck with fuel oil.

"Go out to my place, stick the tank and fill it," Huntley said. "I just rented it."

The driver finished filling the truck and took off. In half an hour he was back. "Oh, boy!" he said. "Some doll."

"She's here for her health. She says it's physical, but for my money, it's mental."

Silas frowned. "Couldn't be physical. She sure looks in good shape."

"Just put her on the automatic refill and never mind what shape she's in."

"Anything you say, Huntley, but if I was you, I'd ——"

"You aren't me. She's rich, spoiled and a featherhead. Dames like that are poison."

On Saturday morning at five-thirty, Huntley's telephone jarred him awake. He sat up and reached for the extension beside his bed. He said hello.

"Mr. McPherson?"

"Uh-huh."

"This is Sally Bridges. You know, next door. Three hundred yards north."

"Miss Bridges," Huntley said, clutching the telephone, "do you know what time it is?"

"Just a minute." There was a short interval. "It's five-thirty-five."

"I know it's five-thirty-five," he screamed.

"My, we're grumpy in the morning," she said. "If it's because you haven't had coffee, come on over. I just made a fresh pot and ——"

"It isn't because I haven't had coffee," Huntley said, calmly enough for a man who felt like tearing the telephone out by the roots.

"Well, the reason I called—do you know how to dig clams?"

"Certainly I know how to dig clams."

"Well, I'm in sort of a mess."

"I," Huntley said, "am not surprised."

"You see, my folks called last night and said they were driving down this morning, and you remember what I said about letting them think I was mad about the coast?"

"Could I forget?"

"They're bringing Aunt Martha and Uncle Fred, and in a wild burst of enthusiasm, I said I'd have fried clams for breakfast. I never heard dad so happy. He's crazy about clams."

"Fine," Huntley said. "Have clams for breakfast."

"So low tide is at six-five, and I heard you were supposed to be there an hour early, so I went down at five-five to pick some up."

"Pick some up!"

"Certainly. Nobody told me you had to look for little holes and little spurts in the surf and things like that. I thought you just picked them up off the sand. I was absolutely crushed when I realized that I wouldn't be able to have clams for breakfast. And then I thought of you."

"Oh, no!"

"You said to call you for any reason at all." Her voice seemed to be getting tearful.

Huntley swung his legs out of bed. "All right," he said gloomily, "I'll be there in five minutes."

He got dressed, put on hip boots, got his drag bag and shovel, tossed them into his battered jeep and took off. He pulled up in front of her house and honked the horn.

When she came to the door, he nearly fell out of the jeep. She was wearing just about what the law required in a swimming suit, but no more. She didn't look run down. She looked as sleek and healthy as a young seal.

"Ready?" she said.

"No. Go put some clothes on."

"Why? I thought that while you're digging clams I'd take a dip in the surf. I read somewhere that it's good for you. Gets your red corpuscles chasing the white corpuscles, or maybe it was the other way around."

"Did you also read," he thundered, "that you don't swim when the tide is going out?"

"No, I must have skipped that chapter."

"Put on some clothes!"

"Yessir." She disappeared and presently came back, wearing pedal pushers and a jacket.

Huntley drove down onto the beach and found a bar. In something over half an hour he walked up to his jeep and tossed his drag bag in. He drove up to her house, got out and picked up the bag. "I don't suppose you know how to clean clams?"

She shook her head. "I didn't even know they had to be cleaned."

"C'mon," he said.

They went into the house. Sally disappeared while Huntley put on some water to boil. After a while she emerged. She had done something to her hair. She wore a gay skirt and a white blouse. She looked about seventeen, as lovely as a three iron, dead to the pin. Huntley had to remind himself sternly that the girl was a spoiled, flighty woman, and that she disliked the beach as much as he loved it.

"I feel absolutely wonderful," she said. "The red corpuscles are just churning away."

An hour later the clams were cleaned, resting in rows on a strip of waxed paper.

She looked at them doubtfully. "What do I do now?"

"Oh, no!" Huntley said. "Didn't they teach you anything in that girls' school?"

"Of course, they did. English literature, Latin, modern art, physics, chemistry, badminton. I was very good at badminton."

"So now I suppose you want me to stay here and cook the clams?"

"Why, I'd love it, but, you see, I'm going to give the impression, without actually saying so, that I dug and cleaned these clams myself. Couldn't you just sort of write out a list of cooking instructions?"

"You don't need a list," he said. He gave her detailed instructions.

She looked up at him with her big green eyes. "I just don't know how to thank you."

For a brief moment, as he looked at her, he thought of kissing her. The thought nearly broke him up. "The next time you want clams," he said, "try and give me a day's notice."

Huntley went home. He made a pot of coffee and cooked some bacon and eggs. He took a look out over the ocean and tapped the barometer. The wind was blowing, gently enough, from the southwest, but it would surely bring rain eventually. Maybe before the rain he'd be able to get in nine holes of golf.

He went over to the country club and hit a bag of practice balls. It started raining and blowing, so he went inside and played gin rummy with Dick Schroeder. Afterward, he drove over to his office and checked with Silas.

"That dame called," Silas said.

"What dame?"

"You know—the dame who rented your house."

"What did she want?"

"Said to tell you the clams were a real success. She's some screwball, all right."

"How's that?"

"I asked her for a date and she said she would, but she was afraid she'd miss her turn at bat."

"Oh, I guess you haven't heard that story. Seems this guy was busy making a million dollars and ——"

"She also said that Herman wouldn't like it. She married or something?"

"No; Herman's a Teddy bear."

"Oh, Huntley, you suppose that dame really is off her rocker?"

"Let us just say that her thought processes aren't predictable by our standards."

"Yeah," Silas said, "that's what I thought. Oh, and Jennifer called."

"What did she want?"

"I dunno."

Huntley picked up the phone and called Jennifer.

"I just wondered whether you're going to the country-club dinner and dance for the Multnomah Heights Country Club crowd."

"I'd like to, Jennifer," Huntley said, "but I was up at five-thirty. Those things always break up late."

"I know you were up at five-thirty, digging clams with your tenant. Is that part of your deal as a landlord?"

"She had promised her father clams for breakfast, and she didn't know how to dig them."

"Oh, naturally. Down here for her health and all. The helpless type."

"It isn't that at all. She's just new to the beach. She'll catch on."

"Oh, I'm certain that she will—particularly when she has such an eager instructor."

"I just did a favor for the girl, that's all. You want to make a Federal case out of it?"

"I don't want to make anything out of it. I don't care if you make a career of digging clams for her."

"Listen, Jennifer ——" Huntley said. Jennifer had hung up. He put the receiver back and looked at Silas. "All women are nuts, Silas. Remember that."

That night a real sou'wester started working up. By ten o'clock, when Huntley went to bed, his house was creaking, the wind was moaning like a frustrated banshee and the rain was beating its knuckles against his windows. He lay in bed, warm and sleepy, looking forward to his night's rest with the storm struggling outside.

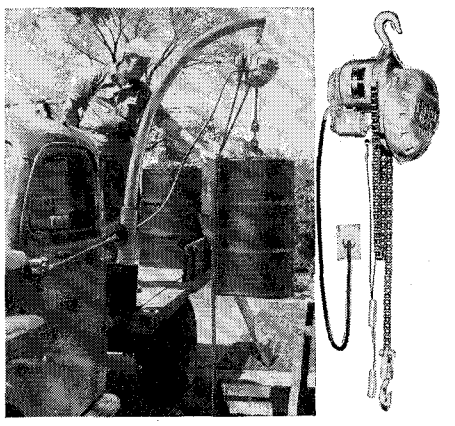
At midnight his phone rang. He came awake, reached for the receiver and mumbled into the transmitter.

## Note on Stenographers

By Richard Armour

Stenographers must have
both will
And also won't, one sees.
They need at times to show
their skill,
At other times, their knees.

To get ahead, be better
paid,
They have to play the
gallery,
While hoping the advances
made
Will just be those in salary.

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"Huntley?"

He switched on his bed lamp and looked at his watch. "This," he said, "could be no one but Sally."

"I'm scared," she said.

"Of what?"

"Of what!" she screamed. "Oh, now honestly, Huntley, don't pretend to me that you don't know a hurricane is blowing outside!"

"That is no hurricane. It's a simple sou'wester, and it'll blow itself out by morning."

"But this house is shaking."

"You think your house is shaking, you should be over here."

"Fine, I'll come right over."

"You will not," he said hastily.

"You wouldn't want to come over here, would you, and keep me company? We could play a little gin rummy for small stakes."

"No, thanks."

"You don't like gin rummy? Make it double solitaire or honeymoon bridge. I'm terrified and I'm not kidding. The windows are moving in and out."

"Oh, they give a little. Nothing to be alarmed about. Now see here, Sally. Why don't you ——"

"You either come over here and ride this storm out with me or I'll come over there."

"Why didn't you rent some other house!" he yelled into the telephone.

"Believe me, I wish I had," she said. She hung up.

Huntley got out of bed. He got into some slacks and a sweater. He didn't think she'd show up, but he wanted to be prepared. In a few minutes he heard her hammering at his front door. He opened it wordlessly. She walked in wordlessly, took off her raincoat and hat.

"Listen," he said, "those windows over there are five-sixteenths plate glass. That house is set on a concrete slab and it's anchored to that slab like a bomb shelter. You're as safe as the gold in Fort Knox."

"Phooey!" she said. "I'm still scared, and I'm lonesome. You wouldn't want to make a pot of coffee, would you, since we're marooned by the storm?"

"We are not marooned by a storm."

She walked to the window and peered outside. She turned around and smiled at him. "A storm is kind of fun if you aren't alone. I'll say one thing for this country—you aren't liable to be bored to death. You may be drowned, you may be terrified, you may wake up some morning with the roof blown off, but you'll be alert."

He grinned at her. "This is great country, once you get used to it. I'll put on a pot of coffee. Want a sandwich?"

"Uh-huh. I'll help."

They went out into his kitchen and brewed coffee and made a plate of sandwiches. Huntley built a fire in the fireplace and they sat cozily together on the raised hearth and ate the sandwiches and drank the coffee.

She put her hand on his arm. "Huntley, you really are a very nice guy when you aren't being impatient with me for being such a ninny."

"Ah, Sally, it's just that I'm not used to being awakened at five-thirty and at midnight by a lovely young lady."

She tilted her head. "Do you think I'm a lovely young lady?"

"Sally," Huntley said, "I think you are one of the ——"

Someone hammered on the front door. Huntley straightened and looked at Sally. "I wonder who that could be?"

"There is one way of finding out," she said.

"Yeah." Huntley went to the door and opened it. Jennifer Raymond stood outside. "Awk!" Huntley said. "Where did you come from?"

"The country club. I was on my way home, saw the light, and remembered that I wasn't very nice to you today on the phone. I decided to tell you I'm sorry."

"Oh, fine," Huntley said. "Uh—thanks very much. Well, we'll get together tomorrow, eh, Jennifer?"

She looked at him queerly. "Aren't you going to ask me in?"

"I would, Jennifer, really I would, but I was just getting ready for bed. I ——"

"Is that coffee I smell?" she said. "I'd love a cup of coffee."

"You would?" Huntley said. "Bad for you, this time of night. Keep you awake."

Jennifer shrugged. "It never has before."

"Yeah, who cares?" Huntley said. He sighed and, with the expression of a man caught driving through a red light, opened the door.

Jennifer walked into the house. She saw Sally Bridges at once.

Sally smiled enchantingly, as if she were a hostess greeting a guest. "Why, good evening, Miss Raymond. How nice of you to stop. Care for coffee? I'll be glad to make you a sandwich."

"Just coffee, thank you," Jennifer said stiffly.

Sally poured the coffee. "Sure you wouldn't care for a sandwich? We have tuna, deviled egg and —— But then, you're probably on a diet."

"I am not on a diet," Jennifer said. "I find it unnecessary."

Sally looked at Jennifer. "M'm'm'm," she said. "I think you're absolutely right, Miss Raymond. I do wish I could put on a little excess weight."

Huntley broke them before they got into a clinch. He hoped that he could forestall any shouting or throwing of things that would break. "Miss Bridges came over because she was terrified of the storm. She thought it was a hurricane. Isn't that amusing?"

"A regular scream," Jennifer said.

"It's my first storm," Sally said. "I hope I'll get used to them."

"Yes," Jennifer said, "particularly since many of the storms begin in the middle of the night."

"More coffee?" Sally said.

"No, thanks." Jennifer stood up. "I'll just run along. I saw the light and just stopped for a visit."

"Do come again," Sally said.

Jennifer left. Huntley looked at Sally and said severely, "See here, Sally. I don't think you were very nice to Jennifer. You acted as if she were an intruder."

"Well, that'll do until I can think of another word."

"Listen," Huntley said, "although I am not engaged to Jennifer, we have had a sort of tacit agreement for a number of years. We have known each other for twenty years, we see each other daily, and I do not appreciate ——"

"Then why don't you marry the girl?"

Huntley thought that one over. There was really no good reason.

"I really don't know," he said.

"I think I do," Sally said. "No mystery. You're a well-worn glove, and so is she. Comfortable, but hardly exciting."

"Oh?"

"Propinquity has been responsible for more marriages than any blinding passions, and the people never knew that they weren't in love, really."

"Where did you dream up that routine?"

"Marriage course in that girls' school I mentioned. They gave us all kinds of little tips on catching men and keeping them." Sally stood up. "Well, thanks for the coffee, the sandwich and the moral support."

Huntley watched her leave, then went inside a bit confused. He did not delude himself by thinking that he was losing his head over Sally. For one thing, she'd have him moving into the city, presumably in some apartment, where he'd get screaming nerves and claustrophobia.

The next day, Sunday, he did not hear from Sally, and was mildly disappointed. On Monday, at lunch, he sat with Jim Draper, of St. John Pulp and Paper, for whom Sally worked.

"How's Sally Bridges getting along?" he asked Jim.

"Fine," Jim said. "She's glad to get back to the beach."

Huntley nodded and then straightened. "Back to the beach?"

"Oh, I guess you were in Korea when she went to high school over in Oceancrest. Ed Bridges was logging here then, but he ran out of timber and moved his operation. Sure got a kick out of that girl. Best-dressed kid in high school and made every nickel of her clothing money by digging clams. She was constantly on that beach and got so she could outdig most of the men."

Huntley stared at Jim.

"Ed said she's been dying to get back, so I put her to work in the office. She said the city was giving her the screaming meemies."

"I thought she was here for her health," Huntley said weakly.

"Health!" Jim snorted. "That kid has health she hasn't even used yet."

Huntley went back to his office, his brow as furrowed as a newly plowed field, and spent the rest of the day trying to figure out what gave.

When he got home that evening, he saw her walking across the dunes toward his house. He got out of his car and waited for her.

"Hi, Huntley," she said. "I was going for a walk on the beach, but I didn't know whether it's safe because of the tides, so I thought I'd walk over and find out. Also, would you like to come over for dinner? I have two steaks that cost me a day's wages and ——"

He squinted at her. "Anything else you'd like to know about the beach? About driftwood, or sea gulls, or where Haystack Rock is located, or if the bar off Twelfth Avenue is as good as it used to be for clamming?"

"It isn't," she said. "Why, I remember ——" She stopped and looked at him, wide-eyed. "You found out."

"I don't know how to dig clams, Mr. McPherson," Huntley said, mimicking her. "I'm terrified of the storm, Mr. McPherson." He put his hands on his hips. "Now do you care to tell me what is the big idea?"

"No, I don't!" she said. She turned her back and started walking home.

Huntley followed her, waving his arms. "Sally," he said.

She kept on walking, her back stiff. He ran after her, took her by the arm and turned her around. "Up at five-thirty to dig clams for you, up at midnight to sit out a storm with you, trying to sell you on the beach when you ——"

She had tears in her eyes. He put his arms around her. There was no resistance worth recording, and then there was cooperation very much worth recording. Presently he released her.

"Well!" she said. "I must say that marriage course was worth while."

"Huh?" Huntley said. It was about all he could manage to say, since he seemed to be having trouble with his breathing.

"Be mysterious," she said. "Be feminine, unpredictable, even to the extent of having the man of your choice wondering about your sanity. That's what it said. You did worry about my sanity, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," Huntley said. "But why all this? Why ——"

"I was a high-school kid digging clams when you came back from Korea. Big war hero. Me? I was a skinny tomboy with muscles. Blondes were slinking around and you were drooling, you heel."

"Well, over in Korea we didn't see many blondes. Those were difficult times. We ——"

"'Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.' Of course, I was still in high school, but I could still feel scorned."

"You could?"

"So enter, four years later, the mysterious, unpredictable, helpless, senseless Sally Bridges. But what gets me is, I wasted all those years. If I'd known then what I know now ——"

"What difference would it have made?"

"But look at the time we wasted!" she wailed.

Huntley grinned at her. "Sally, we'll make up for it. Now about those steaks?"

"At a time like this, the man thinks of food."

"And the next time you want clams ——" Huntley began.

"I know," she said, "dig my own."

"Unh-uh. I'll dig 'em; you cook 'em."

And that's the way it worked out.

THE END

"... since there's nothing new here I'll close, Love, Mother."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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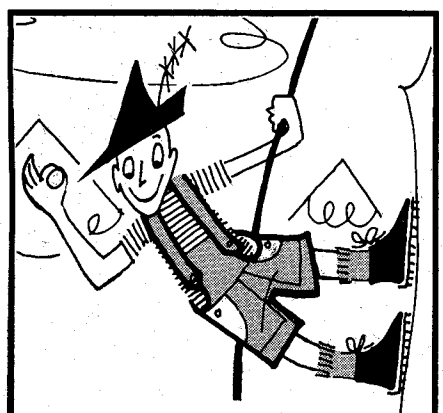

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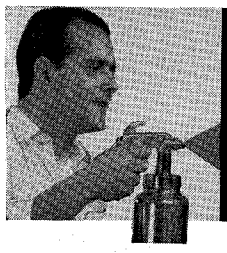

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# Dangerous Favor

(Continued from Page 31)

He thought about Isabel Maddock, pretty near the same height and build as this woman. But Isabel was safe in Dalby, or as safe as anybody could be this side of the Wasatch.

Lundy, who never had known the feel of lonesomeness, had it in his bones like rheumatism these past weeks. It was hard to get used to the sight of cabins with doors left swinging, lizards sunning on doorsteps where he'd sat with friends. Navajos—Paiutes—isolated ranchers couldn't stand off the whole Ute nation. Already it had been a long war, and it was a long roundup bringing in the cattle.

If a horse will carry dead game, he'll carry anything. There was a little trouble at the beginning, but once under way the party made good time. At three o'clock they rounded the point of Greasewood Mountain and were looking down the valley toward home. Pushing the herd, they could make the rest of the distance by six.

Lundy pulled up on the bluff and watched the animals and men spilling through the defile below into a cloud of dust and sunlight. Randall rode along the far side, swinging a rope and singing.

Closer downhill, Jim Severud, Lundy's second sergeant, slouched down, skinny and small in his leather shirt. His gun was riding ready across the saddle. Lundy touched heels to his horse and came abreast of him. "I'm cutting off here for an hour or so," he said. "Just keep the herd on the move and I don't think you'll run into any trouble."

Severud jerked up his surprised, red-whiskered face. "Well, now," he said, "you better let me go with you, if you're breaking up the party."

"No, it's a one-man errand. I thought I'd ride aways up the creek towards Maddock's place, just see what the signs are."

That was a lie, but the truth was none of Jim's business. Lundy turned hard left and was gone at a fast trot.

He thought about Isabel. He remembered her standing in the road by his stirrup, her head bent and voice so low he could hardly hear. "I've practically asked you a favor, Captain Jaeger. I'm so embarrassed. I really didn't mean to."

He couldn't remember what he had answered. It was too shocking that she would actually ask him for something and then try to withdraw the request.

"Just if you happen to be passing anyplace close to home," she said. "You know that silver mine papa located, first fall he camped in the valley?" Lundy nodded; there had been talk. "Well, the map to it's under the hearthstone in a liniment can. Been there six, seven years, I guess. Having to leave in such a hurry put it right out of my head. But it's a good rich mine, for sure." She looked at him doubtfully, as if to see whether he believed her. "Otherwise I wouldn't have you go a step out of your way, for the world." Out came her hand, sudden and cold as a kitten's paw, onto his, and that dimple you never knew whether to expect appeared at the corner of her mouth. "Thank you!" She was hurrying away, skirt held up out of the puffing dust.

Lundy was amused. What did Isabel Maddock know about silver mines? Talking so big. He could see through her without any trouble. All she wanted was a keepsake of her old dad—ashamed to come right out and say so. Making out this silver mine was such big business!

Lundy knew a lot about women—enough at least to sit still in a case like this while one pulled the wool over his eyes. Personally, he liked a woman to be a little bit complicated. Gave you a certain satisfaction figuring her out.

When her dad had died, Isabel moved in with her cousin Em, Owen Reed's wife, and their family. Em's younger sister, Bea, lived there too. Girl about the same age as Isabel. She was promised to Blaine Randall; they were going to get married that summer.

Now, Bea—there was a different kind entirely. Just as nice mannered as Isabel, and pretty near as good looking in a lanky way, but she bothered him. What was it? Always came right out with what she meant. If she wanted a man, for instance, he'd know about it as soon as she did. Seemed odd in a way that Blaine Randall had been the one.

All this time Lundy was listening with half his attention to the mourning doves. He couldn't remember when there had been so many calling in the hills. He reined up to listen. Sometimes it was hard to tell the difference between a Paiute and the real thing. Then through the late afternoon quiet he heard another sound—a cow bellowing somewhere ahead.

He dismounted and went on afoot, keeping to the scrub oak and rocks. The Maddock place was alive with Paiutes. The cabin door was gone—been used for a stretcher most likely. And down along the creek were about twenty-five horses. Allowing for stolen animals, that indicated a war party of ten or so.

He turned back, disappointed, toward the place where he'd tied his own mount. Isabel's map would have to wait for the next trip.

Bea was the one who identified the bodies. She stayed only a minute in the back room of the schoolhouse where they were laid, and came out as quiet as she went in.

"It's Mary," she said. "Cousin Mary and Jesse."

Mrs. Reed was waiting in the crowd around the steps with her husband and Isabel. She hadn't wanted to look because of being about six months along and afraid of marking the baby. Her face went yellow and pinched. "Poor Mary! Mamma always begged her not to go out to that God-forsaken place! Mamma always said ——"

Reed put an arm around his wife's shoulders and led her away from the crowd. Isabel was sobbing, balling up her handkerchief and pressing it against her mouth. "Oh, not Mary! Not Mary!"

"The Lord giveth, Isabel," Blaine Randall said, taking off his hat and watching her with sad and curious eyes.

Bea went home and cooked supper while the men were burying the bodies—a matter that could not wait. Later there would be a service over the grave, and bunches of wild flowers.

Meantime Isabel got sick and had to go to bed upstairs in the loft she shared with the rest of the family. When Lundy walked into the kitchen below, he could hear her talking to Randall, who had evidently come over early to offer the loan of his prayer book. Lundy couldn't quite understand what she was saying at first. Her voice was odd.

"Please don't give the matter another thought, Blaine. Why, I thought you'd given up the idea of trying to get it for me long ago. Why, if I'd known it was going to be so dangerous and impossible, I'd never have mentioned such a thing. I guess I must have thought you were Jack the Giant Killer, or something. Thank you very much, just the same. I think Captain Jaeger picked it up for me on this last trip, anyhow." She was talking about the map, plainly.

Feeling somewhat disturbed, like a man who has missed the first scene of a play, Lundy went on into the front room, where the table was set with Mrs. Reed's good dishes. Bea was opening a jar of jam. She looked up with her slanted hazel eyes into his, and he wondered whether she had heard Isabel's conversation with Randall. And, if so, what she thought about it.

After supper, Lundy was called upstairs in his turn. Isabel wanted to thank him for all his kindness to the family. She was lying in bed with a clean lace handkerchief in her hand and the part of her hair that she usually wore braided fanned out on the pillow in small washboard waves.

He sat down on the edge of the other bed and looked at her in silence. Suddenly she turned her head away and put the handkerchief to her eyes.

"Cousin Mary was a real pretty girl," she said softly. "She always was the beauty of the family."

"That's hard to believe."

"Oh, she was. Even prettier than Bea, if you can imagine."

He smiled and said nothing. She went on, "You know, Bea is a wonderful girl, though, even if she isn't so beautiful. She can take care of herself. Doesn't always go around pestering people to death and being a bother, like me."

"You don't bother people."

"Oh, yes, I do. I know I do. But it's because I'm so high-strung. I get sick all the time, like today. I can't stand grief, like some people. Look." At her command, he came and leaned over her. She was sitting up, unbuttoning the top button of her blue-flowered nightgown, tipping up her chin to show him her neck and shoulder. "I'm all broke out with hives."

In the dim loft, her skin looked like the surface of a pearl. He touched the spot with his fingers. Her arms went around his neck, pulling him down onto the feather quilt. He kissed her. . . . How smooth the flannel under his hands slid on her silken back.

"I love you," he said.

"Oh, Lundy," she murmured, pushing him away, "you shouldn't have done that. It's wrong, unless ——"

"Let's get married, Isabel."

Her trembling hands fumbled with the button of her nightgown. "Oh, I don't know what to say! I never dreamed!"

He marveled at how easy it was to become engaged. How quick and unexpected.

Immediately he hurt her and betrayed her trust. As he had known she must, she got around to the question of the map, and he had to explain about the war party of Paiutes. She was quiet for some time.

Then she turned to him with a smile and said, "Lundy, sweetheart, I understand how it was. It's just that I feel so silly, after telling all my friends and the whole family how brave you are. I guess I must have thought you were Jack the Giant Killer, or something. I just had such faith you would, for some reason."

Lundy said, "It'll still be there next week, Isabel. I'll get it then."

She put her lips up forgivingly, but it wasn't like the first time. He knew the day had been hard for her, and that her head was aching. Anyhow, it was time to go; he had early cattle guard that evening.

A chilly breeze had come up at sunset, suggesting more rain. Riding past the graveyard with its odor of fresh earth, Lundy slowed for someone crossing the road. It was a woman, bare-armed and bonnetless in the wind.

"Captain Jaeger?" Bea's voice said.

"Evening," he said. "Weather turning cold again."

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"Yes, I guess it is." She made no move to go and he asked if he could take her home. She shook her head and smiled, and some brightness moved in her eyes. As if to herself, she said, "I don't mind being cold."

Lundy wondered angrily for a moment where Randall was; he should have been with her tonight. But it was nobody's business, after all, if she wanted to hang around the graveyard. He himself certainly was not going to worry.

Next day six or seven wagons came straggling over the mountain loaded with gear and furniture, and followed by the survivors of a massacre at Laketown, thirty miles away. The Indians had surprised them in a predawn attack, and afterward none of the settlers voted to stay and complete their fortifications. Lundy saw that they had help setting up tents on the outskirts of Dalby and put more men on supply- and wood-hauling crews. Next week, sure, he'd get time to head for the Maddock place and take care of the map business. Next roundup.

But before the end of the week military orders were brought Lundy from General Winters in Ironville. He left immediately with two express riders to join Colonel Barney and his command of two hundred mounted militia, and went on with them to Ironville, where the walls of a new fort were beginning to rise on high land overlooking the river.

The general held a long meeting at headquarters, outlining his plans, and when Lundy got out onto the street again he was a colonel and the new commander of the Paiute Military District. His first assignment was already in his pocket. It was six weeks before he got back to Dalby.

The weather had turned hot and everything green was drying up, except for a few geraniums women kept on windowsills, garden patches sparingly irrigated, and an occasional sick rosebush kept alive with wash water. Around town the foothills moved with blond waves of dry cheat grass when the wind blew. Stock couldn't eat it. Listening close, you could hear it hissing to itself like a low fire, even on a calm day, below the now constant bellowing of the cattle. At night, especially, the animals were hard to hold; they could smell the grass and water miles away in the mountains.

After his thirty-mile ride home, Lundy tied up his horse in front of the saloon. Blaine Randall's flashy pinto was there, all trapped out as usual in its Spanish saddle with all the silver. Paiutes hadn't got it yet. Well, it was just a matter of time. The whole outfit was certainly a moving target. He pushed the door open and stood a minute waiting for his sight to penetrate the dimness. Severud was up from his seat, followed by the two Smith boys, to shake hands and lead him over to their table for a drink.

Randall was leaning against the wall, whittling on a stick of wood. He kept his mouth shut and sullen and never looked up. The rest were hungry for news.

Lundy drew maps with his finger on the scarred table top. "We're aiming to hold firm along the river. The new fort's finished and already pretty well manned." Yes, he'd kept on the move the past month. Had to look out an escape route along the west side of the river from Ironville to Altonah. They'd got all the settlers out of the Altonah area; wagons, too, though at first this had seemed impossible, all the way to the fort without crossing to the Indian side of the river.

Severud spat. "Altonah cleaned right out, then? By damn. That was a good-size settlement."

"Altonah, Greensville and Brodie. We did leave a fifteen-man guard at Brodie, though, to take care of the crops. That's all."

Severud stared into his glass. Randall went on savagely whittling bits of bark from the stick.

"Well, who's next?" he demanded.

"We are," Lundy said. He stretched out a leg to get room for reaching in his pocket, found his tobacco pouch and began packing the bowl of his corncob.

Severud said finally, "Well, after all, Lundy, ain't no use sitting here rotting. The way them Indians got us cooped up here, they don't have to fight to win. No skin off their nose whether we starve or go."

Randall stopped his whittling then. His hands closing the knife blade were shaking; so was his voice. "I'm not going to be run out without a fight."

"Well," Lundy said, "I am. We haven't got a crop to lose; only way we can keep the cattle is take them and go where there's range. Besides which, I got no stomach to see the women get scalped for nothing. We'll pull out in two, three days. They did it all right in Greenville."

Randall came over and stood above him. "In that case, colonel, I want to apply for leave from my duty on horse guard tonight. I have to run an errand for a lady."

Lundy looked up after a pause. "You wouldn't keep your scalp half an hour, going out alone. My order last month about no man leaving town except in line of duty still seems like a good idea."

"I bet it does," Randall said. His voice was shaking with rage. "Especially if the man might be heading towards the Maddock place."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All our neighbors are on vacation."


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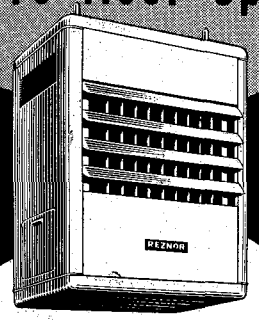

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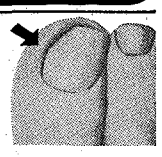

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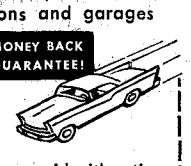

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"Seems a little bit late in the day for sunstroke," Lundy said mildly. "What do you mean?"

"You know damn well what I mean," Randall said. "It's pretty handy, you being able to give orders that'll keep everybody jailed up here, so nobody'll ever find out the map to that silver mine's been stole from its hiding place."

"Now, Blaine, boy," Jasper Smith said, "you know you're talking wild."

"If you think all this is going to make me mad enough to let you go out there and prove yourself a liar, think again," Lundy said. "I need every able-bodied man I got. Even you. And anyhow," he went on quietly, "supposing I did stop by and find that map? What is it to you?"

"Just that I'm pret' near married into a family you're trying to take advantage of, that's all."

Lundy said, "Or could it be that you're dissatisfied with the particular brand of the family you're pret' near married into, Randall? Might be ambitious about switching to the branch with the mining interests?"

Randall flailed out. Lundy raised his arm, but was caught off balance. The two men staggered against the bar, pulled apart, and went together again as Wilbur Smith and Severud moved back to give room. Harold Despain, the bartender, moved some glassware off the bar. Lundy, outweighed in the next assault, went backward across the table with Randall on top. They fell on the floor locked together, and rolled over. Lundy got a hand under Randall's chin, shoved, twisted, jammed the younger man's right shoulder under the bar rail, and got a grip on his shirt collar. It was a clumsy, short fight. Lundy twisted the collar, feeling a drop of sweat run down his cheek from under his sideburn. He let go.

Getting up, he took his pipe and knocked the ash out on the edge of the bar. Randall was breathing in soft gasps. The others looked at one another and smiled uncomfortably.

"Tomorrow," Lundy said, "we'll have an arms inspection and military election. Fill all existing vacancies in office. We'll leave this valley next day."

Jasper Smith followed him out, nervous, fingering the tip of his tobacco-tan mustache. "Ain't nobody thinks you stopped by and stole no map, Lundy," he said. He shrugged knowingly toward the door. Lundy nodded.

By the time he got washed up and over to Reed's place everybody in town had heard about the fight.

Sitting in the front room with Isabel, Lundy felt tired and uncertain. Isabel put her cool fingers on his hand and looked at him with her green-blue eyes.

"I'll never speak to that Blaine Randall again as long as I live. I can't imagine where he got that wicked idea you'd try to steal my map. Why, he must be crazy."

"Did you ask him to get it for you, while I was gone, Isabel?"

Her face was startled and hurt. "Why, of course not! Why, for heaven's sake, it would have been terribly improper! He's engaged to Bea. Of course, he might have heard me mention I wished I had it, but I can't believe he'd be silly enough to take it as a request. You don't think that, do you, Lundy?"

"No." What he wanted was to hold her; she was soft, sweet-smelling, his—few enough things belonged to him. He put his arms around her and she lifted her mouth, but she seemed restless and fidgety.

As soon as he let her go, she said, "Anyhow, it doesn't matter what he says, Lundy, because you can take a lot of men with you tomorrow, and they can see that the map is where I said it would be. Right under the hearthstone."

"Isabel, I can't do that. We're pulling up stakes here, and we've only got two days. I can't leave town that long for a personal reason, let alone take men off the job to go with me."

"I see; very well."

He went on, still hopefully, "Anyhow, Isabel, we wouldn't be able to work that mine for a long time. It'll still be there when we get back, and so will the map. Even if we never get back, it won't matter so much. I'm not so poor I can't support a wife without you bring me in a dowry. You stop worrying your head, and soon as we get to Ironville—there's a great big dry-goods store there—why, you can walk right in there, money in your hand, and pick out anything you want for a wedding dress and all the other things that go with it. Anything you want. You won't be poor, Isabel."

"Any woman is poor who marries a stubborn man," she said.

"All right," Lundy said. He got up and walked to the door, picking his hat off the hook on the way out. He couldn't trust himself to discuss the question any longer or even to say good-by.

If she wanted it that way, he'd get the map, all right, and send it to her by mail. He'd leave for the Maddock place as soon as the sun went down. A man could only take so much.

Bea was out in the cornpatch in her faded blue dress with the sleeves rolled up. She was cutting down the young stalks with a sickle, to keep the Paiutes from getting the crop. Straightening, pushing back a strand of black hair with her wrist, she called to him.

"I'm sorry about the trouble with Blaine," she said, and then stopped as if wondering whether to go on. "You did just right, you know."

"What did I do?"

"Oh, I guess it's more what you didn't do. You didn't collect a crowd of witnesses and go thundering up there to the ranch, proving the map was still untouched, triumphantly clearing your name, and so on. Most people would have done that."

"You think I won't?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, you won't. You don't have to. You're Lundy Jaeger. You never give orders to other people that you wouldn't follow yourself. Everybody knows that."

He watched a young grasshopper climbing a cornstalk clear to the top, then glanced back at Bea with interest and curiosity. "You've got me all figured out, haven't you?" She'd got him almost over being angry, someway.

Stopping at the gate, he said over his shoulder, "Let me know how I can help your folks with the moving."

Next evening the cattle guard was one short. Randall never showed up on duty; nobody had seen him since five o'clock, so Lundy took his place.

Around midnight he stood on the hillside with his back against a rock and stared down toward the pasture, where everything too heavy to be carried away in wagons was being burned. Orange smoke billowed into the sky and the crowd milled around, watching the fire.

At least Randall had the advantage of a moonless night, Lundy thought. With luck, he might get through to the Maddock place and back. If he could keep quiet enough. But no use going on thinking about it. Randall would probably hide out in the hills till morning and then cut across to join the wagon train at Sloane's Canyon. This was what Lundy had told Bea, anyhow, to put her mind at ease.

He folded his arms moodily and stared down at the flickering banners of flame. Was Bea there? He wondered what her feelings were tonight. Somehow he didn't think she'd be in bed asleep yet. Isabel was in bed, though. She hadn't been feeling well on account of their disagreement, and was not able to see him when he stopped by after supper.

He hoped Randall was making good time while he had the darkness with him and would have enough sense not to try to get back to town. Damn fool. He sighed, restless.

They pulled out of town just before noon next day, heading for the mountains. The wagon train stretched out across the flats a long way, followed by the stock. From his place midway in the train, Lundy could hear the guards yelling to one another across the backs of the herd, slow moving because of the weak cows and calves.

The heat was strong; the desert ranges shimmered on each side of the valley, cicadas buzzed, and iron-bound wheels crushed out the aromatic juice of sage growing among the rocks.

Lundy's wounded right eye throbbed under its bandage, and the side of his face felt swollen. During their last hour of guard in the early morning, Reed had lost the hammer of his rifle lock as he rode around the herd. Lundy, thinking it would be wise to discharge the rifle, had Reed level it, and then took his belt knife and hit the cap. Too bad it hadn't been Lundy's own Sharps, which was a gun in good condition. The tube of this one was old and worn, and most of the burning powder shot out through a hole and caught Lundy in the face.

The women had been shocked when they saw him. "Oh, you've ruined yourself!" Isabel cried bitterly. "The whole side of your face will be all scars!"

Bea said shortly, "You better hope he doesn't lose his eyesight." She was climbing into the wagon, loaded down with household gear, to find the brandy Em kept for medical use. She handed it out, first wiping the neck of the bottle with her white petticoat, well above the hem.

"Bea!" Isabel gasped.

Bea said calmly, "I'm going in to get something for a bandage."

"You just mind your own business," Isabel whispered furiously, running after her toward the house. "And keep your skirts down, too—if you can."

Lundy drank some brandy.

At three that afternoon the train passed the mouth of Sloane's Canyon. Lundy took his glasses and scanned the terrain for a sign of movement, but saw only a crow hunting lizards. The area lay in a tumble of desolation. There were no tracks coming out of the canyon. Lundy rode on alone for a long time. He wished he hadn't let himself plan on meeting Randall there.

Beyond Chimney Rock, which marked the southeast end of the valley like a headstone with effaced inscriptions, thunderheads were beginning to roll up. Lundy decided to push on for the pass. It might be a bad night to camp on the flats.

He told Bea that Randall would catch up with them by nightfall, sure; he had probably decided to take the longer badlands route, as being safer. She nodded, her face a little pale in spite of the color the sun had brought out across her nose and cheeks. She had been walking for the past two hours beside the wagon, refusing, with a shake of the head, to borrow Lundy's horse. Her long-legged walk was like a boy's—a fact which had made Lundy notice several times that she was a woman. It was an effect which had been disturbing him all day.

Isabel and Mrs. Reed rode in the back of the wagon, protected from the sun by a blanket hung up, but bothered by the flies which swarmed in with the threat of

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storm. They settled in patches on the horses, not to be shaken off, and Lundy had to keep brushing them away from his bandage. To the west, the sky was a red ocean with dark ships riding.

Nobody talked. The wagons creaked and crashed over the rocks, rocked through sand, and the cattle lowed. They smelled water. From the distance something flashed, and Lundy turned toward the mountain half a mile off, straining his good eye. There was motion on the brush-spotted slope. He dismounted, raised the glasses slung around his neck, and focused them carefully. Reed, seeing him, drove his wagon out of line and stopped too. Severud's wagon, pulling up behind, closed the gap, and the train kept moving.

"What is it?" Reed asked.

"War party."

"Think they figure on attacking the train?"

Lundy shook his head. "No. It's only ten. Eleven. They're heading back towards town already." He brought the glasses down slowly, taking a long look at Bea as he handed them to her. He knew from her face that she had no need for the glasses, having guessed what there was to see, but she leveled them obediently and stood motionless for what seemed like a long time. A pulse throbbed in her throat.

"What's the matter?" Isabel said, getting out of the wagon. "Paiutes?"

"Yes," Bea said. "They have Blaine's horse."

There was a feeling of thunder gathering over the mountains, but no sound yet.

"You must be mistaken," Isabel said in a queer high voice. "I don't believe it. . . . No, no! I don't want to look!" She pulled away from the glasses.

Reed took them. "No mistake. It's his horse. You can see the saddle trappings flashing, plain."

Yes, they would have been what gave him away, Lundy thought.

"Maybe he got away," Isabel said thinly.

"No, he didn't get away," Bea said.

"Oh, I knew this would happen. I always knew it! I begged him not to go, but he wanted to. You don't think I sent him, do you?"

"No," Bea said. The rest were quiet.

"I don't see how you can stand there like that, saying, 'He didn't get away,' like that. I don't think you care at all."

"Isabel ——" Mrs. Reed said.

She gave a harsh sob. Her face was almost ugly. "Oh, if somebody would have just got that map the first time—the first time I asked. Now it's gone—gone for good. It's your fault, Lundy Jaeger."

Bea said, "Be quiet."

"It is! He's blundered and bungled everything!"

"Shut your mouth, Isabel!"

"I won't! You're the one would be telling him this, if you had any feelings! He's lost me a fortune and you a husband, just because he's a stubborn, stiff-necked fool! That's what he is!"

Bea drew back and with all the strength of her right arm slapped Isabel in the face. With even greater deliberation, she hit her a second time, knocking her to the ground. Then she turned and walked away, striding through the sagebrush and over anthills. She looked lonely and tall.

Lundy caught up with her and took hold of her arm; she pulled away to keep her face hidden. He felt her anguish reaching out to include him, could taste her bitter, ashamed tears as if they were his own.

Then she broke all at once and wept, helpless and despairing, onto his sleeve while he stroked the back of her smooth head with his free hand.

"Oh, Lundy! Lundy!"

"Come back with me," he said. "We got to go on."

She let him lead her back.

Lundy, coming near the others in the wagon, made a motion to Reed to pull in at the end of the line.

"I want you to ride my horse a ways," he said to Bea, and lifted her up and set her in the saddle. THE END

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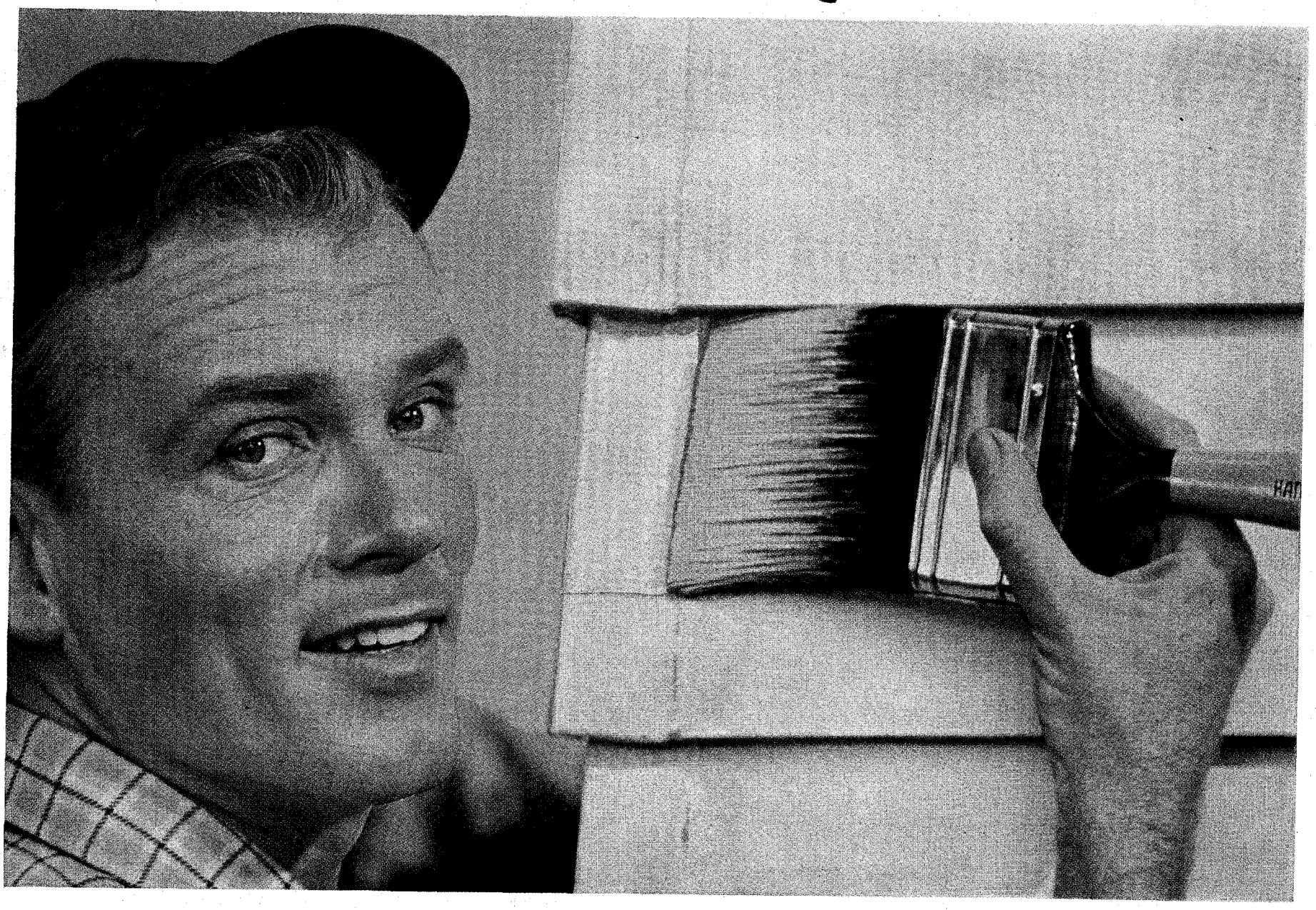

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# She Will Do Anything for Publicity

(Continued from Page 23)

"I don't care who they are—men, women, children, grandmothers! We were made for each other!"

Heart-warming as this statement may be, the fact remains that when any young woman sets out to bag such a huge and jumpy lover as the United States, she must be unusually fast on her feet.

Miss Mansfield is swiftness itself. Since last September and her triumphal return to Hollywood from Broadway and a year-long hit run in Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? she has had only four lunches in the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary when she was not being interviewed. In that brief time she has been the subject of an estimated 2500 newspaper pictures and 122,000 lines of newspaper copy, some eleven fan-magazine stories on such subjects as what her first kiss was like ("Great!") and fifteen fan-magazine cover portraits in color.

For a new, $1500-a-week, seven-year-contract Fox actress who was an unnoticed bit player in 1954 and whose first starring vehicle—Fox's The Girl Can't Help It—has just been released, that kind of progress is considered quick indeed.

Miss Mansfield is deeply interested in progress because she is already twenty-three and says she wishes to become the movie star of stars before she starts getting on toward twenty-five. She wishes to become the star of stars not for the money, not for the culture, even, but because she believes stardom is the all-important step toward her real goal, which is to grapple the country to her with hoops of steel.

To achieve this goal, Miss Mansfield feels she must always be in the public eye, like an off-angle contact lens, creating illusions. The illusion she is working on at present is that she is a genuine throwback to the flamboyant, old-time movie star.

In Hollywood, which has made something of a vice of rectitude in recent years, the old flamboyance is hard to revive. But Miss Mansfield does what she can. She drives the town's only known shocking-pink Jaguar, often accompanied by a black, 170-pound great Dane. She has walked a small tiger down Sunset Boulevard on a pink ribbon and astonished attendant photographers by walking into a Hollywood drugstore and ordering a pair of falsies.

"That was to show I had a sense of humor," she says.

Since any public gathering, whether it be another star's première, the opening of a new supermarket or a Marine Corps reunion, draws her like a magnet, she always strives to grace each occasion in an eye-catching ensemble, such as three-inch heels, black, sequined toreador pants, black sweater and silver hair floating long and triumphantly over a $15,000 cerulean mink coat.

Mickey Hargitay and the flamboyant Miss Jayne Mansfield practice acrobatic dancing on a California beach for the benefit of photographers. Last June, another of Mae West's muscle men slugged Hargitay when Miss West objected to the Hargitay-Mansfield romance.

Usually at Miss Mansfield's elbow is the giant-muscled Hungarian strong man, Mickey Hargitay, the ex-Mr. Universe of Mae West's male chorus line. Mickey is a man who likes to exercise by laying hold of the young lady and hoisting her up over his head, like a gorgeous, 115-pound dumbbell, when and where the impulse seizes him. Gossip says that in Miss Mansfield's ménage, presided over by her six-year-old daughter, Jayne Marie, and including, besides the great Dane, a poodle, a Scottie, two Chihuahuas, a Siamese kitten and a white rabbit, Mr. Hargitay is essentially just another bit of background. But Miss Mansfield, who insists that Mr. Hargitay secretly hates his muscles, absolutely denies this gossip.

"Mickey is not only powerful and gentle," she says heatedly, "but he's deep. He wants my career for me even more than I do."

Although Miss Mansfield's small redwood-and-glass home in the desert mountains north of Beverly Hills has no swimming pool, she has kept it from looking too eccentric by installing a huge triple bed to be fitted with a pink fox fur headboard and a pink fur spread, and a dressing table which is to have pink fur around the mirrors. She has also installed a black bathtub in which she takes frequent dips in pink champagne.

"I don't drink," Miss Mansfield says, "but occasionally I like a little skin jag."

Miss Mansfield is most arresting, perhaps, when she is making what is called an entrance. The first time she entered the Fox commissary with the eyes of management on her, she was wearing a white, glove-tight, virtually frontless knit dress and trailing her azure mink coat carelessly by a hand. Although the temperature was ninety, she put the coat on before she sat down.

"If they didn't know who I was, I presume they soon found out," she says.

Miss Mansfield's acknowledged mastery of entrances is not an inherited characteristic. It is the result of sound planning. When she was invited to attend the Hollywood publicists' Ballyhoo Ball in a Paramount studio sound stage last October, her plan was to come sailing through the door into the exhilarating blaze of press-photographer flash bulbs wearing a leopard-skin Bikini and held aloft, like a gliding bird, by Mr. Universe, wearing a leopard G-string.

As it happened, however, another thoughtful young actress, also clad in the legal minimum, also accompanied by a bulging strong man—rented for the evening from the Vic Tanny Gym system—and boasting, in addition, a baby elephant to ride upon, arrived at the soundstage door at the precise moment when Miss Mansfield was preparing to charge. Whether or not a struggle ensued is not known. What is known is that Miss Mansfield, soaring above Mr. Universe

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with outstretched arms and smiling as through ice, burst over the threshold first, gathering the undivided attention of most of the accredited journalists.

Needless to say, neither flood nor gloom of night can stay Miss Mansfield from an accredited journalist. Her first day on the Fox lot, for example, she was summoned to the office of Buddy Adler, executive head of the studio. Any other new actress would have sprinted there at once, but Miss Mansfield did not show up for five days.

"I couldn't keep the reporters waiting," she explained.

Recently, when three days went by with no mention of her in any paper she could find, Miss Mansfield grew so desperate she proposed to actor Joe (Joe Palooka) Kirkwood that they fly over the uninhabited Southern California desert in his plane and land—thus creating some of the greatest celebrity-disappearance headlines since Aimee Semple McPherson vanished into Mexico. Unfortunately, her press agent put a damper on that.

Such imaginative self-promotion ideas as this one have naturally made Miss Mansfield a darling of the United States press, which had such a hard time even getting to see Miss Monroe after she joined the New York Actors' Studio. Miss Mansfield is yeasty. Instead of hanging sheepishly back from intimate coverage, she insists on going out and bringing it in alive. As a result, hardened reporters will listen to her on any subject, including life.

"Life," said Miss Mansfield to an admiring interviewer some weeks ago, "is a big waterfall I want to freeze at the top. Just like Jean Harlow did. Her life," Miss Mansfield breathed raptly, "reminds me so much of that beautiful poem by Kelly and Sheats about the athlete who died young. You remember that poem, of course."

Edified by Miss Mansfield, but apparently unwilling to take credit for this work from the author, A. E. Housman, and give it to either Shelley or Keats, the interviewer turned to a discussion of all the national mention she had been getting. This proved pleasing to her.

Miss Mansfield thoroughly enjoys practically everything reporters write about her. In a recent newspaper story concerning her and other United States "uncover girls," she shrieked approvingly and pinched her toes while reading rather acid comments about her "drive for success," her "teasing tactics," her "Dumb Dora act" and the way she had made "flesh reap a film payoff." Near the end of the story, however, she suddenly stiffened all over with outrage and ripped a paragraph from the paper with a long thumbnail. The paragraph said she was twenty-four years old and really had a thirty-nine-inch bust.

Possibly because of the stress of sitting in the same room with Miss Mansfield, who may slip into something a little more comfortable three or four times during an interview, considerable confusion has arisen among reporters as to her exact measurements. Estimates have ranged from 44, 21, 36 to 37, 17, 34.

"All I ask is a little accuracy," she says. "When I was on Broadway last summer, my waist was eighteen inches, my hips thirty-five and a half and my bust forty. Since I came to Hollywood, I've been so happy, so unbelievably happy, that I find I'm now a size forty-one."

Part of the confusion about Miss Mansfield's measurements may stem from her controversial rib cage. Because she is unusually barrel-chested for a girl, some observers claim that bone actually accounts for much of her celebrated frontage. "A one-story flat in Denver is going to be taller than a hundred-story skyscraper in New York," argues one proponent of the bone theory. "After all, the flat in Denver starts out a mile high."

By general agreement, Miss Mansfield is considered an authority on at least three topics: (1) men and what they want women to be; (2) the art of cheesecake posing; (3) her career.

"Last summer," she states, "my dream man was about six-feet-five, real muscular, with blue eyes, charcoal-gray hair, a foreign accent and no tired blood. Now that I've met Mickey, however," she sighs, "I don't know which direction to flip." On the question of what men want women to be, Miss Mansfield is unusually brisk. "They want them to be pink, helpless, and do a lot of deep breathing," she says.

Having rarely taken an uninteresting picture, as persons who like to pose with clothes on often do, Miss Mansfield is listened to with respect on the subject of cheesecake art.

"I always pose from within," she says. "If I want to look happy, I think of some happy scene; if I want to look sad, I think of some sad scene. From some of my pictures you may have seen," she hastens to add, "you might wonder what on earth I was thinking about when I posed for them. I was thinking," she concludes coolly, "about how cold it was."

On the subject of her career, Miss Mansfield sometimes startles reporters by announcing that she has a master five-year plan for taking Hollywood and the nation into camp.

"The first step, which is to get all the men stirred up, is about three quarters completed, as I see it," she says. "The next step—the one I'm working on now—is to get all the women stirred up. This could backfire," she frowns. "To make it work, I'll probably have to start emphasizing my home life and the P.T.A. and all that. When that's done," Miss Mansfield says firmly, "I may take a shot at the intellectuals."

Even more startling to reporters is Miss Mansfield's announcement that she intends to become the top Hollywood star in two years and to win an Academy Award in five. "I work hard and I always do my best and I always have this real high feeling, this racked-up go, go, go," she says excitedly. "So I don't see why I shouldn't get what I want."

Buddy Adler, who regards Miss Mansfield as a probable multimillion-dollar successor to such royal Twentieth Century-Fox blondes as Alice Faye, Betty Grable and Miss Monroe, doesn't seem to see why, either. "This studio has never presented a new personality to the public with more confidence," he says. Frank Tashlin, who directed Miss Mansfield in The Girl Can't Help It, confines himself to expressions of happy surprise.

"When I first saw Jayne," he says, "I thought here was one of the world's great romances—a girl and her bust. Then I found that she knew all her lines, never flubbed, never showed any nervousness or temperament, never was late or tired, never had to have a retake. Although she lacked craft, she was willing and honest and smart, and before she was around two days, she had everybody on the set, from the cops to her body-make-up girl, wanting to do favors for her. When I found out that on top of all that she could also act," Mr. Tashlin concludes wonderingly, "I couldn't believe it had happened to me."

Stimulated by such comment, and by Hollywood rumors that her first picture will probably prove a box-office hit, and most of all by the fact that 170,000,000 United States citizens may be now much nearer her embrace, Miss Mansfield is happily planning to import a cheetah to take walking on a ribbon on Sunset Boulevard.

Jayne daubs lotion on the "head to toe" rash she suffered after a love scene for "The Wayward Bus" in a patch of weeds that turned out to be poison oak.

Cheetahs make just as much news as tigers," she explains expansively, "but they're calmer. You never know when a tiger may get excited on some busy corner and check out a lot of potential fans."

To hurry her hoped-for mass fan roundup, Miss Mansfield is reportedly planning even greater attention-getting spectacles. Even to achieve this end, however, she is not planning to make a spectacle of her home life. Miss Mansfield says her home life is controlled.

The Mansfield version of a controlled home life may not be quite the standard in Omaha, of course. Entering her plywood-paneled front room—furnished with a portable bar and stools, a large pink china cat and some twenty-four framed magazine covers of herself, among other items—visitors may get the impression they are actually in a concrete mixer full of flying dogs, cats and rabbits. The TV may be going full power with Miss Mansfield's bright and pretty brown-haired daughter calmly watching. In the kitchen, Mickey Hargitay, who is usually present, may be cooking, to the discomfiture of Miss Mansfield's five-day-a-week maid. Or he may be sawing and hammering in a hallway, or out laying bricks in the rear patio, or possibly painting walls.

If it is time for his exercise, he may be doing none of these things, but standing in the front room in the midst of the animal melee, methodically shooting Miss Mansfield up and down, up and down, to tone up the pectoral muscles in his chest.

"Mickey has the greatest pectorals west of the Mississippi," Miss Mansfield states proudly. "Possibly, the world."

Although she is up in the air so much of the time, Miss Mansfield is a devoted mother on the ground. She watches her daughter's school progress with a careful eye, watches her diet, reads to her and plays with her like another child, and personally installs her in bed almost every night. Workdays, she rises at six to make her daughter's breakfast before walking her to the corner to catch the school bus. Five out of seven evenings are spent at home—a fact Miss Mansfield is not sure jibes with the old-time-movie-actress illusion she has been fostering.

To keep her waist at eighteen inches and the rest as is, Miss Mansfield follows a stern regimen. No night-clubber and not much of a party girl, she gets eight hours' sleep regularly. Having much to support, she exercises her pectoral muscles vigorously, not to mention the muscles of her calves, which she feels may be a little lean. Avoiding fats ("They harden your arteries"), sweets ("They crumble your teeth"), starches ("I'm protein, so why shouldn't I eat it?") and booze ("I don't need any false reassurance"), Miss Mansfield usually contents herself with a large orange juice for breakfast and a large, very-well-done steak and vegetables for dinner. Since her lunch hours are so often occupied with interviews, she rarely eats then.

Aware of her abstinence, her studio has worriedly sent her to its physician, who found (*Continued on Page 102*)

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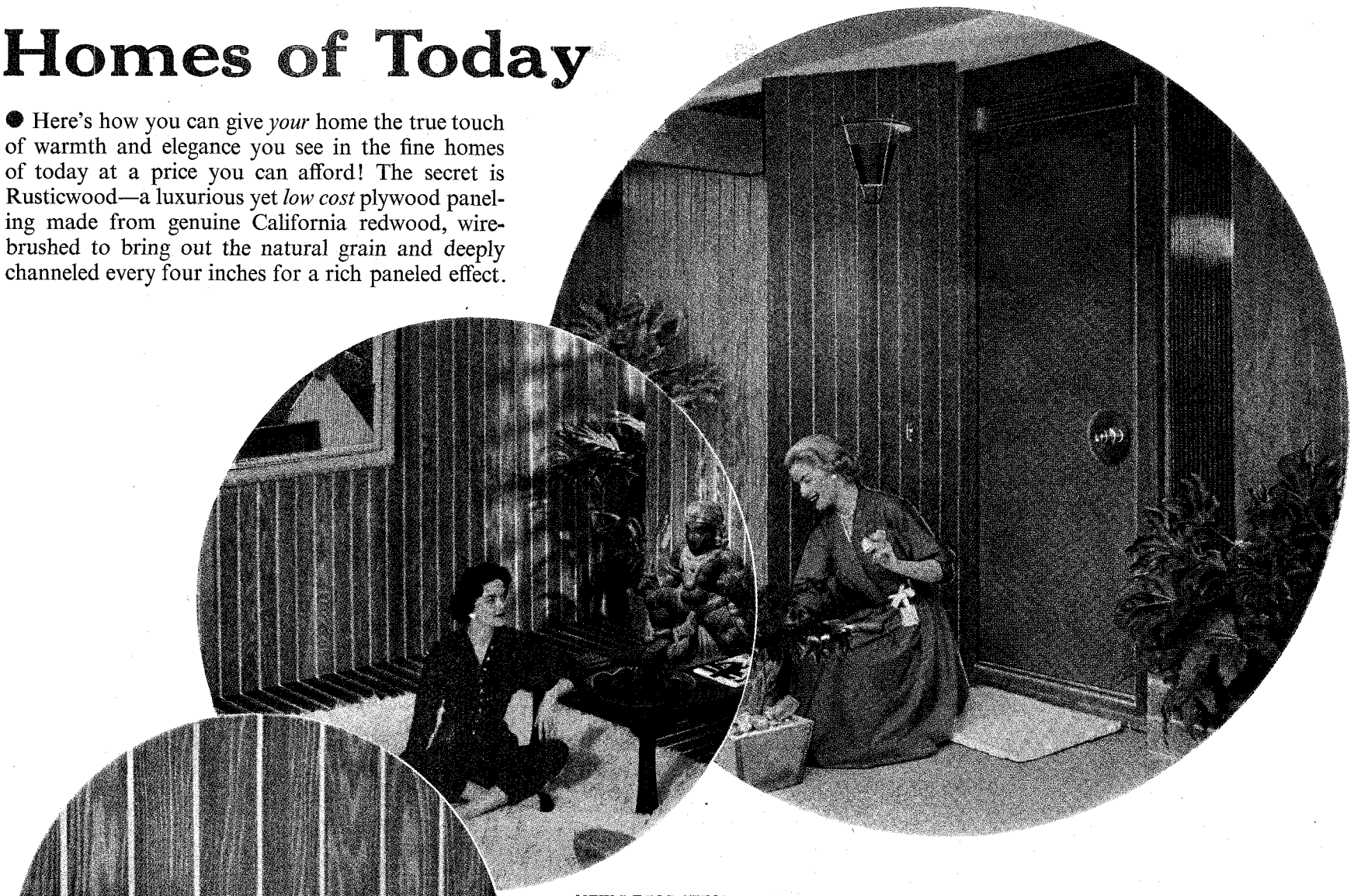

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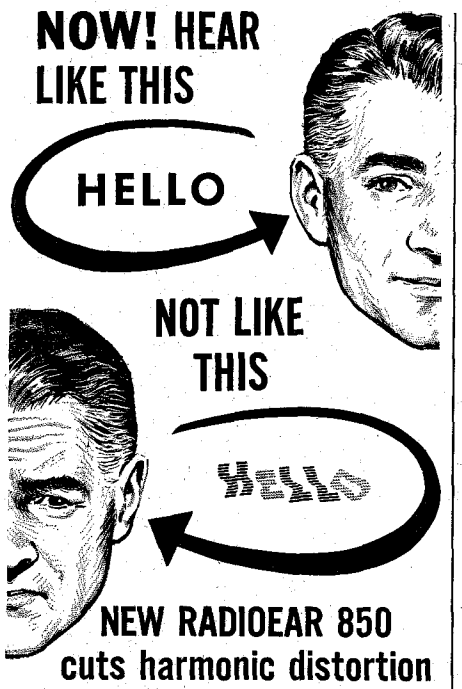


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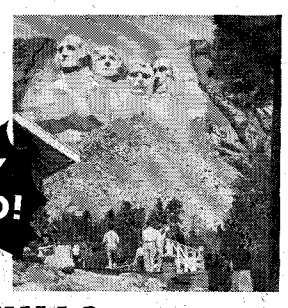


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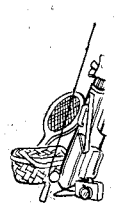

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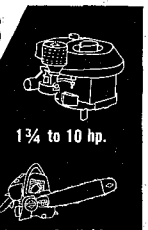


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**MOSCO** ★CORN★ REMOVER


(*Continued from Page 100*) her slightly anemic, but otherwise healthy as a colt. Nevertheless, too much abstinence will tell. While she was rehearsing an eating scene with costar Edmond O'Brien recently, a player brought in a plateful of unappetizing prop sandwiches. For a tense moment Miss Mansfield struggled with herself. Then, with a strangled cry, she was upon them, dispatching three before she could be restrained.

"I'm glad those sandwiches weren't made of asbestos or something," Miss Mansfield says. "I wouldn't have known the difference."

Unaware of her Spartan sacrifices, with eyes only on her mounting success, some other Hollywood ladies tend to remark that blind luck, not sober preparation, has accounted for her rise. This is laughable. Rarely in the history of national courtship by an individual has preparation been more thorough.

In 1954, while dozens of cheesecake starlets were rushing at the nation in the blind belief that flesh alone must prevail, Miss Mansfield, then fighting for bit parts, was sizing up ways to engineer public consent with the piercing eye of a top Madison Avenue advertising executive planning a no-quarter national sales campaign.

"Basically," says Miss Mansfield, "I was what you'd call a luxury item. My problem was to convince the people I was a necessity."

Apparently aroused by the size of this undertaking, a sales job that huge corporations, flanked by squads of sales-promotion men have often failed to do, Miss Mansfield says she first appraised the market. Although the market was then baying hysterically after Miss Monroe, it was still a rich prize, as she saw it, pitifully open to new and ruthless emotional assault.

Encouraged by this thought, Miss Mansfield says she then turned an appraising eye on herself—did a "product survey," as the advertising people say. The product was eager but rude—bust a mere 39, waist 21, hips 35½, weight 120, hair brown, mouth closed in photographs—a fatal blunder—very little acting experience and a fierce but undirected drive.

Common sense told Miss Mansfield she would never be able to make off with the people while she was in that shape. "What I needed was a whole new package design," she says. A girl of action, she promptly changed herself into a platinum head, lost five pounds, let her mouth drop open in an inflammatory way, exchanged her natural Texas tones for an intimate breathiness of voice and tucked her mind, always a disturbing element in glamour girls, temporarily out of sight. Although her height—five feet five and a half inches—seemed stubbornly fixed at that figure, she exercised her waist down to nineteen inches and discovered that by breathing deeply and thrusting back her shoulders to expand her ribs, she could put another inch on her bust. Since that was what really counted with the country, Miss Mansfield says she felt ready for more aggressive steps in her personal sales campaign. She even tried a little motivation research.

Motivation research, as any advertising executive knows, is a study designed to get inside the consumer's soul and find out what he unconsciously feels he needs. Since Miss Mansfield already knew, instinctively, she wasted small time on this phase.

"With me, the motivation was obvious," she says.

Pinpoint surveys, competitive testing and other such sales-campaign devices being then impractical, she also dispensed with them. As for premium offers, they were out of the question. Miss Mansfield was not something to have pop out of a box at the kiddies.

What Miss Mansfield really needed at this point was to break down trade resistance, she says. For some reason, producers tended to regard her as a walk-on. Why this should be was hard to say. Inside, she knew she was a born star. In fact, she had known it since she was a six-year-old named Vera Jayne Palmer in Dallas and her parents had chanced to remark that she looked like Shirley Temple. Neither grade school, in which she got B's, nor fiddle playing, at which she excelled, nor a high-school marriage to a studious youth named Paul Mansfield when she was sixteen, nor the birth of her daughter when she was seventeen and getting B's at the University of Texas had diverted her aim one millimeter. Nevertheless, after she had gone to all the trouble of persuading her husband to buy her present house in Beverly Hills and to sit still while she redesigned herself and went after the studios, the producers had started this stubborn resisting. The excuse was always something about her acting.

"It was the kind of treatment you might expect if you were a size thirty-six," Miss Mansfield says.

When producer resistance persisted, Miss Mansfield recalls that she had to reassess her campaign strategy. "If I couldn't go through them, I figured I'd just have to go around," she says. "Then, right at that moment, I made the greatest discovery of my life. I discovered publicity."

To say that Miss Mansfield discovered publicity is to say that she met Jim Byron, a personable, quick-thinking young man, then wondering whether he could take just such raw material as she was and, through relentless exploitation, turn her into a national institution. As an experiment, he got her a one-piece bathing suit and a Bikini, and worked her in with a planeload of starlets bound for Florida and a big press-promotion party for an underwater swimming picture, starring Jane Russell. Miss Russell, no paltry figure herself, was supposed to get the cream of the coverage. When Miss Mansfield's picture turned up in some 400 papers next day, however, what misgivings Mr. Byron may have had flew out the window and he got right to work supplying his new client with a top talent agent, Bill Shiffrin. Byron also recruited the celebrated Hollywood lawyer, Greg Bautzer, to handle Miss Mansfield's divorce from young and outdistanced Mr. Mansfield, who had gone home, shaking his head, to Texas.

With such high-priced veterans working on her campaign, the public was practically doomed. Still, there was work to be done. When the movie producers kept offering only bit parts, Bill Shiffrin decided that what Miss Mansfield needed was prestige exposure, if she was ever to induce an eventual impulse buy in the masses. As it happened, Shiffrin found just such an exposure in the Broadway part of a dumb blond movie actress in Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?

Whether Miss Mansfield played the character or just herself was a matter the critics never quite decided. Whatever she played, neither critics nor audiences could seem to get enough of it, and overnight she found herself something of a New York celebrity. Any other country actress might have been appeased by this success, but, to Miss Mansfield, New York was only a little piece of the nation. Reasoning that if publicity could get her to Broadway so soon, it ought to be able to carry her the rest of the way, she promptly huddled with her three advisers and then launched a one-woman press-saturation campaign that may be unequaled in the history of show business.

Accurate statistics are not available, but Mr. Byron estimates that Miss Mansfield got her picture in local and out-of-town newspapers and magazines no fewer than 36,000 times from the summer of 1955 to September, 1956. Mansfield wordage ran to thousands of pounds of newsprint at a time of world crisis. No press agent or photographer with any kind of exploitation outlet was turned from Miss Mansfield's door; she was "Miss Negligee," "Miss Tomato," "Miss Direct Mail," "Miss Lobster" and some eighty other "Misses," one right after another. Even photographers with no outlets at all were welcome to blaze away at Miss Mansfield. On one occasion, a New York reporter found some thirty agitated members of a new Mansfield fan club photographing her with box cameras while she splashed playfully, unencumbered by raiment, in her hotel bathtub.

"Man, that was a turkey shoot," she recalls happily.

Throughout most of her New York run, Miss Mansfield says she never lost sight of her goal, which was to seize the nation via the movies. Last winter, however, she says she fell in with some rich, wanly worldly New York "intellectuals"—scions, counts, society playboys and others of the magnificently unemployed who were always trying to get her up to their penthouses. Seemingly dissatisfied with Miss Mansfield in her native state, these "intellectuals" began troubling her mind by telling her that Hollywood was a vulgar and revolting place, full of mental riffraff who never read or bathed or otherwise conducted themselves as gentlemen. They even went so far as to say that television would probably do away with the movies altogether, and good riddance.

For a time, Miss Mansfield says she was almost out of her mind, with everything she had ever believed in falling in ruins about her. Then one night a marquis well known for the smart way he clicked his heels in the presence of ladies happened to take her to the Latin Quarter to see the Mae West revue.

"I was wearing a pink fox fur stole and I was near tears," Miss Mansfield recalls darkly. "Then it happened. I looked up, and there was Mickey standing in the spotlight in his muscles. One look and I checked out that marquis before he could let go of my hand. I was back on the main line."

In Hollywood some evenings ago, highballing joyfully on the main line and only a few jumps behind her destined lover, the entire population of the United States, Miss Mansfield made an entrance into the auditorium of her daughter's school to attend a P.T.A. meeting. She had thought seriously of wearing a cloth coat, but decided at the last minute on the mink.

"I didn't want to be conspicuous," she says.

After the meeting, a great many of the male parents and teachers crowded around to make Miss Mansfield welcome. She was her most engaging self.

"How many people are there in the P.T.A.?" she inquired eagerly. "Nationally, that is?"

Informed that the membership must run to several millions, Miss Mansfield's lovely features were lighted by a tender smile.

"Mine! All mine!" she was heard to breathe ecstatically, as she bade the gentlemen adieu. "Mine! All mine!"

THE END

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# The Fabulous Jock Whitney

(Continued from Page 30)

Cushing, brought to the marriage a habit of liberal thought and a practical intellectualism, in part an accretion from her years as the favored daughter-in-law in the Roosevelt family circle.

A friend of the Whitneys' says: "Betsey brought a new set of values into Jock's life. Some of these she had inherited from her father, who was the essence of an oriented man, and some from her close association with F.D.R. and the men who made his era. I don't think Betsey transformed Jock, but I'm sure that to him she represented awareness of a larger world, in which he wanted to play a part."

The new Mrs. Whitney also brought to Jock's household two young daughters, making Whitney a *pater familias* for the first time. Whitney legally adopted Sara and Kate, though the children retained the Roosevelt name.

A relatively trivial occurrence shortly after the war illustrates one of the many ways in which Jock's and Betsey's views have merged into a family credo. Whitney had received a routine communication from the Social Register, asking him to verify the family listing and append their summer residence. Jock, after talking it over with Betsey, wrote to ask that his name be dropped from the Register.

"I think some people believed that this was a kind of snobbism in reverse," Jock said recently. "Actually the Social Register is a handy reference for people who want names and addresses. We weren't trying to lead any parade; it was simply that Betsey and the kids and I felt it was anti-the-American-stream."

Abdication from the Social Register does not qualify Whitney as a champion of tolerance and social equality, but in a quietly persistent way, Jock is just that. Discussing this subject recently, Whitney had to grope for the origins of his convictions.

"I think it must have been something Joan and I absorbed when we were very young. I remember, when we were kids, the grownups were discussing a guest who was coming for the weekend and someone asked if he was Jewish. My mother looked astounded and asked: How could anyone know or care? So we were very young when it came to us that a person's race or religion or position had no bearing on whether he was attractive or right to be a friend. If you start like that, it's natural for your feelings to broaden as you grow older. I think there's a lot of truth in that song that you've got to be taught to hate."

Whitney has acted on his social convictions on many occasions. Some years ago he figuratively broke down the doors of the exclusive Jockey Club and introduced its first Jewish member. And when the Whitney investment company was formed after the war, Jock insisted that some of its skilled secretarial help be Negro.

The Whitneys' democratic principles bore fruit four years ago when their older daughter, Sara Delano Roosevelt, married Anthony di Bonaventura, the musically talented son of a New York barber. Though many theoretically broad-minded parents might have objected to such a marriage, with its differences of background, social position and religion, the Whitneys welcomed young Di Bonaventura to their family circle. Jock, an Episcopalian, gave the bride away in the small Catholic church in lower Manhattan attended by the groom's family. The Di Bonaventuras now have two children, and are established in a house on the Greentree estate. Currently they are in Europe, where Tony is making his first professional tour as a concert pianist.

Whitney's long service as trustee of New York's Museum of Modern Art and his Hollywood movie experiences combined to provide him with his first governmental assignment in 1940, when Nelson Rockefeller appointed Jock to the mouth-filling role of Director of the Motion Picture Division of the Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. The goal of this agency was Good Neighbor propaganda and Jock spent two years devising movie shorts which would make friends and influence people south of the border. Whitney's major accomplishment during this period was a program which resulted in a number of Disney-produced shorts dripping with inter-American solidarity; the most successful of them, Saludos Amigos, is still considered a model of its kind.

Whitney took a six-week Army training course in Plattsburg in 1940. In March of 1942, the month he and Betsey were married, Jock signed up with the Air Force and was sent to the Intelligence School at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Whitney reached England in August, and was posted as an Intelligence officer with the American Eagle Squadron. Jock later became public-relations officer for the 8th Air Force; he moved to Italy in 1943 as a staff officer with Gen. Ira Eaker and his Mediterranean Allied Air Force. M.A.A.F. was a composite force and Whitney worked as its political liaison officer. He had to correlate British, French and American intelligence with underground reports from occupied territory, and also keep our embassy in Rome acquainted with what the military was planning. But Whitney kept wishing he could move closer to actual war operations.

## Blue Jay

By Mae Winkler Goodman

Loud and querulous bird,
what does it matter
That your voice is harsh
or that you quarrel
With every other bird? I
hear your chatter
Even upbraiding some
unsuspecting squirrel.
You are the dread of every
feathered creature
That flies across your path,
a woodland shrew,
And yet I can accept your
baser nature
Each time I glimpse your
flame of molten blue
Flashing among the
branches. Then I behold
The sky itself take wing
and come to earth;
Although you steal and
chatter, fuss and scold,
Yours is a different mission,
and your worth
Cannot be gauged alone by
how you live,
But tempered by the blue
delight you give.


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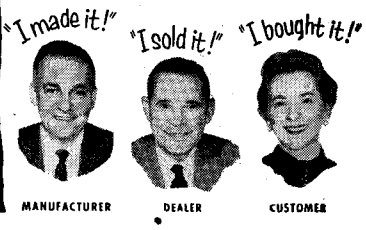


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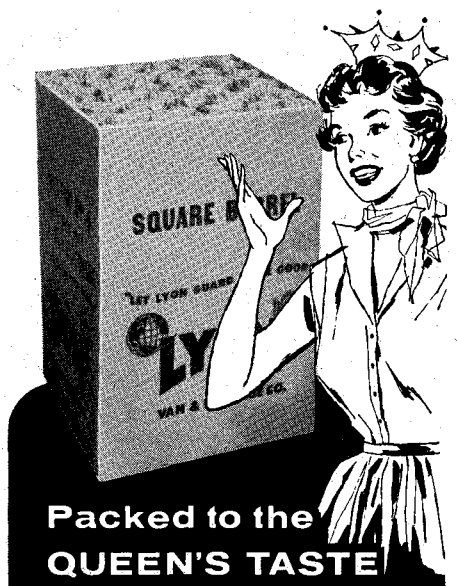

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"I had no desire to be a hero," he says, "but I wanted to get into something more warlike. I was a colonel at the time and I'd been trying to get General Donovan, who headed the Office of Strategic Services, to spring me. Finally, Donovan stopped off at M.A.A.F. headquarters at Caserta, just north of Naples, and told me he had just the thing for me. O.S.S. was setting up a link to the Japanese—spies and agents and stuff—and they wanted me to take command of the post where we would train likely looking Asiatics. I had my orders to report to the O.S.S. for this job when I was captured."

Whitney's account of his capture by the Germans, once an officially secret report, has now been declassified. Landing in Provence shortly after the beachhead had been established in Southern France, Jock's mission was to make a firsthand study of the operations of the O.S.S., which co-ordinated French underground activities. He rode north up the Rhone Valley in a weapons carrier with two French civilian agents and a driver whose O.S.S. identification was "Pfc. Moretti"; the agents were to be placed as close to the retreating enemy as possible. But Whitney's party made the mistake of driving too far up the wrong road. The sudden chatter of a machine gun told the group that they had run into an ambush. Quoting piecemeal from Whitney's official report:

"Moretti stopped the vehicle and fired a burst from his machine gun. I jumped from the weapons carrier, taking a position by the right front wheel, and fired with a carbine. The position which I had assumed quickly became untenable, however, since the vehicle rolled backwards down the hill, leaving me exposed. Weapons carrier, agents, Moretti and I all arrived together in a small gutter beside the road."

Whitney and his group crawled along the ditch, still under fire, and took cover in a nearby house which had recently been evacuated. Whitney covered one of the agents while he reconnoitered the rear of the house. The agent returned to report an enemy tank just to the rear of the grounds.

"I asked him how many soldiers he had seen, but he went into the house too quickly to reply. I then saw through a high hedge the legs of approaching men. Moretti called from the house not to shoot, but to come inside—which I gladly did."

The party defended the house for half an hour against small-arms fire, grenades and a few mortar shells.

"We had very little ammunition left, but Moretti wanted to shoot it out. We therefore decided to try to find a place downstairs which would let us see what we were up against. I led the way down the stairs and was just set for a run into the room on our right when a grenade landed in its doorway. This last hope gone, I yelled, '*Kamerad*' and was answered by loud, unintelligible noises which I took to be unfriendly. I pushed the wrecked door aside and stepped out into smoke and noise and yelling Germans, wondering if in that mob of trigger-happy killers there would be one who couldn't resist a certain score."

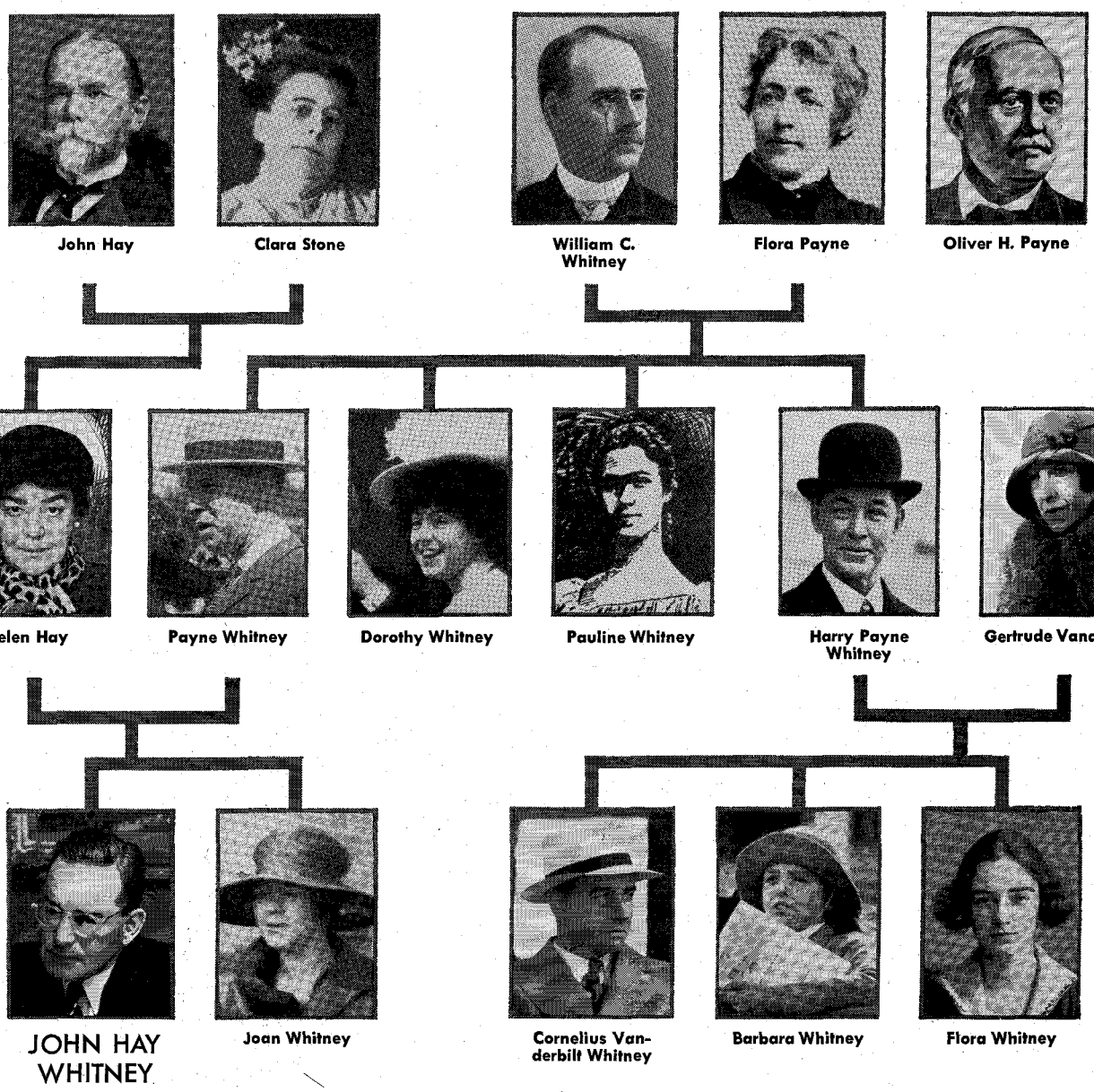
Whitney, Moretti and the two agents were captured on August 23, 1944. During the subsequent interrogations the prisoners were separated and never saw one another again. Whitney, placed in the back of a German half-track armed with a howitzer, was taken up the Rhone Valley.

"About midnight, on a heavily wooded road, we were ambushed by French Resistance forces. The firing was intense from our convoy, which was being crisscrossed by machine-gun tracers and rifle fire. I climbed out of my place in the half-track to jump, but the gun loader caught me by the seat of the pants."

During the night Whitney managed to dispose of several incriminating documents—among them his orders to report to O.S.S. The following day's journey was frequently interrupted by strafing attacks from American fighter planes. That night, Whitney was held in a granary with three other captured G.I.s. Jock managed to get the ear of the Frenchman who owned the granary, giving him the names of the other prisoners and telling him that a note would be left in the straw. The note was addressed to Tex McCrary, public-relations officer at M.A.A.F.; it asked McCrary to inform Betsey that Jock was captured, but in good shape.

McCrary was prowling around back of the German lines in France at that time. When he returned to Caserta three days later, he found the message on his desk. A correspondent happened to hear the note mentioned, coupled it with Whitney's absence, and sent a report of the capture to his London office with the usual "withhold-for-notification-of-next-of-kin" caution. Somehow, the report was released through regular news channels and that afternoon the public-

## From these forebears came the Whitney fortune

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address system at Belmont Park interrupted a race description to tell the stands that the son of the owner of Greentree Stables was in enemy hands.

Whitney's slow journey toward a *Stalag Luft* came to a climax fifteen days later in a freight car rumbling through the Haute-Saône Department toward the German border. There were forty-five prisoners in the car, among them the crew of a B-17 which had been forced down in enemy territory when three of its engines failed.

"The pilot, a Second Lieutenant Fulton, was one of the most single-minded men it has been my pleasure to know and he led a determined crew. Their guiding ambition was to get back to their unit so they could bust their crew chief on the nose. It was Fulton who discovered that we could unlock the car door by putting someone through a small window with a hooked stick as a tool."

Of all the prisoners, just eleven men decided to risk the guards' guns in a break for freedom.

"The group consisted of five of the bomber crew, an R.A.F. regiment flying officer, a lieutenant from the 26th Division, a P-47 pilot, a Chinese-American Medical second lieutenant, a twenty-year-old private of the 26th who had left his native Munich for the United States

---

Bathing suits this year are more abbreviated than ever, but the punctuation remains the same. CHARLES RUFFING

---

so recently that he was not a citizen when he joined the Army, and myself. We decided to get some sleep and leave in two batches at 0230 hours. From the moment the plan was fixed until the noise of a slat being pulled from the roof of the car woke me, I slept deeply, without the nightmares which had hounded me for the previous two weeks."

The car door opened to reveal a countryside bathed in bright moonlight. Immediately behind the prisoners' car was a flatcar carrying a German tank and a crew of tough, true-blue Nazis. The escapees suffered through an interminable wait for a favorable jumping-off spot.

"Finally I heard someone say, 'Go ahead, jump.' I hit the stones of the track side, going too fast for my legs to keep up, but before the ground could smack me in the face it ran out and I was rolling down the bank, where I stopped.

"The train was gone, leaving a bright countryside without a sound in it except for six somewhat lunatic kids (for a moment I was the youngest of all) blinking like moles at the moon and shaking hands as if they'd won the Big Game. But we hadn't won yet, as Fulton quickly reminded us, so we ran for cover about half a mile away—a thick wood."

The following day the six escapees were moving carefully along the edge of a dirt road when they met a small boy who told them there was a party of fifty Germans just down the road. Whitney asked the boy to find them some food and clothes.

"It was raining hard. For three hours we crouched in the wood, shivering. All of a sudden, loud male voices sounded at the entrance to our hideaway. Had the Germans caught our savior? We stood up to face our fate, which then appeared in single file, led by my bright boy in a rain cape—first the butcher with a basketful of sausage; then the baker with loaves of bread still warm from the oven; then a lady in a shawl, bringing eggs, both raw and hard-boiled; then the owner of a vineyard shepherding a demijohn of amber wine carried on the back of a smiling peasant.

"There was also the *notaire* and two of the leading *fonctionnaires* and a large, red bull of a man who had a bottle of wine in each pocket. Bringing up the rear was *M. le Maire* himself, with two of his retinue. At the peak of our party our hole in the woods must have held twenty-five celebrants, and nobody once said, 'Shush' or 'Listen.' The Germans were less than half a mile away, yet they wouldn't have approached this wood if Adolf himself had ordered it. We were in the hands of the dreaded Maquis."

Whitney spent three days with the Maquis, hidden in a house in the village of Traves just fifty yards from a German bivouac. One night, dressed in French-peasant blue, Jock went out on a raid with the guerrillas. The raid never reached its goal and the night's work ended with a dinner in the middle of the forest; a hare-and-pork stew washed down with champagne. Shortly after noon, on September eleventh, Whitney had the pleasure of introducing himself to advance units of the 143rd Regiment of the 36th Division.

Several years after the war Jock and Betsey and their two daughters went to Europe and, starting at Aix en Provence, retraced the route of his capture, his long journey as a prisoner and his escape, seeking out the many French civilians who had been kind and helpful to him as both a prisoner and an escapee.

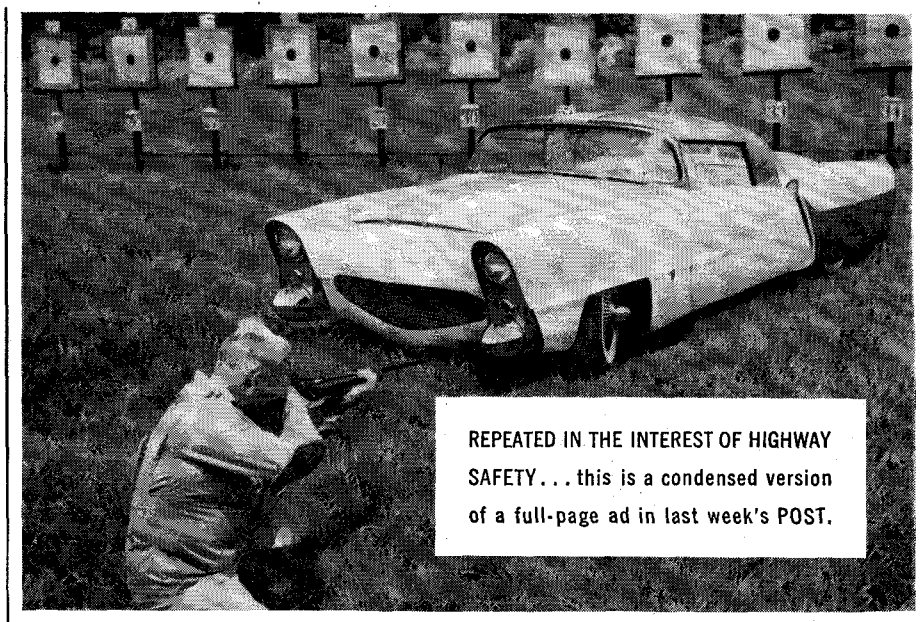
Whitney's experience as a prisoner was another factor in shaping what might be called his republican philosophy. In Jock's words:

"During long conversations with my fellow prisoners I rarely encountered a G.I. who was able or willing to say what he was fighting for. I never heard one of the boys throw it back to the Nazis and say he was fighting for freedom or for a moral reason. I don't think this was through any fault of theirs. It seemed to me that it represented a fundamental fault in our democratic educational system. I decided that when I got back—if I got back—I'd try to do something about that."

Those late-summer weeks of 1944 had been eventful in other ways for Whitney. On August seventeenth, his fortieth birthday (and six days before his capture), Jock had assumed control of a $20,000,000 trust established by his father. On September twenty-fourth Helen Hay Whitney died and left her son another fortune of $20,000,000 and various real-estate holdings, including the old Whitney town house in New York and the family plantation in Thomasville, Georgia.

Whitney's resolution to put part of his fortune into public service had taken form toward the end of the war, when Jock served in London on Ambassador Winant's air staff, and helped plan the terms of the German peace treaty. With William H. Jackson, a Whitney family lawyer who had served on the 1st Army staff and in O.S.S., and Sidney Spivack, an Air Force officer and family friend, Jock settled on a plan which provided for educational philanthropy, a business organization which would encourage small enterprises, and a personal reserve for meeting his obligations and continuing his private gifts.

To finance this plan, Whitney divided his available personal capital, then about $40,000,000, into four parts. One part went to the John Hay Whitney Foundation; one part to the investment organization, J. H. Whitney & Company; and two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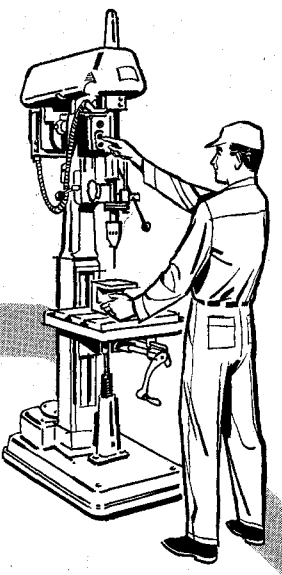

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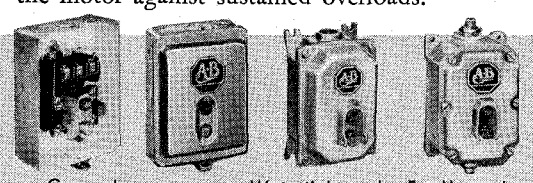

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parts remained in Whitney's personal account.

The Whitney Foundation, in the ten years of its existence, has sent philanthropic shoots into a number of educational fields. The foundation's Opportunity Fellowships have given financial aid toward advanced study to exceptional students handicapped by racial or cultural background, or region of residence. Awards have been given to Negroes, Spanish-Americans, Indians, Chinese and Japanese-Americans, citizens of our island possessions and of the Appalachian Mountain area, and to displaced persons.

The John Hay Fellows program is designed to foster the study and teaching of the humanities by sending selected high-school teachers to one of the larger universities for a year. Since 1952, seventy-eight fellowships have been granted. This is the beginning of a movement which Whitney expects will enrich the quality of teaching in secondary schools.

The plans for both of these programs were worked out by professional educators, but the foundation's latest development was pure Whitney.

"We were sitting around talking about education," an associate of Jock's recalled recently, "and someone mentioned a professor who was going to retire, and how the poor fellow was just going to sit around for the rest of his life on a pension. Jock said, 'My God, that man is a great teacher. Somebody has got to use him.' So Jock set up the machinery, and that started the Whitney Visiting Professors in the Humanities."

The visiting-professors program pays $7500 a year to distinguished, retired university and college teachers of arts, languages, history, literature, philosophy, religion and the social sciences, and sends them free of charge, so to speak, to small liberal-arts colleges. To date, the program has subsidized about fifty visiting professors. Recently, the New York Foundation and the Danforth Foundation have become participating partners in this Whitney project.

Though Whitney's motive in establishing the educational foundation was based on his own brand of do-goodism, the J. H. Whitney & Company investment organization was formed, in Jock's words, "with some perceptible measure of altruism as well as the hopeful purpose of making money."

The altruism was imbedded in a policy of backing chancy but promising enterprises that couldn't find capital elsewhere. When word spread around that there was apparently a $10,000,000 plum ripe for the picking, the Whitney offices were offered all sorts of gimmicks, gadgets and crackpot ideas.

Most of these solicitations, such as the request for capital to finance a nationwide string of bawdy houses, were promptly turned down. Others called for serious study.

The investment company now comprises Whitney (who is senior partner with a 50 per cent interest in the enterprise) and ten partners who have varying amounts of equity in the company and share in its profits and losses. There are also six associates with training in business and technical fields. A year ago the partners decided to write a basic précis of the firm's functions; they finally gave the effort up as an impossible job.

"In conversation, we can give anyone a fairly comprehensive idea of our investment policies," Walter Thayer, the managing partner, explained not long ago, "but it doesn't seem to come off on paper. I guess we're unique."

The company has spent large sums in investigating or backing various well-meant proposals—such as a new way to manufacture bricks, a process for turning volcanic ash into wallboard, an early method of printing electrical circuits, and the curing of acne. Though some of these financial excursions proved to be lemons—the firm lost $450,000 in a film-making venture which was to rival Eastman Kodak—J. H. Whitney & Company's security portfolio after ten years of operation showed an unrealized profit of $15,200,000. During that period the partners had drawn down a profit of approximately $10,000,000. This fat return resulted from investments in sixty projects, of which thirty-one were profitable.

One of the firm's first investments was in the Spencer Chemical Company. In 1946 Whitney provided Spencer with $1,250,000, the major portion of the capital necessary to acquire a Kansas ammonia plant from the Government and establish it as a private producer of chemical fertilizers. Spencer Chemical is now a major producer with a wide variety of products. In 1950 Whitney and his partners sold enough of their Spencer stock to realize $6,479,000; they still retain an equity in the company which is worth three times their initial investment.

Jock's interest in orange juice and Bing Crosby turned out to be a winning parlay. The Minute Maid Corporation had been formed in 1945 to produce orange powder for the armed forces. Unhappily, postwar civilians gagged on the powdered drink. Whitney and John M. Fox, the president of Minute Maid, became interested in the market potential of a frozen-orange-juice concentrate, and financed the development of a vacuum process which created an entirely new industry.

To promote the new drink, Jock brought in Crosby, his old friend and golf companion. Crosby was delighted to sing a daily paean of praise over the radio for Minute Maid in return for a directorship, a fat fee and the privilege of buying 20,000 shares in the company for ten cents a share—$9.90 a share less than the price many investors paid shortly thereafter.

Minute Maid sales zoomed to an annual volume of more than $100,000,000 within a few years. Though J. H. Whitney & Company sold some of its holdings in 1950, it is still a substantial stockholder in the company.

Whitney's regular income runs about $2,000,000 annually, before taxes, but the public and private demands on his purse are heavy. A short time before he left for his post in England, Jock was entertaining guests at Greentree when he excused himself to talk to a visiting delegation of doctors from the local community hospital—an institution to which Whitney had already contributed mightily and for which he had donated twelve acres of Greentree land as a building site. When he returned to his guests, Whitney told Sam Park, his financial adviser, "They need another three and a half million dollars."

To satisfy such pleas, even as rich a man as Whitney must find ways to save money. At Thomasville, which in many ways is Jock's favorite home, he has solved this problem by keeping the beautiful antebellum plantation house and several hundred acres as his personal domain, and leasing the remainder of the 16,000-acre plantation to a Whitney-owned company which carries on selective logging, game-bird propagation and experiments in raising beef cattle, pigs and a special hybrid corn suitable for the coastal-plain states.

Whitney has attended every Republican convention since the one which pitted Landon against Roosevelt, but his actual participation in politics was delayed until Eisenhower emerged as a presidential candidate. From 1952 to 1956 Whitney was chairman of the United Republican Finance Committee. He served in a similar capacity on the National Finance Committee of Citizens for Eisenhower and Nixon during the 1952 campaign. Jock, who still approves of many of the early New Deal tenets, is typed as a "liberal Eisenhower Republican." He speaks of Eisenhower with profound respect.

"I first met the President shortly after he returned from Europe. I was part of a group to which he talked. I'd read about what he was saying and thinking, and it didn't take me long to decide that this was the sort of leadership that appealed to me. He possesses honesty and a great humanity—a humanity that comes from within. He believes in people, and loves people. You can't fake it. He's got it."

Whitney's reaction to the Eisenhower magic was made clear at a Texas meeting held just before the President ran for his first term. A group of wealthy Texans had been assembled; General Eisenhower was to give a short talk, and then Jock was to make a pitch for campaign contributions. A fellow fund raiser describes the scene:

"Ike talked to the group for about ten minutes and then left the room. I signaled Whitney, who was sitting in the front row, to get up and make his spiel. Jock stood up and faced the group, spreading his arms—and then just stood there, swallowing. He was so moved he couldn't say a word. It was better than an hour's oratory. Everybody dug deep."

Whitney had an inkling that he might be tapped for a major diplomatic post several years ago, when the incumbent at London, Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich, took Jock and Betsey on a householder's tour of the embassy. "The ambassador took us through Winfield House from top to bottom. Finally, he said that he hoped Betsey and I would succeed him."

Whitney wasn't keen about this suggestion, although the couple had contributed $47,000 to the Eisenhower campaign. He felt that such an appointment would be looked upon as another case of rewarding a big party contributor with a juicy diplomatic post. It took the recent deterioration of relations between this country and Great Britain and a great deal of persuasive talk by some of Whitney's friends in the Administration to convince him that the London post was more of a challenge than a reward; and that he and Betsey could be a useful team in England ("Betsey remembers the names and I remember the faces").

What Whitney accomplishes during his tenure in London will depend as much upon circumstances as on his own efforts; in any event, the record of accomplishment that he takes to his post characterizes a thoughtful American who might have rested on his oars, but who has done his energetic best to (in the words of Jock's favorite *mot*) earn his "Y" in life.

Old John Hay had a family motto, *Quod habeo desidero* ("I desire that which I have") which Helen Hay Whitney impishly translated "I like what I got!" The current generation of Whitneys seem to have revised Hay's philosophy of contentment, making it, "I desire to use that which I have."

Tex McCrary, a neighbor of Whitney's at Greentree, has a snapshot of Jock that he treasures. "We were flying from Fishers Island to Saratoga in Jock's plane one fall night," he says. "A storm hit us over the Berkshires. The rain was slatting against the DC-Three and we were bouncing like a cork in a stormy sea. I turned around in my seat to look at Jock. He was wearing golf clothes, with a muffler around his neck. He had a glass of beer in his hand and a quiet smile on his face, and he was absorbed in a book. I snapped a picture of him, sitting there. It wasn't till later, when I saw the print, that I realized what he had been reading. It was A Rage to Live."

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Thruelsen.

"School out?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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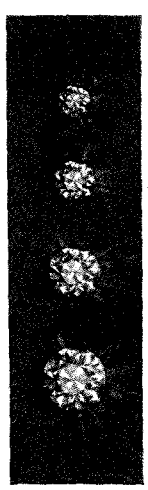
*Jupiter, the largest of the planets, is called father of gods and men. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Herbert Saslow.* *De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.*

# Star of stars
# Love's fair light



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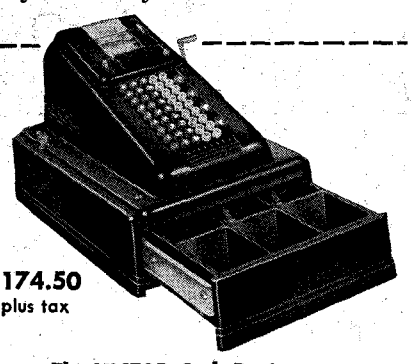

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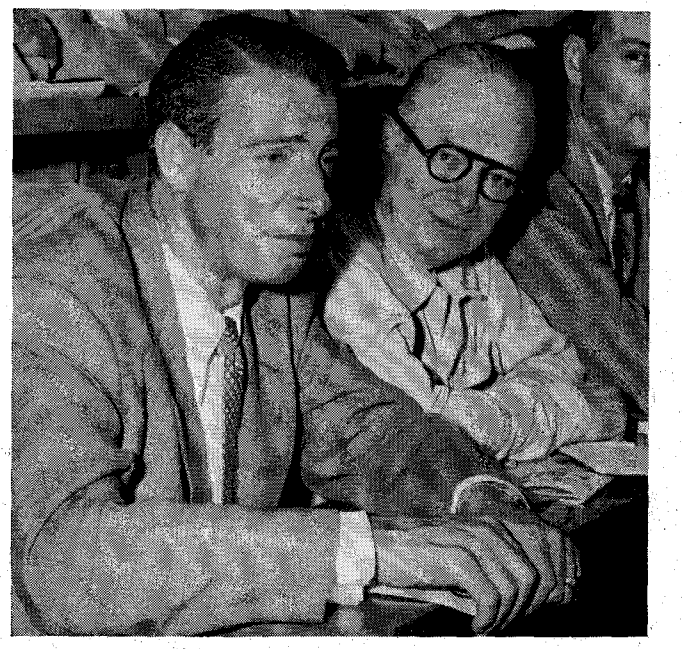
# Keeping Posted

## Anniversary for Tom Meany

To yank or not to yank baseball pitchers, that is the question Tom Meany goes to bat with on page 25; and this theme comes just twenty years and many articles after his first Post by-line. In 1949 the editor of Collier's read a Post article of Meany's, said "That's the man we want," and appointed the writer to be his sports editor. Since Collier's demise, this journalist and author of many sports books free-lances out of Brooklyn, where he and his wife, Clara, dwell—that being a very logical habitat, because he was born there.

For personal exercise Meany prefers moderate sports like crossword puzzles. In young manhood, when a fellow is apt to do wild things, he vowed to give up golf the day he broke a hundred. You're wrong—he kept the vow. In his late twenties, he shot a 96 on a drought-hardened course where his ball rolled like mad. He gave his clubs to friends and his golf shoes to his caddie, shedding not a single tear. "Smart move," he reflects, reaching for a fresh crossword puzzle.



*In a baseball press box: Joe DiMaggio and Tom Meany.*

## Animals, Animals Everywhere

It was only moderately surprising to receive that picture of Era Zistel patting a llama in the Catskill Mountains of New York State. To explain: the lady who on page 18 has a swell time with raccoons lives with her writer-editor husband, Eric Posselt, in a country home in a forest clearing. Indoors are often found numerous cats, dogs, mice (in cages), chipmunks and assorted other guests; outside in guest huts are goats, flying squirrels, rabbits, birds, et cetera; and in tunnels under the huts roam field mice, wood rats, racoons and polecats. All this is supposed to have come about because Era Zistel, in childhood, was allowed to have no pets except goldfish, and she couldn't take them to bed with her. That llama resides on a nearby game farm. Era wanted to buy it with the intention of riding it to her daily job in a public library, but her husband vetoed that.

Era Zistel (her maiden name) has had success as an actress, an artists' model, a librarian, an OWI editor during World War II—and she's a writer, obviously.

## Notes From Three Nations

**Joan Sanders,** of the U.S.A., pictured sitting beside a stove in Uppsala, Sweden, says she's freezing. The stove is white, pink, blue, gold and insatiable, "but the Swedish people make up for their climate by their warm charm and cheerfulness." Mrs. Sanders writes about Indian wars on page 31 because her ancestors were Utah pioneers. Her husband, Raymond, is doing research on an Infantile Paralysis Foundation fellowship at Uppsala University, and their son, Craig, seven, likes Sweden, but considers caviar an outrageous substitute for peanut butter.

**William Blatty,** who wrote I'M INVISIBLE TO ARABS in the February 23rd Post, has become visible. Before his article hit the Beirut, Lebanon, newsstands, Arabs used to converse unguardedly in the vicinity of this United States Foreign Service man, since very few Americans understand Arabic; so without meaning to, Blatty collected some choice earfuls. Now his Arab friends are apt to ask him in horror, "My heaven, did I ever talk about you when you were around?" Furthermore, several Beirut shopkeepers have hung up pictures of him clipped from the Post—if that face shows up, they'll pipe down. Well, you certainly can't blame the Arabs.

**Louis P. Woods,** manager of Alabama's biggest motel, Holiday Inn, Birmingham, recently wrote in to ask about buying several hundred copies of Post Stories 1956 to put in his guest rooms. Random House, having just published the annual anthology, was happy to oblige, and the guests have been happy to peruse the volumes. Post Stories is a fine book for *any* kind of a room in which people read.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"The Worst Swindle"

You should know about this vicious confidence game that promises its victims an easy dollar, then mercilessly wipes out their savings accounts. Gullible women lose $5,000,000 a year this way!

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